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THE INTEROCEANIC CANAL AND THE GEOGRAPHICAL CONGRESS OF 1879.

[TRANSLATED BY MISS S. R. HEATH, FROM A LATE NUMBER OF "LA NOUVELLE REVUE."]

When the Isthmus of Suez was cut through, the work accomplished by men of the nineteenth century was but a realization of the ambition of the ancient rulers of Egypt; since, if we are to place credence in that which is told us by the Arabian historians, the Pharaohs who reigned in the days of Abraham had already conceived the project of dividing the African isthmus in honor of a visit from the patriarch and his wife Sarah, in order to establish between Egypt and Arabia a navigable pass. Is it then true, as the old proverb assures us, that there is nothing new under the sun, and that our works of to-day are not truly ours? Did those who lived before us, who have left upon the world traces of their footsteps, discover all, leaving nothing to us, their descendants, but to carry out their own plans? And what if it should be so! Is it not glorious that we should realize that which our fathers saw in their dreams, the vast projects which they conceived, but before which they recoiled, and thus assert the progress made by our race and age, before which obstacles seem to have disappeared? It was yesterday that Suez was cut through, and he who writes these lines has perhaps the right to recall with just pride how the year 1869 saw the realization of that which was hoped for by the Pharaohs of the sixteenth century before the present era—that which the men who built the Pyramids and drained Lake Moeris failed to accomplish.

To-day, upon the American continent, a similar work is contemplated—to cut through the

tongue of land which separates the two parts of the New World. This idea is not a new one, however. It was in 1492 that America was discovered, in 1513 that Balboa suspected the existence of the Pacific Ocean, in 1514 that the first attempt was made to connect the two oceans; and when the Spanish adventurers were satisfied that there existed no natural passage between the Atlantic and Pacific, then it was that the most illustrious of them thought of constructing a canal through the fastnesses of the Cordilleras. True as it is, that human nature has a dread of difficulties, while it, at the same time, feels within itself the courage to overcome them, so is it also certain that the maritime commerce of the globe earnestly desires the construction of a navigable girdle by which can be made the immediate tour of the whole world, avoiding the *détour* of Cape Horn, as it has already avoided the *détour* of the Cape of Good Hope. The construction of a canal destined to unite the Atlantic and Pacific oceans having been a subject of important and lively discussion, it may be interesting to recall to mind and here sum up the debates which bear upon this subject.

I.

The writings of the Spanish conquerors had, for more than two centuries, been buried in the dusty archives of Madrid, when the idea of cutting through the Isthmus was again suggested. The impulse given, a general enthusiasm pre-

ailed, which attracted hither all brave mariners, all generous thinkers, all explorers anxious to open a new passage to the world. Time would fail me were I to attempt to cite all the names attached to this immortal enterprise. I must salute, however, *en passant*, our most illustrious contemporaries, Nelson, Childs, Lloyd, our fellow-countryman Garella; I would mention, above all, the illustrious Thomé de Gamond, who was the first to dream of tunneling the sub-marine isthmus from Calais to Dover. This dream is to-day being realized, and he saw the commencement of his enterprise before sleeping the last sleep. The highest degree of consolation to those who consecrate their lives to the pursuit of useful truths is to witness their hour of triumph.

From 1780 to our day a multitude of projects have succeeded each other, all pointing to the passage of the Isthmus—some of them the result of serious, profound study; others, of pure fantasy, where imagination had fuller play than science. But the last seven years have been productive of greater results than all the others. When the Suez Canal was opened in 1869 it produced a complete revolution in the commercial relations of the globe, and I doubt not but that this event exercised a great influence upon investigations which had for their object the cutting through of the American canal. In fact, since 1871, expeditions have followed each other in quick succession—wise, bold, persevering. These explorers returned laden with precious documents, ready to throw light upon this subject so full of mysteries. Let homage here be rendered to the enterprising men who aided science to make this gigantic stride! At the same time geographical studies, heretofore neglected in France, were resumed in consequence of the lamentable proof which demonstrated the need of them. The great questions touching upon geography ceased to be in the possession of a privileged few; they began to excite the public, and learned societies, who inscribed them upon their programmes, now met together with *clat* to diffuse the love of science and establish the groundwork of common studies.

Thus it was at the International Congress of Antwerp, General Heine developed a project of the Interoceanic Canal, suggested by M. de Gógorza. At the Paris Congress in 1875, the same subject received merited honors at several sessions, where I had the honor of presiding, but the documents were still wanting which could reach the bottom of the matter, those in their possession conveying but general ideas. It was then and there decided to convene, as soon as practicable, a special Congress, or rather

an International Jury, empowered to collect and compile all useful documents, and to draw up a definite report, based upon a full knowledge of facts relating to the technical and financial possibilities of the work. This forcible and important resolution had the effect of giving new impulse to explorers, navigators, and projectors, all of whom set their wits to work to furnish for the consideration of the Congress full and accurate plans. As soon as the projected meeting, of which I have already spoken, was known to the public, two companies were formed, whose purpose was to attempt these new explorations—the one to examine Nicaragua, following the old route of Thomé de Gamond and of Blanchet; the other, under the direction of the distinguished General Türr, to explore the south, that is to say, the regions of Darien and Panama, following in the footsteps of Garella, Lacharme, and Selfridge. The three years between 1875 and 1879 teemed with active research and explorations energetically directed. At this time the expeditions ordered by the Government of the United States of America were completed. The capable officers who commanded these expeditions—Collins, Hull, Shufeldt, and, above all, Selfridge and Menocal—had left no portion of the Isthmus unexplored. The documents which they brought back with them must have thrown much light upon the subject and greatly facilitated the task of the jury. When the time arrived and all the documents pertaining to the last expeditions were in my hands, I directed my whole attention to satisfying the desire expressed by the Congress of 1875. In order to convoke an assembly to which a great mission was assigned, I called upon all learned men, civil or naval engineers of both worlds, upon the chambers of commerce, upon the geographical societies, inviting each to appoint their delegates.

Few assemblies have included so many illustrious names as did this great tribunal, formed of the leading representatives of science, statesmanship, and commerce. May 15th, 1879, witnessed at Paris, in the hotel of the Geographical Society, the first of these assemblies, destined to remain famous in the annals of the history of the useful sciences. From the four quarters of the globe were come together distinguished men, of absolute impartiality, of admirable scientific devotion, who, during fifteen days, worked without relaxation, bringing to bear the weight of their names and experience upon a study of equal importance to all. Countries the most diverse figured at the Congress. Mexico took part through Engineer F. de Garay; and China, through the Mandarin Li-Shu-Chang. The United States were represented

by Admiral Ammen, whose extensive scientific knowledge rendered the utmost service; also, by Commodore Selfridge and Engineer Menocal, two distinguished and sympathetic minds. The European countries sent the most distinguished of their geographers and engineers—Sir John Hakshaw, Sir John Stokes, Commodore Cristoforo Hegri, M. de Gioia, Engineer Dirks, who constructed the Amsterdam Canal, Conrad, President Cérésolo, Colonel Coello, Dr. Broch, Admiral Likatcheff, Colonel Wou-
 vermans, and M. d'Hane Stenhuis. I should mention them all to convey a just idea of the galaxy of eminent *savans* who accepted the parts tendered them in this assembly; and I intentionally omit naming any one of our countrymen, for I should be compelled to here transcribe the entire list of the illustrious men of science who honor France. With such names, it was a foregone conclusion that the discussion would be free and frank, complete and luminous; and that the Congress would not adjourn without giving to the scientific world and to the public the solution of the problem submitted to them. The proceedings of this assembly will occupy an important place in history, and none will be found of more consideration than the one which I have here endeavored to impress upon your attention, in order to recall the important event in which I have been summoned to take part, through a former undertaking that I had the felicity to carry to a successful termination.

That the task might be hastened and facilitated, the Congress was subdivided into five Commissions, each of which assumed the work of studying one of the divisions of this very complex question, to which it was our duty to respond. It is to these committees, to their labors, their scientific researches, their clear and comprehensive discussions, to their unlimited devotion, that we are indebted for having attained a rapid and definite conclusion; and we thank them for it. The first Commission, presided over by M. Levasseur, was the "Statistical Commission," charged with estimating the probable traffic of the canal—that is to say, to examine the records of the custom-houses of all the ports of Europe and America, in order to ascertain what tonnage, after making all allowances, would probably make the transit from one ocean to another across the American canal. I have had occasion to declare, that, in my opinion, it would be necessary at Panama, as at Suez, to build and utilize the canal by means of public capital, asking nothing of governments, leaving to the enterprise its industrial character, discarding all political interference. Consequently, it is important to know whether the

capital engaged will find sufficient remuneration in the maritime impulse which will be given by the construction of the canal. It was the duty of the first Commission to calculate the effect of this change.

The second completed the work of the first, and bore the name "Commission of Economics." After estimating the number of tons of merchandise which would be transported by the Interoceanic Canal, it was necessary to consider what revenue this traffic gave, and to calculate what toll, in consequence, could be imposed upon vessels making this transit. Therefore, it was necessary to know what would be gained by cutting through the American Isthmus, what influence the canal would exercise upon the commerce and trade of each nation, what new fields would be opened to the industry of the whole world. The mission of the second Commission of Congress, the chairman of which was M. Simonin, was to examine into the economical and financial results of the work.

The duty of the third section was more technical. It was a meeting of navigators, whose duty it was to discuss the influence of the canal upon ship-building, to explain the action of the winds and currents upon the approaches to the different canals submitted to the examination of the jury, and to point out the conditions by which the security and facility of the passage might be assured. This commission calculated the speed of the vessels, according to the dimensions of the passage, and presented their observations upon the character of the locks and tunnels of a canal destined to receive the largest vessels known.

The fourth Commission was expected to pronounce upon each of the plans presented to Congress by their authors, differing from the other sections in the fact that their work was of a more general nature. It was necessary that each of the projects should be discussed from an engineering point of view, showing the advantages or difficulties, estimating the expenses of each of them, both for the construction of the canal and the annual cost of keeping it in repair.

The fifth Commission was called a "Committee of Ways and Means." It was to go over again, by figures in detail, the work of the second Commission, fixing in a precise manner the tariff which should be established, taking into consideration the probable revenues of the canal, and also of the capital engaged for its establishment and workings.

The special principle which guided us in the division of the members of the Congress among the several Commissions was to place each as

nearly as was possible within his own specialty. Thus it was that the economists and geographers took rank in the first two sections of the jury, navigators in the third, engineers in the fourth, and financiers in the last. Upon all was imposed strict reserve, applying to their valuations the most severe criticism before giving to the public guarantees of an examination in which I feared but one thing—too great a degree of optimism and enthusiasm for the great work that the Congress was about to undertake. The general results of the debates appear in the records of the verbal proceedings of the sessions; also, in the remarkable reports of the Commissioners. It is in these reports, which will remain a lasting monument of the history of the American Canal, that we will find in detail the varied and numerous accounts, the learned treatises, the brilliant and earnest debates, the profound studies which were unfolded in the assembly. The most prejudiced were forced to admire the gigantic amount of labor which had been accomplished during the short session of Congress by a hundred men, ardent in the cause of science and enthusiastic concerning its great works.

I propose to pass these works in review, first examining the general considerations which have been submitted to the International Jury, and have received its approbation.

II.

The foundation of the problem to be solved was, as I have already stated, the investigation into the extent of the maritime traffic to promote which was the object of the undertaking. In the Statistical Commission, the best qualified representatives of the American States and the managers of the great maritime companies assembled together, presided over by M. Mendés Leal. They determined first to examine into the details of the work at Suez. Could there have been in truth anything more natural than to have based calculations as to probabilities upon facts of perfect analogy, tested by ten years of experience? They selected to draw this comparison, our coadjutor, M. Fontane, Secretary-General of the Suez Company, the man who best knew the workings of the Egyptian Canal. The conclusions of his report made a deep impression upon the Congress. From a statistical point of view, the author demonstrated by unexceptionable figures, based upon the returns at the Suez Canal, that an annual traffic of 6,000,000 of tons was possible only in a canal capable of giving passage to fifty vessels a day. "It is that necessity," said M. Fontane, "which compelled the adoption at Suez of the system of a level canal, without locks or

obstructions, to the exclusion of various other very seductive or very bold systems presented by engineers of high renown." These words, the expression of long and profound experience, must in a great degree have affected the minds of the assembly in coming to a decision as to what particular canal system is most desirable in the present instance. After having stated this first and important consideration, the Statistical Commission followed up its work by preparing a voluminous report, the work of M. Levasseur, whose position in science insures us against any flights of imagination. The plan of this wise member of the Institute was perfect. He set about the determination, from the official data of all nations, of the tonnage which would actually pass by way of the Inter-oceanic Canal. By long and judicious calculation, based upon the statistics of the year 1876, the conclusion is that a valuation of 1,800,000,000 of francs can be set upon this traffic, and by a careful system of computation, this figure can be taken to represent 4,830,000 tons of merchandise. Taking into consideration the annual growth of commerce, an increase which has not been less than six per cent. between the years 1860 and 1876, we find, making a most moderate estimate, a tonnage which will reach in 1890, the probable date of the opening of the American Canal, 7,249,000 tons. The Commission gave this figure as the most moderate estimate of the traffic to be accommodated by the maritime canal. Is this astonishing in view of the fact that the Pacific Railroad transports more than 1,000,000 tons; that the commerce of Cuba exceeds 2,000,000, and California alone 1,200,000 tons of cereals. Our figures are strictly moderate, I am certain, and yet they do not include, it must be noted, the transportation of passengers, nor the trade of the large and small coasting vessels, to-day almost nothing, which will be developed with surprising rapidity in the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea. The tonnage which we have just indicated shows of what importance to the commercial world will be the new line which we contemplate constructing.

The second Commission of the Congress, presided over by Mr. Nathan Appleton of Boston, completed the answer to the former question, showing what new markets would be developed, what new traffic would be created, what benefits the commerce now existing would reap in the days when ships should pass through the American Isthmus. M. Simonin, chairman of the second Commission, ably summed up the arguments. His report points out how much distance can be shortened to navigators by cutting through the Isthmus. From the coasts of

France and England, from Havre, Nantes, Liverpool, or Bordeaux, to San Francisco, the distance is 5,000 leagues of ocean by way of Cape Horn; by way of Panama, there are but 1,500 leagues to traverse; to Valparaiso, the present distance of 3,000 leagues is reduced to 2,000. There will thus be a saving of time to our ships of sixty days in the voyage to San Francisco; of thirty to Valparaiso. Add to this that our sailing vessels and steamers will have to navigate only the mild waters of the tropics, thus avoiding the dangers and fogs of Cape Horn. The distance and time between the different parts of the world will be so diminished, and, in consequence, rates of insurance, risks of travel, prices of freight will be reduced to such a degree, that maritime intercourse will readily double itself; and many markets to-day closed to European commerce will be opened, furnishing new channels of exportation and importation. The New World will send its woods, indigo, cocoa, rice, sugar, india-rubber, and a thousand products of mineral wealth, the resources of which will be developed. Products, whose value does not now permit of exportation with the present cost of freight—grains, fruits, and cereals—will be thus advanced; and, since products are exchanged for products, European commerce, receiving thence a new impulse, will send its manufactures to all parts of the American continent.

Briefer and more technical than the preceding ones was the task of the Commission of Navigation, presided over by Dr. Broch, formerly minister of the Norwegian navy. The corps included several distinguished naval officers—MM. de Togorès, Linden, de Marivault—and the heads of important French and foreign mercantile houses. The official statement of these works, intrusted to M. Spément, Superintendent of the Suez Company, reviewed the influence which the cutting through of the American Isthmus would have upon the transportation of naval stores. He estimated that sailing navigation would be yet more favored than steam navigation by the opening of the Interoceanic Canal, by reason of the advantages which it would derive from the permanency of the trade winds in the Gulf of Mexico. From another point of view, he called their attention to the different projects presented, some of which required the construction of a tunnel, others the building of locks.

"In the former case," said the report, "vessels must need pass through with their masts lowered, and as the largest vessels—*La France* and *L'Annamite*—have very high masts, it would necessitate their being thirty metres higher than the water-line. As for the locks,

their number must be so calculated as to permit the passage of fifty vessels a day. This was the figure attained at Suez. Why should it not be attained, even surpassed, at the American Canal? Consequently there must be chains of locks, one for ascent and one for descent; and the construction of these works will necessitate special arrangements. On the whole," concluded M. Spément, "a canal with locks should only be accepted when the impossibility of having a level canal is demonstrated. The tunnel canal should only be adopted when the impossibility of a canal without a tunnel shall be rendered evident by the accumulation of technical difficulties and the cost out of all proportion."

III.

In the preceding chapters I have shown how three Commissions of the Congress, without considering the question of place, persons, plans, or arrangements, had, in investigations of deep interest, treated the general and theoretic parts of this subject. What matters it whether the route passes by Thuyra or Bayano, by Nicaragua or Panama? The traffic would in every instance be the same; the countries of the East and West would derive the same advantages through the construction of the canal; navigation would have the same urgent need. Very different were the duties of the Technical Commission. It was more incumbent upon this than upon the others to penetrate into the details of the subject; to take, one by one, the numerous projects presented to the Congress by their authors, to study them in minute detail, to investigate their commercial or technical advantages, and to bring forward, on the other hand, the difficulties and the net cost. This first work accomplished, the Technical Commission had at their command all the elements necessary to compare the projects submitted to them, to enable them to pronounce upon the decision which the Congress, convened in solemn conclave, would be called upon to sanction with its vote.

M. Daubrée, member of the Institute, presided over the Commission. M. Voisin-Bey, formerly general director of works at the Suez Canal, was chairman of proceedings. This Commission embraced within its ranks eminent specialists from all countries, and it is certain that a decision ratified by such names as Hakshaw, Dirks, Pascal, de Fourcy, Favre, Couvreur, Lavalley, and Ruelle, whose moral weight equaled their scientific authority, would be beyond all criticism. Who could more ably treat the question of great locks than the constructor of the Amsterdam Canal? Who bet-

ter qualified to speak of the gigantic Panama tunnel, to weigh the difficulties which must there be encountered, than the lamented constructor of the St. Gothard tunnel? Who more competent than M. Lavalley and M. Couvreux to decide upon the cost of drainage and excavations above and under water? And had not these engineers, who were my faithful co-workers at Suez, acquired in that great enterprise the experience necessary to enable them to judge wisely upon such questions as were suggested by the various schemes for the construction of the American Canal? Before the Technical Commission the authors, Ammen, Menocal, Selfridge, de Garay, Blanchet, Belly, Wyse and Reclus, Mainfroi, and de Puydt, unfolded and compared their several projects, and discussed the objections to which they gave rise. When this first work, which occupied several laborious and interesting sessions, was achieved, the discussion began. Two important sub-commissions were created: the one, consisting of MM. de Fourcy, Voisin-Bey, and five other members, was charged with estimating, from a technical point of view, the conditions of establishment of the several lines; the other, where figured MM. Ruelle, Favre, Lavalley, Couvreux, and Cotard, was charged with drawing up the estimates and specifications of each of these projects, and to determine the net cost of each, fixing upon each portion of the work a price unanimously and fairly determined upon. It was, in short, after the operations of these two Commissions, that Congress was called upon to decide, and it is in reviewing their work that I will here make known the several projects submitted to the judgment of the jury.

To properly define them, it is necessary that I should say a word concerning the geography of the American Isthmus. This isthmus is two thousand three hundred kilometres long, extending from north-west to south-east. The coasts only, and the banks of some of the important rivers, are inhabited; the same can hardly be said of the interior. The entire population numbers about three million souls; whereas, in France, the same area would comprise seven or eight times as many. The roads, which scarcely deserve the name, are insufficient and miserably kept. Outside of these, the sole routes of communication consist of the rivers, these being frequently interrupted by abrupt, steep falls, where the waters flow in cataracts, around which the Indians carry their canoes in their arms. The climate is intensely warm; the rains, which are heavy and frequent, fall six months out of the year; the rain-fall at Panama annually exceeds three metres. It is not surprising that,

under the influence of this high temperature and such an abundance of rain, vegetation should grow with wonderful rapidity. Organic life is also unusually exuberant; everywhere, throughout the interior, can be seen untrodden forests of gigantic cocoanut trees and aloes, the thickets and wild vine forming an inextricable net-work, through which the native cuts a narrow passage with his hatchet or knife. One might suppose that Noah's ark had cast the worst part of its cargo upon the American Isthmus—serpents with dangerous fangs, monstrous spiders, scorpions, and jaguars. But, on the other hand, the country is unusually susceptible of cultivation, which alone is necessary to imbue it with new life, to transform it, as it were. The surface is mountainous; the chain of the Andes rises to an elevation of four thousand metres, and presents the striking contrast of active volcanoes and snow-capped summits. This is the country whose resources will be developed by the canal. It is in this vast causeway, which separates the two Americas, that we must seek the weak point in the armor, to pierce there the barrier between the two oceans. Let us go from north to south, as did the chairman of the sub-commission. We meet with, successively, the Isthmuses of Tehuantepec, of Honduras, lower Nicaragua, then Panama, San Blas, and Darien; for each one of these passages we have one or more corresponding projects, both of the level canal and the canal with locks.

M. de Garay, the delegate from Mexico, brought forward, with great authority and profound conviction, the advantages to be derived from the establishment of the canal at Tehuantepec. But he found but little sympathy in this movement. His project included a road of two hundred and forty kilometres, the summit of which attained two hundred and thirty-seven metres above the level of the sea. To reach this level sixty locks would be required upon either water-slope, and this total of one hundred and twenty locks, expensive and difficult to construct, would be in itself a sufficient argument for rejecting a canal, the crossing of which would necessitate a delay of twelve days.

Seven or eight projectors, among whom were MM. Lull, Menocal, and Blanchet, offered to the Congress plans favoring the Nicaragua route. In truth, this point, in some respects, is most favorable. In the middle of the isthmus a beautiful lake, one hundred and seventy-six kilometres long and fifty-five wide, occupies an elevation of thirty-eight metres above the Atlantic. It receives the tribute of forty streams and empties itself into the Atlantic in a magnificent river, the San Juan. Unfortunately, this

river is obstructed by frequent cataracts, which interfere with navigation. One of the most detrimental has been the work of man. In the seventeenth century, to preserve the colony from the depredations of the fillibusters who ravaged the Caribbean Sea, the course of the San Juan was obstructed by casting into it vessels, trunks of trees, and huge masses of rock. The waters, thus driven back from their natural course, then carved out for themselves a passage by the side of their former bed, and this passage, today a river, the Colorado, has never been closed again. To improve the condition of the San Juan, it is necessary to convert it into a canal by means of seven or eight locks, or to turn back the current toward the other slope, by means of vast works forty-five kilometres in length. The level of Rivas can be reached only through a deep cut, where again would be required seven locks, while at Greytown and Brito, towns at either end of the canal, must be constructed harbors on precipitous coasts. The advocates of this project boasted of the superiority of the climate; called attention to the abundance of the materials which that country affords, and the relative density of its population, and it was rendered evident that the Nicaragua Canal was the most feasible in the event of the adoption of the lock system. It would be two hundred and ninety-two kilometres in length, the eighty-eight kilometres of the upper lake inclusive. The length of the journey, augmented by the crossing of the locks, would not permit ships to cross the canal in less than four days and a half.

The Americans, through the voice of Admiral Ammen, showed themselves particularly in favor of this route. It is, moreover, to one of their engineers, M. Menocal, that the admirably conceived and deeply studied project of the canal with locks is due. A French engineer, M. Blanchet, proposed to perfect it by extending the summit level pond into the San Juan Valley, and to substitute for the seven locks in the American project a level grade thirty-two metres in elevation. This plan was conceived by MM. Pouchet and Sautereau, to be executed by M. Eiffel, one of our most capable constructors. The floodgates, weighing nearly one thousand tons, would have to be seven metres thick. Two French naval officers, MM. Wyse and Reclus, whose explorations were conducted with rare capability and admirable energy, presented a project for a level canal by way of Panama. The first words of their statement made a profound impression upon the minds of the Technical Commission. They realized that there lay the desired solution. If objections were at first presented, it were better, so that at once might

be dissipated all those prejudices to which the project gave birth, in order afterward to see it more clearly in the fullness of its advantages.

The Wyse Canal follows the course of the Chagres River, passes under the Cordilleras by aid of a gigantic tunnel, and comes out upon the Pacific slope to Panama by the valley of the Rio Grande. Weighing the arguments and yielding to wise counsel, the authors of the project renounced their tunnel in favor of a proposition to cleave the mountain to its summit. The Mexicans gave an example of similar excavations at the Desague, in Mexico, which reached sixty-five metres, and the one to be cut to the level of Panama will not exceed eighty-seven metres.

Two objections were suggested by the Technical Commission, which I found admirable, since the experienced engineers who composed it, struck by the advantages which the Panama project presented, themselves stimulated, guided, and counseled the projectors to triumph over those obstacles.

One of them concerned the floods of the Chagres. The waters of this river have been known to rise as high as six metres in the space of a night. It is necessary to divert from their course these waters, whose overflow would endanger the construction and working of the canal. M. Wyse first proposed to collect the overflow of these waters into a great valley reservoir, and by this means assure a medium of escape of one hundred cubic metres a second. But this proposal did not satisfy the Commission. It is not a light matter, said they, to establish such an artificial lake, and to hold in suspension such a quantity of water thirty metres above the canal; why not avoid this entirely by excavating a special bed for the river? The projectors finally settled upon this decision, upon the immediate advice of their judges. The second objection relates to this, that the Pacific tide rises six metres at Panama, while the height of the Atlantic tides at Colon does not exceed three-fifths of a metre. From this fact, the current in the canal will attain a swiftness of four to five knots, rendering navigation both troublesome and dangerous. This they can remedy by placing a tide-gate at Panama, and constructing a basin or harbor at the entrance to the canal, where ships will undergo the formalities and receive the discharge of the custom-house, while awaiting a favorable moment to enter the canal.

If I add to all this, that the Panama Canal will pass within one kilometre of the railroad; that this will be of invaluable assistance in conveying workmen and material to the neighborhood; that the time occupied by the voyage

will be scarcely thirty-six hours; and that the length of the line will be but seventy-six kilometres, will not these arguments suffice to justify the words of the sub-commission—words which I can not too frequently recall: "The level canal of Panama presents satisfactory technical conditions, assures all facilities, and offers security to vessels making the transit from one ocean to the other"?

I have yet a word to say concerning the San Blas Canal, proposed by Mr. Appleton and seconded by Mr. Riley. This project had the recommendation of shortening the line of transit to fifty-three kilometres, but as it necessitated fourteen kilometres of tunnel, and the almost impracticable deviation of the Bayano River, the Technical Commission thought that it should be put aside. It collected on the other hand, and examined with lively interest, the remarkable works of an officer of the American navy, whose name I have already mentioned, Commodore Selfridge. The Selfridge project favored the Isthmus of Darien and the River Atrato, which he proposed to convert into a canal two hundred and forty kilometres long; the canal then makes a sharp turn, and descends the Chiri-Chiri Bay by a cut, of which a tunnel four kilometres long would form a part. But can this river, whose mouth is a vast marshy delta, be converted into a canal in such manner as to cover the bar with eight metres of water? Should they finally attain this depth, how could they assure themselves of its permanence? How foresee and guard against the overflow of the Atrato? Those who understood the navigation of large rivers recognized the serious difficulties to be overcome, and the commission thought best to reject the project of Commodore Selfridge in consideration of all these accumulated obstacles. They again examined at the last moment a project that its author, M. de Puydt, had offered without sufficient data. This route crosses the Isthmus of Darien from Puerto Escondido to Thuyra. The summit of the pass is at the neck of Tanela Paya, measuring, according to M. de Puydt, but forty-six metres, which would permit the construction of a level canal. The figures of the projector were elsewhere given, without any verification, and contradicted by other explorers. It was but to affirm its impartiality that the Congress examined this project.

When all was finished, there remained but two canals for consideration, all the other plans having been rejected—those of Nicaragua and Panama: the first the more economical, its cost being estimated at eight hundred millions of francs; whereas the estimates for the second exceeded one thousand millions; but the first

was more limited in capacity. It was, moreover, objectionable both in point of time and distance. It was presented with its sixteen locks; with its stagnant ponds, which the vegetation of the tropics will encroach upon with great rapidity; with its artificial works, that the slightest tremor of the earth would destroy; with the cares and delays which must attend the working of delicate apparatus. Nothing of all this existed for the level canal at Panama. Its length reduced to a quarter of the Nicaragua Canal; the voyage reduced to one third; no artificial works; no limit imposed to the daily number of crossing vessels—was not all this sufficient to justify the decision which was rendered by the Technical Commission?

Upon the motion of the Suez engineers the system of locks was rejected by a large majority. They expressed themselves energetically in favor of digging an open, level canal, the practicability of which seemed evident if the Colon-Panama route be adopted. But, forced by its mission to make a choice between the several projects submitted to its consideration, yet wishing to certify as to the extreme care with which most of them had been studied, it rendered brilliant homage to the genius of their projectors, "and particularly to the eminent American engineers and explorers, whose admirable works will be a lasting monument in the history of this great enterprise." The Technical Commission indicated what features the canal should present: two thousand metres, at least, of curve; twenty-two metres of surface breadth; eight and one-half metres of water power; a single passage as at Suez, but with numerous bays where vessels can pass one another. All these details of execution were foreseen and discussed in these deliberations, from which those who will, one day, construct the canal will derive the benefit of these learned and profitable instructions. When the Technical Commission had terminated its labors, and set the figure at which it estimated the cost of constructing and of keeping in repair the Interoceanic Canal; when, on the other hand, the Commission of Economics had furnished the Congress with all the factors necessary for calculating the transit, then the fifth section, that of Ways and Means, could in turn accomplish its commission by availing itself of these facts. M. Cérésolé, formerly minister of the Swiss Confederation, here presided, the spokesman being M. César Chanel, delegate from Martinique. "We are convinced," said he, "that the sum total of freight, already sufficiently large for defraying the expenses of the canal, would be increased to a great degree, and in proportion to the development of trade." He

then showed by what series of calculations the commission, borrowing its statements and figures from the second section of the Congress, could fix the tariff at fifteen francs a ton, to be imposed by the company having the grant of the canal upon passing vessels. Then setting a valuation upon the expenses of construction, interest charges, the annual workings, and the keeping of these works in repair—from this deducting the share reserved by the Government of the States of Colombia—the chairman, and with him the Commission, valued the net profit, which would annually be realized from the working of the canal at forty-two millions. And, setting aside contingencies, the Commission, in conclusion, expressed as their desire that even at a cost of a more protracted labor, of greater expense, this canal should be without locks or tunnels.

It is a remarkable fact that the five Commissions of Congress, without any preliminary understanding came to the same determination—manifested the same repugnance to a canal with locks. This agreement rendered the rest a comparatively easy task. When, according to the established plan, the chairman of the five Commissions made known the result of their deliberations, nothing remained to the Bureau but to prepare these conclusions, drawing up in due form and submitting to the vote of the Congress the decision which had been adopted.

IV.

"The Congress estimated that a level Inter-oceanic Canal, so desirable for the interests of commerce and navigation, was possible; also, that this canal, to offer ready access and means of utility—indispensable conditions to such a passage—should be directed from Limon Gulf to the Bay of Panama."

Such is the formula adopted by the Bureau, which consisted of the presidents, secretaries, and reporters of the five Commissions. The matter was voted upon (the vote a serious and considerable one) May 29th, 1879. Ninety-eight members voted; there were seventy-eight ayes, to eight noes. The rest abstained from voting.

Such was the majority which favored the adoption of the level canal at Panama, and which crowned the bold and persevering efforts of our countrymen, Wyse and Reclus. If the vote be examined, it will be seen that it was almost unanimous, for, among the opponents and those who remained neutral, figured the representatives of the northern States of Central America, who favored the Nicaragua route on account of the local advantages thence to be

derived. They counted, also, among their number, the skillful constructor who was to have designed the great locks to have been used at Nicaragua; also, the president of the society formed to study into this project. These two, notwithstanding, did not withhold their approbation of the decision rendered.

Among the adherents, I will mention as characteristic the renowned Holland engineer to whom are due the great locks of Amsterdam; Commodore Selfridge, who publicly proclaimed that his country would accept, loyally and definitely, the decision of the Congress; the Suez engineers, besides others, who for the most part received the proclamation with enthusiastic demonstrations of applause. The line accepted by the Congress is that of Lloyd, Totten, Garella, Wyse, and Reclus. It cuts the Isthmus at a parallel of nine degrees, between the Limon Gulf, on the Atlantic side, and the Bay of Panama, on the Pacific. It is but half as long as the Suez Canal, being but seventy-three kilometres, instead of one hundred and sixty-two. It offers two excellent ports at each ocean, the neighborhood of two cities full of resources, a populated country, and a railroad in active operation. This is the country which the canal will enrich and transform.

I turn back, and am reminded that a new work is to-day in course of preparation. How many illustrious men formerly looked upon as impracticable the Suez enterprise! To create a harbor in the Gulf of Pelusium; to cross the morasses of Lake Mensaleh and the threshold of El Guisir; to penetrate through the sands of the desert; to establish workshops twenty-five leagues from any village, in a country without inhabitants, without water, without roads; to fill the basin of the Bitter Lakes; to prevent the sands of the desert from encroaching upon the canal—what a chimera it all appeared!

And yet all this has been accomplished, and I know at the cost of what efforts. I do not hesitate to affirm that the Panama Canal will be easier to commence, to finish, and to keep in repair, than the Suez Canal.

FERDINAND DE LESSEPS.

P. S.—Since this article was first drawn up, nothing has been altered concerning the preliminary steps of execution upon the line selected for the digging of the American maritime canal. I can not here judge of the motives of an opposition which has arisen at the last moment, thus preventing the success of a subscription, which success I had deemed certain after the vote of the Inter-oceanic Congress. I will repeat a few remarks which I made upon the subject at the Academy:

"The Colon-Panama line can, from the actual data of science, be crossed by a water canal of an absolute level, in preference to any other lines necessitating fresh-water locks. The experience of the canal at Suez has already demonstrated that, to insure an extensive navigation, it will be necessary to have a canal as free as a natural Bosphorus, and not a fluvial canal, subject to occasional stoppages, which can only be profitable to interior navigation."

I will add that which I published in a circular:

"The arguments of the opposition were as follows: In the first place, they presented figures of increased expense and insufficient receipts, to the end that, even if the idea of opening a new maritime road to commerce and to civilization were a good one, the trade would not be sufficient to warrant it. On the other part, they sought to create distrust of the scheme by a pretended hostility of the United States of North America. To the first argument, the skillful contractor who raised the level of El Guisr at the Suez Canal responds. M. Couvreux and his associates, to whom we owe the noble works by which the Danube has been controlled, and also the enlargement of the gates at Antwerp, will at once study anew the

subject of locality and expense, with a view the execution of the Inter-oceanic Canal. They decided to take upon themselves the execution of it by administration or contract according to my desire, and to leave no doubt existing as to the fact that the expenses will be largely over-balanced by revenues not yet considered. The second objection I will myself inquire into when I visit America, which I propose to do shortly."

M. Dirks, the eminent engineer who undertook and brought to a successful termination that beautiful work, the canal from Amsterdam to the sea, echoed the astonishment caused by what he terms (in a letter published by the *Bulletin du Canal*) the malignant attacks and anonymous notes inserted in several newspapers. M. Dirks proudly concludes: "All anonymous attacks are worthless—they condemn themselves; whereas, a free, open opposition is of benefit to an object which is itself of intrinsic worth."

I add that I never fear the obstacles thrown in the way of a great enterprise, nor the delays occasioned by discussions and contradictory opinions, experience having proved to me that whatsoever grows too fast has not deep roots, and that "Time only throws a halo around its own works."

F. DE L.

A PRACTICAL VIEW OF THE INDIAN PROBLEM.

In the discussion of Indian affairs, public writing and speaking have usually taken two directions, each of which is one of opposition to views imputed to the supporters of the other. They are, respectively, opposition to the peace policy, by frontiersmen; and opposition to a policy of extermination, by peace men. The supporters of either policy know much better what they do not want than what they do. The peace policy, as attributed by its honest opponents to its promoters, is a system of collecting Indians on reservations in large bodies, feeding them at the Government expense, and by moral suasion endeavoring to civilize them. It is intended to bring in contact with Indians, as agents and assistants, good men only, appointed upon the recommendation of religious societies, that the Indians, receiving the example of the good in their daily walk in life, may profit by it and grow in grace and the arts of civilization. It keeps the army afar off, to prevent soldiers from corrupting the Indian women, and that a dis-

play of force may not frighten the Indians away from the better life to be instilled into them by teaching, association, and example. In its scheme this policy includes a little army, that those few deluded bands generally supposed to be influenced for evil by bad White men may, after all other endeavors have failed, be pursued and captured, or driven back to the forgiving breast of the agent, who will talk to them kindly, feed them, and teach them how much better it is to live quietly under his care than to risk the dangers of hunger and of war. If an Indian is to be put on a reservation he is to be invited, and shown that it is for his interest to go; and he is to remain of his own free will, since he is to be made happier there than in his natural state. If, in the judgment of the Government, it becomes necessary to reduce the size of a reservation or move a band of Indians, the consent of the Indians affected is to be obtained through a commission, usually of gentlemen sent from Washington, which is to make

overtures as to a foreign power, and to add tempting morsels to the price offered until the Indians assent to the proposals.

The method now employed of managing and mismanaging Indian affairs is still that of the reservation system and peace policy, with which we have had ten years' experience. It, in practice, has not succeeded to the extent expected by its friends. In the view of others it has failed in producing permanent good. This is due in part to the unskillful or vicious practices of some of those appointed to carry it into effect, and also to the inadequacy of the methods adopted for attaining its object—namely, civilization of the Indian.

That there still is unskillful management is shown by the killing of Agent Meeker, and the outrages inflicted on his family by the Utes. He was a philanthropic man, trying to Christianize Indians and make into an agricultural community a horde of savages. He, instead of simply issuing rations, has produced death and misery only by endeavoring to carry out the wishes of his Government and improve his Indians with the means at his disposal—precept and example. That criminal practices are not of the distant past alone is demonstrated by the recent unearthing of the Hart scandal at San Carlos, Arizona, involving Commissioner Hayt of the Indian Bureau in Washington, and causing his removal. A recent popular remedy for the evil of ignorant and vicious management is to transfer the Indians to the War Department. If a complete transfer of the Indians and all matters affecting them, necessary to a solution of the problem, were made to the army and military tribunals, the commander of the army would be invested with absolute powers, owing allegiance to Congress to be sure, but destroying local self-government throughout all States and Territories in which uncivilized Indians dwell. Such transfer is impracticable, and the proposal really made is to put army officers in charge of some agencies; a bureau of the Interior Department is to become a bureau of the War Department.

It is a sorry day for our country if honesty in the administration of any public offices can only be attained under a despotism entirely opposed to the spirit of free institutions—a system of sudden, arbitrary, and severe punishments. No one claims that army officers are *per se* more righteous than the average of men on the same social plane; but the regular army, with its few temptations or opportunities for dishonesty, its rigid accountability for public property, its quick trials by courts-martial and their terrible sentences inflicting ignominy and shame, has been kept comparatively pure. The re-

straint is in the system. But enlarge its temptations, give it millions from the public treasury to expend on thankless and often impracticable objects, and before many years a class—now *employés* of the Indian Bureau, who before the adoption of the church-recommendation plan of appointments, and since its adoption, have obtained office, and by vice or ignorance brought dishonor on our national name—will worm themselves into positions of emolument in the army, and have such political backing that they can not be dismissed. The army would be merely the tool, not the former and director of an Indian policy. Even if a few officers were employed as agents, the mass of *employés* would be civilians not subject to military law. The troubles caused by chafing between Indians and their encroaching civilized neighbors would also come before the neighbors' local courts, and frontier juries are loth to convict for merely stealing from the Government or wronging an Indian. The army would be held responsible for evils it would be powerless to remedy, have its good name blackened by men over whom it had no control, and, being deprived of its reputation for honesty, become disreputable. Such a transfer is only a partial remedy for maladministration.

The object of the peace policy is the civilization of the Indian. European civilization is the result of an evolution from savage life; therefore, with time enough and the proper forces brought to bear, an Indian tribe or its remnant may become civilized. But to accomplish this the peace policy is inadequate. I do not believe civilization to be a hot-house plant, which, by coddling and nursing and a careful shutting out of the cold, can be brought up by a hastening process to a healthy maturity. It is rather a mountain oak, sprung from a minute acorn dropped in a little crevice of rugged rocks, which, by gradual growth and continual battling with the elements, lives a strong and healthy life, spreading its branches for the protection of those who seek it.

The Indians have been collected into large bodies and grouped in camps about agencies. When a horse-trainer wishes to break an unbroken animal, he does not entice into a field a herd of wild horses, feed them well, caress them, lead out before them a beautiful and glossy coated thoroughbred, that they may see how well kept and cared for he is. If he did, the shaggy coursers, if they thought at all, would only notice the halter and saddle-marks, and prefer their ungroomed freedom to the other's bed of straw and blanketed ease. He would, on the contrary, lasso the desired animal, hold him in the firm toils of his rope, convince him

of his powerlessness to resist, then saddle and ride him. He need not be cruel; but must be severe. Mere kindness will control animals or men only when they are taken at a tender age, and separated from the wild and untamed of their species. At all agencies where there is danger of outbreak, the Indians are issued rations for their support. They are told that these issues are to continue only for a few years, until they learn to support themselves; therefore, they must cultivate the soil. To this I once heard Nachez, an Apache Chief, reply, "We supported ourselves before we came on this reservation. You promised to feed us if we came. My people will not work. When you stop feeding us, we can go to our old home and life." He meant that they could return to the fastnesses of the Chiricahua Mountains and live by plunder.

I admit that it is cheaper to feed Indians than to fight them, but it does not aid their civilization. The world has been civilized more by the necessity of supporting an increasing number of people on a given piece of ground than by missionary or historical instruction about distant or ancient civilizations. Threatening hunger, supported by forcible restraint from plundering, avails much more as an incentive to work than a statement to Indians that a Government, which has always bought them off with presents from committing crime, will at some future day cease to hire them to keep the peace. A civilized man will not work simply because he is entreated to do so. Neither will an Indian. Precept avails little. Precept and example avail but little more. The stern laws of Nature are absolute. Neither Indian nor Caucasian, African nor Asiatic, can disregard their fiats. If Indians are herded together, pampered and petted, approached by persuasion alone, they can be preached to till doomsday and their condition will still remain the same.

The other policy, that attributed by the peace men, Eastern men of benevolent views, to those dwelling in our border States and Territories, is that they wish a price put on the head of each Indian and the race exterminated, as vermin despoiling property would be destroyed. Perhaps, for no other reason than its expense and impracticableness, it is usually modified by the more intelligent of frontiersmen by a number of "ifs"—*if* the Indians do not support themselves in peace; *if* they will not give up land needed by extending civilization; and, finally, *if* it could be done without depopulating all the neighboring country.

A universal war of extermination would bring quite as much injury on the inhabitants of the

country, from which the Indians are to be exterminated, as upon the Indians themselves, since there is no possibility that the Government can by any chance be persuaded to hire a military force sufficient for the sudden and utter annihilation of the Indian race. The dwellers on the frontier—granting this, and the inhumanity of such wishes in the view of people not connected with Indians—instead of proposing any means of reaching the end desired, employ themselves chiefly in condemning the peace policy and criticizing the Government. Inhumanity enters into their consideration less and less as men become acquainted with Indians. A sage-brush fire built by squaws on the naked breast of a living man, prostrated by a gunshot wound, goes far to rid the mind of sentiments of love or pity for these people. Therefore, men put aside absolute extermination chiefly from economic motives.

What our border people wish is the gradual elimination of the Indians from all valuable land, mineral and agricultural; but how this shall be done, and what shall be done with the Indians, they neither know nor care. A cry to remove the Indians, reduce their reservations, and open the land to settlement, is often heard. A short time since it was for the reservation of the Umatillas in Oregon; and more recently for that of the Southern Utes. It is a natural demand of men seeing some of the fairest acres of our land lying waste. Natural justice can be stretched only so far as to give the Indian a claim to the land of this continent, to simply hunt and roam over it, until it is needed for more fruitful uses or is made productive by him. If he neglects its improvement through ignorance or laziness, he should suffer by loss as a white man would. A fostering and encouragement of idleness in any class is injurious to a nation. "The devil finds work for idle hands to do."

British and American civil liberty is not for men who neither seek nor are fit for its benefits. Such classes do exist under it, but possess no rights and seldom receive justice. The English landholder in Ireland enjoys the benefit of the British constitution; but the ignorant peasantry sometimes are treated with a petting tenderness they do not deserve, and again are miserably oppressed under a despotic rule because they are of no political value. Some of President Johnson's Reconstruction Legislatures, after the Rebellion, enacted laws which would have reduced the non-voting negro to a perpetual serfdom. He was given the ballot, and, after an ephemeral power, fell back to the low political position to which his ignorant abuse of his rights and duties consigned him.

The Indians are another class at this time, neither fit for nor wishing the responsibilities of citizenship. Still civilization and absorption are the only possible ultimate aims; for extermination must be thrown aside as too inhuman, and, if not that, virtually impossible. We are not improving matters now. The prospect for Indian wars is as good for this year as it was for last, and will be for the next, and so on *ad infinitum*. We are now simply feeding the Indians, and gingerly holding them at bay till we may want their land. It is very much as if a man, owning a vicious, biting horse, contented himself with keeping away from his horse's mouth; when, by muzzling him, by the exertion of skill and force, he could make him a useful work animal. This is an expensive problem, at best, and the solution is not the work of a day. No sudden change which would involve us in a general Indian war is useful.

Taking the Indians as they are, collected on reservations, what we need, first and above all, is a force sufficient to make the decree of the Government recognized law from the moment it is uttered. It now becomes so only after a long, tedious conflict between almost equal forces of troops and Indians, the latter dodging and running, and the former finally conquering only by persistence, tenacity, and power of renewing supplies. The exact increase of the army necessary can easily be determined by computation of the number of warlike Indians, their present location, and relative fighting power.

There is a resource for offense and defense against Indians which we have but little employed. It is the Indians themselves. They are inexpensive soldiers, and, serving with disciplined troops, can be brought under perfect control. An Indian, who inherits a natural subordination to whomsoever he acknowledges to be chief, can be taught to obey as absolutely and exactly as an Irishman or American, who gets his first idea of subordination at the recruiting depot. A contingent of Indians gradually enlisted and gradually trained, at first not used against their own bands, would effectively increase our strength. I do not advocate any mushroom force, one raised in a day. Indians can be disciplined, possibly not in exactly the same way as white men; but rewards and punishments have a greater effect on them. They soon lose their tribal affiliation, a fact not commonly known, for usually their only safety has been with their own bands, and a change of allegiance was thus impossible. I know a Chiricahua scout of two years' service, who, I believe, would as readily fire at command on his own band, as I know our regular troops would

fire, if ordered, on a proletarian mob in one of our cities. Nez Perce scouts aided the troops against bands of their own tribe in 1877.

Our military force should be of such size that all the Indians could be held with an iron hand. Our army officers can be better employed in perfecting such a force, and using it when required, than acting as powerless, bruised fencers in everlasting collisions between Indians and frontiersmen. They have not now the force requisite to handle the Indians firmly. They can not and will not be given any legal power over citizens, however vicious and troublesome. Our strength having been increased, then and only then can progress be made. If the late Agent Meeker had been backed by a sufficient command of troops, and, say, Sioux Indian scouts, not only could he with safety have plowed up Chief Jack's land, but have compelled him to do it himself. I have seen as many as six Indian scouts worked, as a punishment, for ten hours a day, under one Indian or White sentinel, and seldom have I seen men work better. I do not hope for any improvement in Indians already adults, but the children of parents forced to work will be much tamer than those now growing up every whit as wild as their wildest ancestry. Held in subjection, the tribal relation abolished, separated into families, located in severalty on land which may for a while be protected to them, the parents at work and the children at school, the Indians can be ruled as well under one as under another Executive Department. The reservations can be reduced to such a size that the whole may be well cultivated.

To secure efficient administration: *First*, Rigid inspections should be instituted. The army is best trained for this work, and would furnish the best inspectors. Such inspections as are needed are not those of a Congressional palace-car excursion, crossing the continent, visiting agencies decked out in holiday attire; but such as are made by an army inspector who, when he arrives at a post, takes charge of a Quartermaster's office, and not only examines his property and books, but puts in his own clerks, and runs the business for a week or more. Men can steal under either system, but they will be detected sooner under the latter. *Second*, Inspectors would be futile without provision for impartial trial and sure punishment for crime, whether committed by agent or *employé*, by Indians or White neighbors. At present a citizen *employé* of the Interior Department is tried before a jury of his peers, almost always his peers in crime—deserters from the army, escaped convicts, and men whose creed is to get what they can by any

means from the Government, to acquit everybody wronging an Indian, and to convict every Indian brought before them. These juries are the curse of our frontier. An Indian wronging an Indian is tried before the Agent or not at all. For injury inflicted on a citizen, the tribe, and not the individual, is held responsible; and war is begun because the Agent is too weak to throttle resistance on the spot and arrest the criminal. A citizen wronging an Indian, if tried at all, is brought before a jury of his neighbors, who have a deadly enmity to the Indian, and wish only to rid the country of him.

I do not advocate the bringing of these causes before military tribunals, which, out of their own sphere, are the most arbitrary and unjust that exist. Let them, however, be brought before United States courts. Let juries be abolished, except possibly in capital cases, and in those make a change of venue possible on motion of the prosecution to unprejudiced localities, how-

ever far. Let more than one judge sit on the more important causes. Then pay such salaries to judge and prosecuting attorney that men of learning and talent may be employed; that they, like the judges in our civilized communities, may be the assurers of our national integrity. The display and judicious use of force to control, an administration with rigid inspections and certain punishment of crime to keep it pure, the immediate object being forcible and useful employment of all Indians—these are among the means which alone will eventually civilize and absorb them. Many will sicken and die; many will be killed while opposing; but the children of many will become useful laboring men and women. Let not our mercy be a mistaken kindness, our justice a pandering to vicious habits of idleness, nor our charity the giving to a very ignorant race a means to live in perpetual misery and crime.

GUY HOWARD.

SHOSHONEE.

Cunnin'?—Comanches, Piutès, Apaches
Can't touch him, I tell ye! We'd found a rich mine
In the heart of his home, 'neath the black timber line
That tops the Sierra, in the year forty-nine;
And so sat us down, built up a shake town,
And scooped gold by the pound; when this Shoshonee sticks—
What right had we there? Wal, now, that's metty-fisicks.

Yes, sticks out a paw, and wants pay for the land!
Wants a hoss for that land—for the sage-brush and sand,
Jack-rabbits and lizards—the impudent blizzards!
We paid? With a boot; yes, and threatened to shoot
The last mother's son of a gun. So they got. At least, so we thought;
But the horses that night stampeded outright—
And, dang my granny's cat's tail, but they scooped the hull lot!

We followed, hot haste, up a high jagged waste;
We caught him; he wanted to parley—to treat, the dead-beat!
A volley of lead, and the red devils fled,
Left and right, up the height as the black vultures fly;
Up, up!—up the crags; up the clouds; up the sky!
How we laughed where we stood for to see the reds fly!

So we picked up some pelt, whipped a knife from the belt,
When we found a black head, now and then, scalped the dead,
And prepared to ride back down the rock-riven track.
With one foot in stirrup, I tossed back my hair,
Turned my face up the crags in the clear mountain air,
And, afar up the height, where the firs, black as night,
Belt the clouds—belt the snows—lo! a signal smoke rose!

But, my dog, smelling round with black nose to the ground,
 Just then 'gan to bark, to leap back down the track;
 While a face, black with rage, half uprose from the sage,
 And a last arrow sped, and my best friend lay dead.
 "You devil!" I cried. But Ben dashed aside
 The cold steel from his head, and laughingly said:
 "No! Drag the black scamp by his scalp down to camp—
 Can't git! See his leg!"

Did the wounded Chief beg?
 We lashed him to horse; but never a groan!
 I heard something grind—it might a' been bone
 In that slim broken leg. His teeth? May be so.
 Yet I saw him look back up the mountain of snow
 As we trudged down to camp, shade his eyes far away,
 As a steady smoke curled up his far mountain world,
 Where all that was dear to his savage heart lay.
 And I knew there was waiting—far, far up that height—
 That there long would be waiting, by day and by night;
 Waiting and waiting where his lodges lay,
 Till the world went out in the Judgment Day. . . .

How the miners flocked round where he lay on the ground,
 'Neath a rope dangling down from the oak near the town,
 While his life sank away in the sands where he lay.
 "Let him go! Spare his life for his babes, for his wife!
 By the mother that's in you, by the father of sin, you
 Shall not hang this man! Save his life, if you can!"

'Twas a woman that spoke; the one woman there—
 Not comely, not spotless, not youthful, not fair;
 A waif of the camp, a coarse, drunken clod;
 But she war a woman—all woman, by—George!

On a log on his back, while the butchers did hack
 And saw at him there, holden down by his hair,
 With grinding teeth set and eyes bright as jet,
 He lay, as that woman commanded, and we did obey.
 We at last let him up, short a leg. Swift his eyes
 Sought that sign where his loved lodges lay,
 And a smile blessed that face, and a tear dimmed that eye,
 That terror and torture had but made the more dry.

He got well, limped about, did chores in and out,
 All for her. He would lay round her door, night and day,
 Like a dog, and keep watch as if she war a kid;
 But he never once spoke, never sulk-silence broke,
 For all that men bantered or bullied or did.
 So Ben tapped his steel, turned sharp on his heel,
 One night, tossed his head like a bull, and then said:
 "Some day, without doubt, you'll try to strike out—
 Make a scoot—try to pass; drop you dead in the grass."
 He seemed not to heed, turned aside, and his eyes
 Caught a light like a star, lit by love in the skies.

He never *did* speak. His thin, swarthy cheek
 Grew thinner each day. "He's so civil alway

That ef he'd git drunk," said Ben—greatly prized
 For his stomach's endurance—"he'd be civilized."
 "Not so!" answered Sol; "here's to ye; but say!
 Ef a feller won't speak how kin he tell lies?
 And ef he can't lie, why, he can't civilize!"

There were races next year, and he rode. Why, he stuck
 To a hoss like a burr! He had knack, he had pluck.
 But the great race of all! Old Webfoot that fall
 From Oregon came with his cattle; and all the sage land
 Was white with the alkali dust of his band,
 That bellowed and pawed in the valley below,
 While his gay herders galloped the plain to and fro.

We miners had mustangs. Old Webfoot had said
 He could beat our whole band with his one thoroughbred!
 That nettled old Ben; it riled all the men.
 We'd match him! Old Webfoot might marshal his stock;
 We'd clean him out clean to the bottom bed rock!

* * * * *

The riders are up! The whole town is there,
 Holding dogs, craning necks, leaning in everywhere.
 The signal smoke curls in the mountain of snow,
 The spotted herds call in the valley below.
 The thin, tawny Chief sits the thoroughbred mare;
 There is light in his eye—there is prophecy there—
 As it lifts to the sign in that mountain that lies
 Before and afar like a light in the skies.

Old Webfoot strides stalwart, stout-limbed as an oak,
 To his mare; turns his quid; then with firm, hurried stroke,
 Smooths her trim, supple limbs with a bold, heavy hand;
 Tests the girth, tries the rein, strokes the proud flowing mane,
 Grips the nostrils a breath, then sharply lets go;
 Slaps her flank, snaps his fingers in air and cries "Whoa!"
 See her eyes! See her ears! Can a hoss understand?
 Why, she quivers her length—she is quaking with strength!
 She is ginger and cocktails! She spurns all beneath,
 Throwing nostrils in air, tosses foam from her teeth!

How quick the man speaks, as, with face lifted high,
 He meets the firm mouth and the black burning eye.
 "Win the race if you can! Win the race like a man!
 I've a wife and three boys in yon valley below!
 You've a wife and brown babes in yon mountain of snow!
 Win the race if you can! Win the race like a man,
 And the half of yon herd shall be yours as you go!"

Then, sudden, Ben cries to the black beaming eyes:
 "Throw the race! Do you hear? Throw the race without fear!
 Throw the race for your life, for your babes and your wife!
 Throw the race and be free; be a free man to-night,
 To return to your wife, and your babes on yon height!
 If we win 'tis your freedom, your babes and your wife.
 'Tis your wife and your babes! 'Tis your babes! Do you hear?
 If we win 'tis your babes, if we lose 'tis your life!

"Go, go!" They are gone! On, on! and right on!
 The brave blooded mare like a bird leaps the air.
 "She will win! She will win!" What a wild shout and din!
 Men are dumb! What is there? How they start! How they stare!
 "We have lost! we have lost!" and the swift mettled mare
 And the brave Shoshonee, for his babes two and three,
 Keep right on in their flight, keep right on up the height!
 Keep right on up the peaks to the pines black as night!
 Keep right on for the babes with a back piercing yell,
 And I hope to the Lord that he finds 'em all well.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

SAND.

CHAPTER VI.

"My dear," said Mrs. Holten, coming into Colonel Holten's "den," where her liege lord was writing at his desk, "I have here a very interesting letter from young Mr. Maydole."

"Umh! So have I. Maydole writes letters of interest to several people."

"Why, is his correspondence so large?"

"Perhaps not. It is not the largeness of it, but there is money in it—money in it, my lady, more power to him. I have hardly time to talk about it now, though, if you please."

"Oh! Your old letters refer to business, but mine is such an easy, cheerful, sensible, family kind of a letter that I want you to read it right now."

"Well," said Colonel Holten, pushing aside his papers, "let me see the document."

"For so young a man," said Mrs. Holten, as she passed the letter over, "he writes a very considerate, home-like letter, and not a bit of mannerism in it. It is all simply original or—oh, what do you call it?—spontaneous."

"Ah, well! That's nothing—he inherits it. His father is a famous private correspondent," he said, bending his brow to Norman's chirography.

"Read aloud," said she, and she sat down in a chair at the end of the desk.

Colonel Holten read the letter, smiling anon with that lifting and lowering of the brows common to men who sit in judgment on another's manuscript.

"Rather a long epistle," he said, as he handed it back to her.

"I wish it were twice as long," said she. "But don't *you* think it is a nice letter?—a gentle letter?"

"Oh, he is a very gentle, not to say lamb-like, person—that young Mr. Maydole," and

here Colonel Holten laughed aloud, as a man often does, at the far-reaching sagacity of his own humor. "There are some discriminating observations contained therein. They are true, too, I believe; and the picture of the lizard is artistically juvenile."

"Is *that* all you have to say?" said Mrs. Holten, good-naturedly, as she arose to go.

"Wait one moment," said her husband, selecting a sheet of fold-marked manuscript from off his desk; "I want to read you from Mr. Maydole's most interesting style." Then he read:

"Please call the attention of your coöwners to the slightly improved yield of this month over last; also, the shrinkage in expenditure."

Now one more extract which I call deeply absorbing to the general reader, to wit:

"I have made a careful and minute preliminary survey of the mine. I can not promise any sudden 'bonanza,' but unless we strike some unlooked-for barrenness, I think I may intimate a gradual improvement."

That," added Colonel Holten, "has something in it. The style is good, and the stuff is better."

"It is not near so good a letter as mine," said Mrs. Holten, going.

"*Adios!*" he said, laughing. Then he quickly added, as she reached the door, "I opine we shall see the young man ere long."

"Shall we? I am pleased to hear it."

"Yes; we will want him to report in person to a Committee of the Whole on Mines and Mining. He has fought a good fight, anyway, and deserves a short season of recreation."

Mrs. Holten being gone, the Colonel bent himself to his constant task, and silence reigned about him until a rap at his door, followed by his usual loud "Come in," introduced a boy in half-uniform, having in one hand a character-

istic cap, and in his other a book and pencil. This youth, as he approached Colonel Holten, wedged the cap close up under his arm, and presented the open book and a sealed letter envelope to the Colonel, bowed, smiled, looked bright, and said nothing. Colonel Holten took the envelope, looked at the address, signed his name in the boy's book; then, tearing the envelope open, he glanced over it and said as he did so, "No answer, my son;" whereupon the youth put the book up under his arm as a substitute for the cap, which latter he now held in his hand as he bowed, smiled, looked bright, said nothing, and went his way, softly closing the door after him.

"U'hum!" exclaimed the Colonel in that decisive sort of nasal grunt which no dialectician can properly spell on paper. "He starts to-day, eh! Le's see! That ought to bring him here by day after to-morrow, or by the day following at furthest—that is, if he is not delayed by the snow or other accident." Then he sat for some moments at his desk, idly beating the air with his lead-pencil, as though marking time to some semi-unconscious tune in his memory, which tune must have made him famous for its eccentricities, if the atmosphere could have photographed the score as he rendered it. At last, giving his pencil one grand, half-circular, waving flourish, he arose actively to his feet, filliped the pencil upon the desk, put his eyeglasses into his vest pocket, donned his hat, and said, as he pushed some papers into a pigeon-hole, "I'll give the boy a chance. It will do him good."

Then he went out by the side-street door. He had but just gone, when his eldest daughter first knocked at the hall-side door, then pushed it softly open for fear of disturbing her father, but finding that he had gone out, and knowing of the visit of the telegraph messenger, she stood at the open door with the knob in her hand, looked about her in a disappointed kind of way, and then softly approaching his desk she saw the open telegram lying upon it, and picked it up. This little piece of paper, with its few words, had an effect upon her in no way consistent with the dry matter of business language it contained. She brightened up, losing at once the disappointed look which was upon her face. She read the paper very carefully, turned it over in her hand and looked at the back of it, laid it down upon the desk, and then taking up the envelope in which it had probably come, she read what was on that, compressed it apart, looked into it and laid it down on the desk, then quietly walked from the room.

At dinner, that same day, Colonel Holten announced to his family assemblage that young

Mr. Maydole might be expected "any day after to-morrow."

"Oh, goody-good-good!" drawled the youngest member, with unusual animation for her. "He'll tell us some more about the funny little lizards."

"I shall be very glad to see him, indeed," said madam.

"I am sorry Alice is not here to entertain him when he comes," said Judith, very quietly.

"I hope," said Colonel Holten, with a dry smile which was not all lost in his beard, "I hope we can make out to entertain one young man without assistance from abroad."

"Oh, yes, we can," said Judith, carelessly; "but Mr. Maydole only talks of one subject at a time. He is not a society talker; he can not skip and catch and go on without any connection to his ideas. He is a perfect listener, though, and Alice used to lecture to him nicely. But I can not lecture—have no power at monologue; and you have talked to mother so much and for so long that she is a professional audience."

"Well, my child," and the old dry smile was again in his beard, "you will have to worry through it somehow."

Wise old father! Prudent daughter! Who shall say how far their ideas were apart? The young think the old do not see because they fail to say; the old think the sayings of the young are most transparent.

Matters moved on in and about the Holten house, from day to day, in their usual routine, varied now and again by participation in the winter gayeties—for the weeping time of Nature was now upon the land. The rains roared upon the house-roofs, drove through the streets of cities and along the rural lanes, gurgled from spoutings and pooled in the street, made grass-mottled ponds in far-away pastures, dripped from tangle-boughed woods, drifted slantingly across open plains, and at last, far up in the solitudes, turned to the steady silent fall of woodland snow as it reached and rested its main forces upon the summits of the Sierra Nevada—sending only reconnoitering parties down the other side horsed on the wild winds of the Sage-brush Land. It is hard, without the experience, to realize the contrast of scenery and climate to be found in twenty-four hours of rail ride from San Francisco eastward in winter season. It is a transfer from flower gardens of the temperate climes, in full bloom, to fields of ice crystals, in full glitter.

Young Mr. Maydole, dropping down from the stage-coach top, muffled and buttoned from chin to toe in that blanket-built recent ancestor of the now awful ulster—commonly known as the

"Washoe duster"—with a stout brown blanket on his arm, entered the railroad station in the desert to await the coming train. Teams from seldom viewed, almost undiscoverable nooks in the distant surrounding mountains came tracking from afar across the white waste of the snow-covered land. Horses with noses bristling with a wealth of delicate ice-lace, and tails alive with electric thrills, looked wildly askance at lounging ragged Indians. Masterful men, with keen, quick eyes and icy beards, tramped the platform of the station, spat long tobacco stains upon the clean white snow, knocked the dirty ice-knobs from their nail-clad boot-heels, and swore at the weather as if it were a personal power, capable of being insulted and brought to combat. In this chilly scene, Mr. Maydole had not long to wait. The train came gliding up to the station like a frantic lost spirit of civilization, scared into a tremor by the ghostly white silence of the winter-clad desert.

"All aboard!" There is a perceptible bustle. The brakemen dance upon the platforms of the cars, the breath of the engine-man floats white away from his lips, while his iron horse coughs beneath him in a metallic epizootic kind of way, and the whole train glides out of sight and beyond hearing like the materialized spirit of the mirage.

Along the bare plain the ringing rhythm of iron upon steel keeps up the glib clip-clap-clatter, clip-clap-clatter of its constant tune, until the night comes down dark and threatening as the train arranges, among glancing lights, to climb the Sierra. In the snow, that deepens under the night that darkens, the climb begins. Not one iron horse now, but two—sometimes more than two. There is here no desert. The dark pines loom loftily and dimly above the white snow, as if listening to the talk of the engines.

"Whooooo—oop! Are you ready?" says the fore to the aft engine.

"Who-o-op! All ready," says the aft.

"Away we go then."

"Go it is."

Thus all night long the iron monsters talk to each other on the icy altitudes among the listening pines.

"Whoop her up a little," says the fore engine.

"All right," says the aft.

"Yip-yip-yip-yip, ye-e-e-e-eep! Red light ahead—down brakes!"

"Aye, aye!"

"Come ahead again—gently!"

"All right, I hear you."

"Snow-shed!"

"Just so."

"Whoop her up again."

"Correct!"

Thus the dialogue of iron industry goes on the whole night long. The comfortable passenger in the elegant sleeping apartment hears it in his dreams; the emigrant, curled up and cramped in his car-seat, hears it through the dry chill that has permeated his bones, and ever and anon he flattens his nose against the window-glass in a vain endeavor to look out, only to find his eyes gazing into a reflection of the car he occupies. But by and by, just ere the first dawn of day, the passengers, both emigrant and first-class, feel a change. The chill is passing out of them. The car-wheels are less noisy. The dialogue between the engines has now very long pauses. The passenger, abed in the sleeping-car, punches his pillow under the side of his head, snuggles down to his business, and goes sound asleep. The emigrant, in the plain car-seat, uncoils himself, stretches his feet out into any open space he can find, turns his face to the ceiling of the car, and lets the traveling world know that he has a good nose for music. His tired and far-traveled wife, if he has one, leans over against his sleeping shoulder and pipes a feeble alto to his powerful bass, until, long after sunrise, the brakeman, shouting through the cars, announce:

"Twenty minutes for breakfast."

"Law me," says emigrant madam, after accompanying her husband on the nose-organ for at least two hours and a half, "I was just a-goin' to go to sleep." Then glancing out of the window of the car she suddenly grips the shoulder beside her, and says, "John! John! Do look, the snow is gone, the grass is green, and, well! I'll declare if them ain't frogs a-hollerin'."

"Well, I *tole* ye they didn't hev no winter in Californy," says John, as he rubs his eyes and gathers in his legs.

The effect of this change of climate upon Mr. Maydole, Jr., was exceedingly pleasant. His powerful lungs, expanded by the thin air of the altitudes, reveled in the softening atmosphere. The wiry, electric metalism of the upper regions passed out of him, leaving his powers luxuriously relaxed from their recent high-strung pitch, and he proceeded on his way to tide-water in a comfortable mood. At the old ferry landing his long blanket overcoat, which he had not yet taken the thought to throw off, brought about him the whole horrible troop of barking wolves from hotel, hack, etc.; but as he had that look in his eyes which the impudence of the "runner" and bummer knows well enough not to trifle long with it, they soon let him pass in his own way. The evening brought him to the door of that house which had become to him the most important of all earthly

mansions. When he was ushered into the presence of the family he was warmly welcomed.

"How brown and strong you do look," said madam.

"You are thinner—rather—than when you left us," said Judith.

"The high altitudes have a desiccating effect," said he, with respectful gayety.

"And you have been exercising violently, I imagine," added madam.

"Oh, yes," he said; "but I do not feel that I have had much more than my usual average of muscular exertion. I have always been a worker of some kind."

After the family had had their general say of him, he was led away by Colonel Holten.

"Now, Mr. Maydole," said the Colonel, when the two were seated in his business room, "this is urgent business. Can you make a speech?"

"To a public audience?" inquired Norman.

"Yes—public, in so far as a meeting of stockholders may be so called."

"I do not know. I have seen and heard a vast amount of speech-making in court and on the political stump, but I have never tried to talk in public to an audience; yet, if it must be done, I can try it."

"Very good, very good! I have had a meeting of our stockholders called, and I think a full verbal report, backed by a written statement, will be more effective than anything else."

"Then it is about the mine—what I know about the business? It is upon that subject you wish me to make a speech?"

"Precisely."

"Oh, well, as to that," said Norman, laughing, "I think I could make a speech on that subject instantly if waked out of a sound sleep. I will not promise any oratory."

"Don't want any oratory."

"All right; I will try it. Have you any suggestions to make as to matter or manner?"

"No. Tell the truth. Speak slowly and distinctly. Once on the floor never mind about your audience; your hearers will come to you when you come to the merits of your case. They always do to any speaker who modestly and earnestly tells the honest truth."

"How many days can I have to get ready?"

"Four."

"Very good, sir. I will go about the preparation at once."

During the ensuing four days Norman enlarged and colored his maps of the mine, so that the lines on them could be plainly seen across a large room. Then he planned an accurate history of the mine, from the time the original prospector uncovered its ancient head among the outcroppings in the sage-brush, to

which he added a tabulated statement of all its workings, yieldings, and expenditures. And when this task was finished, he tried to picture in his imagination how he should look and act before an audience, all of whom he believed to be critical in such matters, and some of whom he knew to be hostile to himself and his friends; but this attempt at imagination he gave up as beyond his powers, and concluded to stay mainly with the hard facts and let his manner take care of itself. The day of meeting of stockholders arrived, and, as the hour of its session approached, our hero tried to recollect and bring before his mind in one instant all that he knew about the subject at issue, and was somewhat alarmed to find that his intellect failed to make any such response, and that all he could remember of what he had planned and intended to say amounted only to these words:

"Gentlemen: As I have never been placed in a position such as I now occupy, you will bear with me and pardon me if in the presentation of facts I fail to put them in a manner at once pleasing and plausible."

This paragraph he clung to with the desperation of one who believes he is about to drown. He kept it in constant repetition through his mind, but by the time he was called up to make his report, he was astounded to find that this paragraph also had faded out of memory, until nothing was left of it but the one word, "Gentlemen." He took his maps and papers, when called upon, and went to his place before the astute audience, feeling a greater need of a large supply of sand than ever before had occurred to him. He unrolled his papers on the desk in unconscious imitation of the lawyers he had seen in the country court rooms where his father reigned as clerk. Lifting up his eyes he managed to say, "Gentlemen—" but the severe eyes of the astute world's-men, which were collectively upon him, almost appalled him. But, seeing among the gray and bald heads, one younger head, the face of which seemed to enjoy his embarrassment, he immediately became internally hostile, and started off on his report as follows:

"The property with which I am now connected as clerk has a history, and I propose first to give you the history as a whole, and then the important figures in detail. Let me have your attention, if you please, while I relate to you the history of the mine from the beginning, so that, when I shall point out facts now vital to its proper management, we may mutually understand how and why these facts came to be facts."

By the time he had uttered these words his blood began to flow where it was most needed,

and the natural stimulus quickened his brain and brought back to his mind all that he had lost of his carefully prepared report. The honest working of his own mind, as it intelligently handled the (to him) familiar matters with which he was dealing, soon drew the minds of his hearers into the same channel. The attention became riveted upon him as he threw the light of honest, thorough investigation into the dark places of the business management. He was no longer the young man making a speech—he was the careful, conscientious man of business (no matter about his youth now) trudging with the hard logic of well ascertained facts the ingeniously constructed plausibility of palpable falsehood. When he had finished his report and submitted his figures, he said:

"I shall now answer any question regarding the mine or my connection with it."

"Didn't you contrive to get up a quarrel in the camp with Mr. Blethers, the superintendent?"

"No, sir."

"Did you not have a fight with him in the office?"

"Yes, sir."

"I thought so," said the questioner, with a triumphant, sarcastic smile.

"What did you fight about?" asked another stockholder.

"Mr. Blethers made indecent allusion to my extraction and to my ancestors, whereupon I told him he was a bully, and I thought he was a coward; at which he sought to collar me, and—well, we had a little fight. That's the amount of it."

"Would you be good enough to tell us what, in your opinion, caused the foreman to use this language to you? Or do you know?"

"I know very well. He wanted me to act, through my position as clerk of the mine, so that his outside friends could use me as a standing voluntary garnishee in the forcible collection of their debts. I refused to do it."

"And you did quite right, my boy!" emphatically ejaculated a gray-haired sire of the stock market.

When he had been questioned by various parties upon almost every point of his connection with the business, he offered his written report and left the stand, and, somewhat to his embarrassment, found himself shaking hands with men whom he did not personally know, who offered him congratulatory speeches. As he recovered from his absorbing attention to the business in hand, he looked about for the face of his patron, and, not finding it in the room, he then remembered that he had not

seen that face in the house since he took his place in front of his audience.

"We have heard the report," said the chairman; "what shall we do with it?"

"I move that it be received, and that the mine managers be requested to appoint Mr. Maydole superintendent, with full power to manage the mine to the best of his judgment for the interest of all parties concerned," said a heavy stockholder. The motion was seconded. Then it was that Norman noticed Colonel Holten on the floor, and was not a little puzzled to hear him say:

"Before that motion is put, I desire to say it may not be convenient for Mr. Maydole to accept the position, as I am informed, though I have not been present during the offering of his report, that he has here to-day shown himself worth a better place. I would therefore amend the motion by striking out all suggestion to the managers, leaving it to read simply as an acceptance of the report."

The maker of the motion accepting the Colonel's amendment, the motion was put and carried, and the meeting adjourned.

"Where is Mr. Maydole?" asked Mrs. Holten of her husband, as they sat down to dinner at home.

"After his speech, to-day, the most stubborn stockholder in the opposition carried him off to dinner."

"Why, did he make a speech?" asked madam.

"He did so; and a good one, too."

"Well, I'm glad to hear it. The poor boy has to do all sorts of difficult things."

Colonel Holten laughed aloud.

"I do believe you take delight in getting that poor boy into trouble."

"Perhaps so," said the Colonel, still laughing; "but I take more delight in getting him out again; though, fortunately for me, he does not need much assistance. He is one whom the Lord helps—because he helps himself."

"Did Mr. Maydole ever before make a speech?" asked Judith.

"He says not," answered the father.

"What did he say?" asked Judith.

"I do not know, save from report. I did not hear the speech, but he said enough to fully answer the purpose—and that is true oratory. Its effect must have been amusing to several of those who witnessed it. Our greatest trouble," continued the Colonel, as he went on, paying marked attention to the contents of his dinner plate, "our greatest trouble in this business has been a heavy stockholder—an old man, who in early times was a popular saloon-keeper and a prize-fighting umpire or referee. This person has been always on the side of the man called

Blethers, partly because of Blethers's presumed prowess in personal combat. The career of Blethers has been checked rather peremptorily by Maydole—over yonder at the mine. This old stockholder has been himself a fighting man, though a person of under size. He is a man of strong will and of pretty good judgment, but he can not express his ideas—is a man of few words, in fact. Maydole's compact physical power attracted this old man from the beginning, and when he saw a young fellow who could talk forcibly and fight fairly he was captured, and with him came his whole following; and that settles the business for which the meeting was called."

Miss Judith listened to this brief description of Norman's success without making any audible manifestation of approval or disapproval, but her face and eyes showed that she had weighed every word of it.

"Is he to return to the mines?" she asked, at length.

"Certainly, if he wishes it. But what he ought to do is to study law. His father was right when he said he wanted to make a lawyer of him."

"Is he not too open and honest to make a successful lawyer?" asked madam.

"No. A lawyer can not be too honest. There is no field in which honesty is more powerful than in that of the law. I do not consider Mr. Maydole an 'open' person at all, in the common acceptance of that word. Honest he is to the last limit, no doubt, but he has inherited, not from his father, a wise reticence that 'still keeps something to himself' he'll scarcely tell to any."

Is it fair to surmise that the shrewd, successful, wealthy business father knew which member of his family at the dinner-table was listening most attentively to his remarks? If it is not fair to do so, we will not do it.

For a fortnight after his speech to the stockholders, Norman Maydole, Jr., had an easy and interesting season. Little by little he gained access to, or, rather, was invited into, the social circle in which the Holtens revolved; and, by way of exciting contrast, made a large acquaintance with the men who surrounded the "stubborn stockholder" of saloon keeping antecedents. It was interesting to note that the stubborn stockholder, though himself addicted to alcoholic amusements, was all the more interested in him on account of his invariably polite declination to accept any of the many invitations to join in these amusements. In fact, the old man gathered all he could of Norman's brief history, and, as was the case with most people, the more he knew of the young

man the better he liked him, and he finally summed it all up in these words:

"That young Mr. Medule," said he, for so he would always pronounce the name, "is the biggest little man and the best boy on the Coast."

But though this making of acquaintance, this seeing of the city, and these little triumphs in business, were interesting and very important to our hero, he had still another, a nearer, a dearer, and more delicate enterprise closer to his heart. The face and figure of a full-formed, graceful young woman traveled before his mind's eye wherever he went. The vision of laughing health and womanly tenderness led the procession of fairies over the carpet of rose-leaves in his dreams. He did not consider if he wanted to be a married man—a poor man married to a presumably rich woman—but he did feel, and feel constantly, that there was a gap in his hopes, a vacancy in his ambitions, which only that young woman, and none other, could fill. Whether to go back to the mountains, or anywhere else, or even to stay where he was, without seeking to know how it might be between himself and this young woman, was to him the weightiest of questions. Oftentimes, day and night, he debated this great question with himself, and as often he found it surrounded by difficulties. Had the question involved a physical risk, or a direct combat of any sort, his hesitation would have vanished in instant resolution. Had it involved only patient toil, or length and strength of endurance, he could have met it without much debate. Perhaps if in his estimation the young woman could have been duplicated—which he did not at all believe—he could have seen his way out by learning from the loss of one how to possess himself of the other. To him, though he well believed the world to be full of young women, the case resolved itself into life or death on a single shot. In this dilemma it came into his memory that he had an old letter from his dear, dead friend, Judge Clayton, which had some advice on a subject kindred to the one now haunting his mind. He opened the old letter, and the familiar handwriting of the dead Mentor told him this:

"At any time when you are in doubt about how you shall act where your honor, or the honor of your friend, is concerned, consider the facts involved as thoroughly as may be, then arm yourself with the truth, jump into the middle of things, and take the chances. *Never play Hamlet—off the stage.*"

He folded the old letter, replaced it in its time-seasoned package, and immediately repaired to the room where the fortunes of his manhood had begun.

"Well, Mr. Maydole," said the Colonel, as Norman entered, "are you getting weary with city ways and social excitement?"

"No, sir. Do I look tired?" he asked with a sad sort of smile, as he stood, hat in hand, before his patron.

"Well, I have thought you do not brighten up quite as you used to do. This climate does not suit you, perhaps, after the dry air over yonder. Take a seat, sir."

"No, sir. Thanking you kindly for the invitation, I will not sit down."

"Why, why! What's the matter?" said the Colonel, rising to his feet. "Has any one in this house offended you, sir?"

"No, indeed! Far from it—very far from anything of the sort. But if you have time now to listen to me, I will tell you; if you have not time now, please appoint a time."

"From your action I infer it must be a vital matter. What is it?" and his last three words were emphatic.

"I am in your house. I enjoy its hospitality, and I think as between man and man I am bound to tell you without delay that I love your daughter—Miss Judith Holten. If this statement should displease you, sir, I shall never sit down in this house again until you invite me to sit."

At the mention of his daughter's name, the Colonel wheeled upon his heel instantly, and walked hastily to the window, where he stood in silence, seeming to look out, for some minutes.

"Isn't it somewhat sudden—not to say very abrupt, sir?" he by and by asked.

"Yes, sir. It is abrupt—perhaps it is rude—but I have not been able to say what I have just uttered without going at it in this manner."

Colonel Holten, with his face close to the window, was shaken with emotion, but no mortal has yet been able to say what the nature of that emotion was.

"Does Judith know of this interview?"

"No, sir! No, sir!"

"If I ask you to sit—what then?"

"Then I shall take the earliest opportunity to tell Miss Holten just what I have told you."

"But if I do not invite you to sit?" he asked, still looking out at the window.

"Then I shall leave this house, and not be tempted by my own feeling to abuse your hospitality, and—and—I shall wait."

Instantly the Colonel wheeled about, walked to where Maydole was standing, and extending his hand, said:

"Take a seat, Mr. Maydole."

Norman sat down.

Colonel Holten took his usual seat at his desk, and placing his spectacles over his eyes went quietly to work—or at least seemed to go to work. Norman waited in palpitating silence. Finally, without raising his head, the Colonel said, in a very gentle manner:

"Mr. Maydole, if you have anything special to do, you had better, perhaps, go and attend to it."

At this intimation Norman arose and left the room. When the young man was gone Colonel Holten laid by his appearance of work, and placing his elbows on his desk put a hand each side of his face, and sat thus in silence for some time. What his thoughts were may not be known until he sees fit to reveal them; but, probably, he retrospected his life, and lingered at that epoch in it when the child now most occupying his thoughts had come to him from the mysteries of Nature as a bright stimulus to his married manhood; and from that epoch his thought may have followed the footsteps of the child along life's path down to the hour which was then upon him. Whatever may have been the subject of his reverie, he finished it by exclaiming:

"Ah, me! Growing old—growing old," and, so saying, arose from his desk and left the room.

Norman Maydole, Jr., after leaving the presence of Colonel Holten, also left the house and walked out over the hills which overlook the Bay of San Francisco, and continued to walk until he had relaxed in some degree, by physical exertion, the tension upon his nerves; then he returned to the house of the woman he loved.

Now that he had asked the right, and been permitted in some degree to express what he had to say, it did not seem to him that any opportunity would ever occur when he could properly and easily say it. He was not skilled, nor by nature fitted, to prepare his own way very far ahead of him in such matters. In a matter of resistance or hostility, his way would have been plain before him—but this was not that kind of an affair. True it was that he often saw Miss Holten—in fact, so often that life between them seemed in danger of settling down into a brotherly and sisterly existence, a state not peculiarly adapted to the development of the stronger passions. Your true love, like the kingdom of heaven, "suffereth violence, and the violent take it by storm"—but it is a peculiar kind of violence. How he sped with his love-making is not for the present historian to record. Of course, many of us, graybeards and others, know that true love-making calls for courage, but not for that kind of courage

which comes properly under such a title as "sand." It may, however, be here recorded that, having "found once a pliant hour," Mr. Maydole, Jr., said to the woman he loved:

"Judith, will you be my wife—some day?"

And she answered, "Some day."

With a happy heart, brighter prospects, and an increase of both salary and responsibility, Norman Maydole, Jr., made haste away and away, across the boisterous bay, up the long

slope, and down the brief descent of the mountains—away and away among the weird houseless hills and mirage-haunted deserts, to the industrious *cañon*, where the familiar roar of the thundering stamps greeted him, as of old, with a mighty welcome. There let us leave him to work out the next volume of his life-story among the hardy, hard-handed men, who, whatever may be their faults and failings, have always a high respect for a clean man who has the SAND.

J. W. GALLY.

THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

Since the negotiation of the Reciprocity Treaty between the United States and the Hawaiian Kingdom in 1876, the Hawaiian Islands have attracted general attention. Being on the highway to the western half of the British Empire, the large steamers plying from San Francisco to Auckland and Sydney have afforded speedy and safe means of travel to Honolulu, and many have availed themselves of the rapid transit to visit the tropics. Some were impelled by the desire of sight-seeing; others went in search of health; and a large proportion visited the Islands for purposes of investment and the adoption of permanent homes. The first named are always pleased, for the scenery is charming beyond comparison, and the climate is so soft, the atmosphere so wooing, and the change of vegetation so marked, that the visitor must yield to their sensuous and pleasant influence. Those seeking health are often benefited, especially when the malady or affliction is of a nervous character. And, under the impetus given to the planting interest by the late treaty, many have made favorable investments in sugar farms and sugar mills, and fortunes have been made in those pursuits as rapidly as by striking bonanzas in Nevada. But it is not every one who plants sugar-cane that succeeds in making money. Lamentable failures have resulted from persons going heedlessly into business requiring the clear calculation and diligent attention of a practical mind. But when the investment has been judiciously made, and good lands selected in the district of great and regular rainfall on the Island of Hawaii, or any of the other islands of the group, where there is a perennial flow of water for irrigating purposes, and the investor knew how to till the soil, and to get a

full day's work from his *employés*, success has been marvelous. The product to the acre is often more than triple the amount raised in Cuba, and more than double that produced per acre at Mauritius, whence we draw our principal sugar supply.

A steamer leaving San Francisco at 12 M. on Monday, the usual hour of sailing, will arrive in Honolulu on Tuesday of the week following, in time for the passengers to get their breakfast on shore. On approaching the Island of Oahu, the tourist is not favorably impressed, the first point descried being usually Cocoa Head, a bold rocky promontory; and as the vessel nears the shore, the island looks seared and dead. The deep gorges and ravines, penetrated by the vision only when assisted by a powerful glass, disclose green-tinted trees and plants nourished by rainy vapors, showers, fallings, and intermittent sunshine; and as the steamer rounds Diamond Head, the feathery-topped cocoanut palms at Waikiki extending to the brink of the surf, the broad level-plain and rising green-topped mountains in the rear, form a handsome landscape; and Honolulu, then first visible, looks like an extensive forest with only a few spars and turrets rising above the trees. As the steamer approaches, the natives convene at the landing in great numbers, many of them gayly dressed and decorated with wreaths and *lais* of flowers. The merchants and others of the white population hie to the wharf to meet friends and to obtain the latest news. The passenger is not annoyed by noisy hotel runners, but perhaps would willingly bear a little boring in that way to receive the benefit that results from competition. There is but one first-class hotel in Honolulu, a fine building owned by the Government. There are several smaller hotels

and boarding houses, and tenement houses with furnished rooms, all having good bathing accommodations; and a number of restaurants, where good meals can be obtained at all hours on reasonable terms.

When the visitor has located himself, he first of all takes a drive through the town, and soon finds himself at the fish market, where strange, bright, and beautiful inhabitants of the sea are exposed for sale. Rare, brightly tinted fishes, not found elsewhere, are quite common here. The fish-market is a place of general concourse, especially on Saturday afternoon, where the Hawaiian dandies and belles appear in their best attire. One thing will especially strike the notice of the tourist: the extreme modesty and retiring manner of the native women, who invariably look down or avert the face when passing a stranger. But when it is once known that you are a resident, a bright smile greets you, and a gentle voice says, "*Aloha*," which means "I love you." One soon picks up enough native language to carry on a running conversation, and *aloha* is soon extended to *aloha nui* and *aloha maikai*, which adjectives express degrees in intensity of love.

The Hawaiian race is rapidly passing away. Fifty years ago they numbered 450,000; to-day not in excess of 40,000. It is the best autochthonous race known. Amiable, brave, and generous, like all barbarous people, they are hospitable. It is said that hospitality is a concomitant of barbarism, and that civilization diminishes that quality. Many causes can readily be assigned for the rapid decrease in the Hawaiian race; first, the introduction of contagious and infectious diseases by foreigners; next, the general attempt by the natives to wear clothing which, when wet, is never changed—and Hawaiians never avoid rain; and the most fruitful cause has been forcing upon the people a government and system of laws for which they were not prepared by any previous education, making habits and customs long indulged in, and regarded as harmless and innocent, misdemeanors and crimes, punishable by fine and imprisonment. These things broke the spirit of the people. Before the adoption and enforcement of such laws, the people should have been prepared by education to look with proper discrimination upon the *mala prohibita* of the penal codes. When Solon was asked if he had given his people the best possible code of laws, he answered, "The best they were capable of receiving." Had the same moderation and wisdom governed those who formulated the laws and government of Hawaii, the population would in all probability have remained undiminished.

The Hawaiian is proud and sensitive, and it is a known fact that he can die "as though he was studied in his death, and throw away the dearest thing he owned as if it were a mere trifle." When under the curse or evil prayers of the *kahunas*, no counsel, no reasoning, no medicine is of any avail. He sinks from health to lethargy and death with incredible speed and persistence. The *kahunas* are about on a par with the *magi* of the olden time, and, like John Wellington Wells, are dealers in magical spells. They are under the ban of the law; but in secret they practice the black art, often with fatal effect, upon the superstitious and timid.

Honolulu has a population of all races of about seventeen thousand. The Chinese are, numerically, the next in importance after the native. The Chinese here manifest the aggressive tendency of the race. They have already monopolized Nuuanu Street, the principal thoroughfare, and are rapidly getting strong footholds on Beretania and Emma Streets, where most of the wealthy foreign residents have their homes. They are increasing rapidly, chiefly from raw recruits from China. Though they are given to marriage and select all the prettiest native women for wives, the race thus produced, by crossing the Celestial with the Hawaiian, is remarkable for beauty and grace. A few instances may suffice to show the persistence of the Chinese character; and, indeed, "John" is not unlike the little animal called the lemming in disposition, which, during its periods of emigration, turns aside for no opposing obstacle, eating its way through trees and haystacks rather than deflect from a straight course. A short time ago, Ah Loo applied for a license to marry Ka Pua, a young girl not over twelve years of age. The license was refused because the young lady was under the legal age. The next day Ah Loo again applied to the officer for a license, but this time for a license to marry Keahe, the girl's mother, a widow. The license was granted, and no doubt Ah Loo, in marrying the mother, with certain mental reservations, took to wife both mother and daughter at the same time.

The tourist will find ample means of locomotion in Honolulu, there being over one hundred and fifty public carriages for hire in the town, and many riding horses. Around the city are a number of pretty and interesting rides. That usually taken first is to Waikiki, the principal bathing resort, where a number of citizens have cottages and pass part of the year. The shore is of hard and compact coral sand; and the surf breaks in from deep, blue water, throwing the white, curling crests over the bathers. The

native boys climb the cocoanut trees on the shore, cling with their hands and feet in the most approved monkey style, and literally walk up the vertical stem with the perfect ease of a quadrumana, to amuse the visitor, in hopes of getting a silver coin for some green cocoanuts plucked from the top of the tree, the milk of which is delicious.

There is another ride up Nuuanu Avenue to the Pali, a distance of six miles. For beauty of scenery, the mountains, valleys, and open sea along this ride are almost unequalled. The ascent is rapid but gradual, and, on reaching the Pali, you stand on an elevation of about two thousand feet, experiencing quite a change of climate. At the apex of the road the mountains converge, and a sudden turn in the narrow passage brings you to a view at once beautiful and grand. Looking to the north, over the expanse of the Pacific, the trade wind strikes you full in the face. It is just from the sea, filled with moisture and ozone, giving health and vigor to all who breathe it. Beneath your feet, at the bottom of the Pali or precipice, some twelve hundred feet, is an undulating country, sloping gradually to the sea beach, which is distant six miles. At various points you can see sugar farms. The dark green crops contrast with the sear fallow, and the hamlets of Haaia and Kanihiohi with modest church steeples glitter in the sunshine. Reversing your face, the Pacific to the south can be seen through the long vista of green hills that skirt the road by which you have ascended; and, nearer, the harbor with the shipping, and Honolulu with its gardens and pleasant homes, spread out like a map within easy view. It was at this point that Kamehameha I., the warrior chief, drove the opposing forces, when he had vanquished his enemies; and the remnants of the defeated force, finding that no quarter would be given, and that there was no possibility of escape up the precipitous sides of the mountains on either side, nor yet down the cliff, which is perpendicular, leaped over the bank, falling twelve hundred feet to certain mutilation and death. To the east of the Pali is a mountain towering above the surroundings, known as Tantalus, upon the top of which, at night, mysterious sounds and echoes are heard—"lamentings heard in the wind, strange screams of death;" at times loud and boisterous, like the midnight revels and orgies of Pandemonium, and again sinking into plaintive wailing, which the superstitious natives believe to be caused by the spirits of the departed warriors, whose corpses were mangled by the crashing fall in the leap over the Pali, and whose manes are still unappeased. It is a pity to destroy the illusion, but

the sounds, so reverentially listened to by the natives, are caused by the breakers beating on the windward shore, and the plaintive cadence of a calm sea-surf alternating with the wild and angry scoldings of the storm. Here the tourist may linger with delight, and if he should chance to visit this spot, on a moonlight night, with a party who sing in accord, and should listen to the chant of some weird air as it reverberates through the broken chasms and riven rock, he will never forget the short vision that threw its enchantment around him while lingering there. The return to Honolulu is rapid. All the Hawaiian horses are good down hill cattle, and the Hawaiian drivers never hold a tight rein.

At night, Honolulu is the quietest place in the world. After the nine o'clock bell rings, the natives must retire and no sound is heard; no carriages are passing, and the city itself seems as though listening in expectancy of a sound. Every one sleeps well. In Honolulu, *insomnia* is unheard of. Nervous affections are soothed, and the imagination put to rest.

To the west of Honolulu is Pearl River, an estuary or roadstead from the sea. Deep, peaceful, and capacious, with a small outlay of money to remove a rocky obstruction at the entrance, it would afford a perfect harbor to a fleet of the largest deep-sea vessels. At one time, not long past, the United States made some inquiry, indicating the intention to acquire a title with a view of establishing a coaling station and a dry dock; but, as the navy had gone nearly out of existence, the necessity of such a place for repairs and replenishing has ceased, and the project been abandoned. Along the shores of Pearl River are vast banks of oyster shells. The shells have never been opened or separated, giving rise to the inference—oysters being proverbially silent, and, like dead men, telling no tales—that all of the bivalves in that region, in times long past, were submitted to a fiery ordeal too great for their delicate constitutions. No doubt but that a volcanic eruption destroyed all the shell-fish, as not one oyster can be obtained in the whole group. Fish oftentimes drift ashore in great quantities, as though whole shoals or schools were destroyed by some unseen agency, not unlikely by submarine volcanic action. I do not know that these fish have ever been closely examined, but it may be that they are already well cooked and ready for the table. This wholesale volcanic cookery is at war with the economy of nature, and is destructive of the choicest sea preserves, extensive enough for multitudes and nations, but hardly delicate enough for the sybaritic taste. Just where

Pearl River debouches into the ocean, there is an old fish-pond, walled in by rocks, covering a large area. The pond has for a long time from some cause been abandoned for the purposes for which it was constructed, but the Chinese now use it as a shark trap. The carcass of a sheep, or any animal substance rather gamey, is used as a bait, and is fastened just inside of a gateway. When the tide is up, the sharks, which abound in these waters, swim into the pond for the bait, when the wily Chinamen, ever on the alert, close the gate; and when the tide falls the sharks are at the mercy of their captors, who soon dispatch them, and if they do not serve them as a dish fit for the gods, they are prepared after a fashion to suit the tastes of other celestials.

On the return to Honolulu by land from Pearl River, you pass an extensive tract of low, flat land in the District of Ewa, well watered and once densely peopled by Hawaiians, now altogether in the hands of Chinese. The *taro* patches have been turned into rice fields. The culture of rice by the Chinese is neat and perfect, and they get very large returns. It costs about \$30 to plant and harvest an acre, from which they realize \$200. The quality of rice is good, in delicacy of flavor surpassing the Carolina rice. The grain, however, is not so large. The rice growers have to resort to various devices to save their crops from a rapacious little bird that some enterprising citizen imported, a few years ago, to contend with insects which existed only in the imagination of the importer. The birds have multiplied to so great an extent, that, if gongs were not constantly beaten and guns fired off during the period when the rice is maturing, the entire crop would be destroyed. The bird importer at the same time received an invoice of snakes, which he designed to make war upon the bugs and roaches, but the good people, not trusting to the possibility of a future visit from St. Patrick, had the discretion to kill the ancient enemies of man, and there is not a snake on the Hawaiian Islands to bruise the heel of erring sons of Eve.

On the road from Ewa to Honolulu, the tourist passes through a small hamlet called Moana Loa, a pretty settlement with groves of cocoanut trees, and rendered still more attractive by a stream of clear water filled with gold fish. In this village are the large grounds owned by her Highness the Princess Kiliikolani, sister of Kamehameha V. Here it is that most of the *louau* and *hula-hula*, native feasts and dances, are given to distinguished strangers. Whenever a rich man, such as one of our bonanza kings, visits Honolulu, and the enter-

prising young residents want him to invest a million or so in sugar estates, they get up a *louau* and *hula-hula*, hoping to captivate the visitor, and lead him by pleasant ways to become enamored with Hawaiians, by the luxury of native feasts and the song and dance of Hawaiian maidens. At these feasts the favorite dish is roast dog. The visitor is never informed of what he is eating, until after one or two *encores*, and then, instead of an attack of rabies, he usually smiles at the prejudice that deprives the civilized palate of so many dainty dishes. The dogs intended for the chiefs and their visitors are raised with great care, kept closely confined, and fed exclusively on milk. Of the *menu*, consisting of raw fish, raw squid, *poi*, and sweet potatoes, with mixed dishes of various ingredients and impossible names, the visitor is expected to partake copiously; and after the feast the *hula-hula* begins. The girls dance with great precision to the rude music of a wild chant and the beating of native drums. As music and dancing are both æsthetic, the pleasure one derives from these post-prandial entertainments depends upon the culture and taste of each individual. But, to say the least, the music and dancing are both novel, and can be endured for once, if only to know that civilization has its advantages, although the aphorism may be true that "where there is much wisdom there is much grief."

Near Moana Loa is a salt lake of respectable dimensions, separated from the ocean by a chain of hills, several hundred feet in height, which girdle the lake. The tide rises and falls in the lake with regularity, indicating a subterranean passage. From this lake, formerly, were made large quantities of salt; but of late years nothing has been done in that way, the lake being difficult of approach, as the shores are of quicksand.

The visitor has yet much in store in the way of sight-seeing on the Island of Oahu, and by making a tour around the island, either in a carriage or on horseback, a journey that will require a week, and, if made in company with a friend who is to the manner born, who speaks the native language, and is familiar with the customs of the people, will be full of incident and pleasurable surprises. It is only on a trip of this kind that one learns how much to esteem the native character, or how thoroughly to appreciate the unequalled climate and sea-bathing. In making these journeys through the islands it is always prudent to have a good cook accompanying you. There is always abundance of material for feeding, but the native mode of preparation and serving do not suit cultivated taste. It is true that riding

and sea-bathing produce a keen appetite, but it is as well to satisfy that in a way from which pleasure is derived, and from which neither dyspepsia nor any other evil consequences will ensue. The resting-places are not ornamented with decorative upholstery; but clean beds with

one end piled up with pillows of every imaginary shape and size, to prop one in any posture, can be found at every well to do Kanaka's house, where a hearty welcome makes one at ease, and the plain comforts satisfy all wants.

J. M. DAVIDSON.

THE NEMESIS OF FRAUD.

There are three scenes from my life's drama that seem burned into the very substance of my brain. The first always formulates itself in the words, "Love among the flowers;" the second is a weird "spiritual séance in a New England cottage;" the third is only a written page—my eyes riveted upon it. Wherever I am these pictures are before me. No pressure of business—and I am an active, successful business man—no distraction of gay society, no charm of music, no physical pain, ever obliterates them wholly from my inward sight. They form the romance, the shame, and the secret of my life.

A few years ago—it seems but yesterday—I was a fair-faced, blue-eyed boy of some twelve years, the adopted son of a childless couple, living in the shadow of old Wachusett Mountain, in Massachusetts. I had never known any other parents; and I doubt if any child was ever more tenderly loved than was I by John and Mary Moulton. A more comely couple I have never seen, nor one more happy in their union or more worthy of the blessing of fine children. Yet this blessing never came to them, and when they were both about forty years old, they took me, an orphan, to their pleasant home, and from first to last cherished me as their son.

About a year after my adoption, there came to the house a being destined to control the thoughts and purposes of my life. This was pretty Agnes Fay, a niece of Mrs. Moulton. She came to attend the high school—"academy" it was called—in the village near which we lived. Mother and father—I had been taught to call them so—were greatly attached to her, and mother did not fail to sound my praises to her on every occasion. From that time I had so high a character to support that it became burdensome, and I should surely have failed but for the constant companionship of Agnes, or Nessie, as we all called her. Her eyes never seemed to dwell upon the surface of my per-

son merely, but to penetrate my most secret thoughts; and I could have died easier than allow her to see anything there that was base or unworthy. That winter was the happiest I had ever known. Every day, whatever the weather and however deep the snow-drifts about our mountain home, we went to school together. The road that led up to the beautiful plateau on which our farm lay, was a quarter of a mile from the main highway, and, being a private road, it was sometimes several days before the oxen and sleds were brought out to break up the drifts. Nessie and I never minded the snow; for when it was too deep for our long india-rubber boots, we strapped on our Canadian snow-shoes, and skimmed over the drifts without sinking, I taking her arm, as she bade me. She would not have taken mine, even had I dared to ask her, because that would have necessitated removing a dimpled hand from her comfortable muff. At first, I would have preferred to remove my hand before reaching the school, as some of the boys chaffed me about my protector; but I did not dare show the least embarrassment, lest Nessie should think me lacking in manliness. And yet I knew she regarded me as a small boy. She called me "Eddie" before the whole school, and treated me to little familiarities that both flattered and mortified me.

I do not know when I commenced to love Agnes Fay, so gradually did the sentiment that was destined to overwhelm every other emotion, and almost to dethrone reason itself, steal over my boyish heart. I obeyed her slightest wish, ran everywhere upon her errands with the instinctive alacrity of a happy slave; and long before I dared speak the least tender word to her, I wrote her burning letters, which of course I never dared to send, thought of her every waking moment, and closed my eyes at night praying that she would come to me and bless me with her love in that world of phantasms that we call sleep. Once only my

prayer was answered. In a dream I saw her standing under a certain tree which was laden with snowy blossoms. I ran to her, knelt at her feet, and confessed the love that consumed me. A moment of agonizing silence ensued. I felt as if some thunderbolt was about to strike me dumb for my rashness; but, to my unspeakable joy, she raised me tenderly in her arms and kissed me. I woke in a delirium of happiness, sobbing and trembling in every limb. From that day I grew bolder in spirit. Thereafter, I dared at least to raise my eyes to Nessie, and to cherish the determination to win her love against the world.

Three winters I attended the high school with Nessie. I studied heroically and took high rank in all my classes. I had a motive strong enough to stimulate the most indolent youth, and indolence in any shape was foreign to my nature. In my recitations of geometry, for example, I always felt, rather than saw, that her eyes were upon me; and I coveted the longest and most involved propositions. Never was mailed knight in tournament of the Middle Ages more proud and confident as he rode into the ring under the eyes of princes and noble dames than was I, when, after drawing my diagrams upon the board, I faced the school, pointer in hand, and rattled off my demonstrations. I knew that Nessie was proud of me. Her eyes brightened whenever the teacher praised me, as he quite often did, and held me up as an example to the laggards of the school. On the way home from school, Nessie often expressed her delight in the brilliancy of my recitations, but in a patronizing way, I sometimes thought; at all events, the result was like a mixture of honey and gall. She was a year older than I was, and passed as a young lady, as girls generally do when boys of the same age are struggling through that period of awkwardness when the hands and feet are sadly in the way. She was in all my classes, and in some studies—Latin and Natural Philosophy, for example—I had hard work to keep pace with her. My superiority in geometry, therefore, was gratifying, though I never swaggered about it, but persisted that I was in no way her equal. Since that time I have always advocated the coeducation of the sexes, being convinced that it is wise and right.

Our teacher, Mr. Leland, was a handsome man, but he had a singular expression about the eyes. This was produced by a peculiar shape of the eyelids—a droop like a fallen wing toward the outer corners. Nessie thought he had “poetic eyes,” and I marveled at her taste. To me his eyes were rather disagreeable. He was very polished and refined in manner, and wore a full beard. At that time mustaches

were regarded as foreign, barbarous, and to the older people intolerable, while the young generally declared them distinguished. Nessie once expressed admiration for this manly ornament, and from that hour I began to nurse an unreasonable dislike to Mr. Leland; not but that I had long before been a little jealous, for Nessie had been from the first a decided favorite of his, and there was always an understanding between them—not as between teacher and pupil, but something serious, delicate, and naturally reverent. With all the rest of his pupils he could assume a bantering, chaffing tone out of school hours, and in school he could be dictatorial and severe; but never with her. He was very impatient with those who whispered, or “communicated,” as he termed it; and it was well known that Agnes Fay sometimes transgressed in this respect, and that he never reproved her. One day a bold youth accused him to his face of this unjust discrimination. Nessie’s face crimsoned, though her eyes were riveted upon her book. Mr. Leland was visibly angry with the offender, but, after a long pause, he said, with forced calmness, “Young man, I do not suffer my pupils to discuss with me my methods of discipline; but I do not like them to feel that I am unjust. I will say, therefore, once for all—once for all,” he repeated, very impressively, “that there are some of my pupils whose shortcoming I find it is best to reprove privately.” Another pause, a dead silence, a deeper crimsoning of Nessie’s face, and the exercises were resumed. I do not think she ever whispered again that winter, the last of his teaching and of my going to school with Agnes Fay.

During that winter the “Rochester Knockings”—old enough in other places—made their appearance in our quiet town. The knockings or raps had been heard in several families, and the newspapers were full of the subject. One evening when Mr. Leland was present the question was discussed at some length, and ended by his suggesting that we form a “circle” around the parlor table, to see if the raps would come to us. We seated ourselves, hands all spread out on the table in the prescribed manner. At first we were inclined to be merry; then the silence which was understood to be one of the indispensable “conditions” grew ominous. At length, Mrs. Moulton, who had very reluctantly abandoned her knitting to oblige us, becoming impatient over what appeared to her an unpardonable waste of time, suddenly exclaimed, “What a pack of fools we all are!” Just then a faint rapping was heard, apparently on or under the table. Never shall I forget the consternation on her face. She cast

a suspicious glance upon Mr. Leland, and, moving back, resumed her knitting.

"Is there a spirit present?" asked Mr. Leland, in a sepulchral tone. Mr. Moulton was painfully interested; Nessie very grave. This time there was no rap, but the table tipped slowly toward Mr. Leland.

"For whom have you a message?" he asked, in the same tone. The table tipped nearly to his knees and fell back heavily. Mr. Leland, then, was a medium! The spirits had often so declared, he said, but he did not know. Nessie looked at him with admiration, mingled with awe. The table continued to tip occasionally, but no message was evolved that night.

From that time, father and Nessie read everything available upon the subject of spiritualism. He subscribed for a paper devoted wholly to the subject, and talked upon it continually. Circles became frequent at our house and at others. Mediums were developed like mushrooms. Mother, a stanch churchwoman, was much inclined at first to believe, until certain rather disreputable people took it up and became shining lights. Then she set her face against it like a rock, saying, "If old Millie Sniggs and Jack Frisker are mediums, I don't want to hear any more about spiritualism."

Father reasoned against her position. "If," said he, "it is a revelation from beyond the grave, we should not reject it because it appears in an humble garb."

"Humble garb!" echoed mother, with great contempt. "You should not say that, John, to one who accepts Jesus of Nazareth as the Saviour of the world. It is not the humility of the garb, but its filthiness, that I complain of."

After the school closed in April, Mr. Leland went to his home in Western New York. He continued to "investigate" spiritualism, and wrote Nessie long letters about the manifestations he witnessed. She generally read these portions to the family, but I did not fail to note, with much bitterness of spirit, that there were often whole pages that she never read aloud. I reproached myself constantly for this feeling. What right had I to suppose that there was anything in any of those letters which Nessie really wished to conceal? How much more manly, I said to myself, would it be to strangle this jealousy, and win her, if I could, by a noble, unselfish devotion; or, failing, outlive my disappointment as other men had done.

During this spring, Nessie was absent for three weeks, visiting her family in another part of the State. Oh, how the light went out of the house for me! Mother noticed my gloom, and tried to cheer me as only a good woman

can. She showed that she knew my secret, and bade me hope. It was, she confessed, a long desired wish of her heart that Nessie and I should marry, for she wanted us both with her always. Nessie had not said, on leaving, when she should return; but mother assured me that it would be soon. Her mother had plenty of girls besides Nessie; the family was poor and fully appreciated the advantages she enjoyed at our home. The next day I had a letter to take to the postoffice for Nessie's mother. Well I knew it was an effort in my behalf—an effort to hasten Nessie's return; yet I was in dreadful suspense lest it should prove futile. I could not shake off my melancholy, and in hard work on the farm found only a partial relief.

One evening, toward sunset, I devoted myself to cultivating Nessie's shrubs and flowerbeds on the lawn in front of the house, as I had often done during her absence. I was on my knees, with a trowel in my hand, loosening the soil among her lilies, when suddenly she appeared, coming up the walk. I dropped the trowel, ran toward her, and, in my great joy, as she gave me her hand, I raised it to my lips, gloved as it was, and kissed it ardently. She seemed greatly astonished at first and drew her hand away in silence; then she laughed merrily, the same low, musical laugh I used to hear, and said, "You are the queerest boy, Eddie! You think you are a young gentleman now, I suppose, and must rehearse the gallantries of the knights of old romance. I do believe it is that *naissant* mustache of yours."

Oh, how her words and mocking laugh hurt me! How could she be so blind as not to see my emotion—she so refined, so quick to read all other hearts? Unkind, I knew she could not be, even to an enemy—certainly not to me, for whom she had a sincere regard. It must be that she did not know I loved her. How should I tell her, how show her that she ruled my fate—aye, even to the very ebb and flow of my heart's blood; for it flushed my face or sank back to its source, leaving me cold or faint, according as she smiled or frowned upon me. That night, in the darkness and solitude of my chamber, I reflected long and seriously upon my condition. What was this wild passion that consumed me like an inward fire? Surely, it was something to be feared, to be controlled at all hazards, lest it should end in madness or in some terrible tragedy. The only relief I knew was to be found in hard work; and that year I performed prodigies of labor upon the farm, that astonished everybody and made me a hero in my good father's eyes. Gradually, Nessie began to treat me more confidently. After the day's work was done, and we had made our aft-

ernoon toilets—for mother rigidly insisted that father and I should put aside our farm clothes and make ourselves presentable at her tea-table, and afterward for social converse in the parlor (and a wise tyranny it was; we never disobeyed her in this, unless occasionally in the pressure of some special work)—after the day's work was done, Nessie would sometimes take long walks with me through the old pine forest that bounded our lawn on the north, and through which I had made roads and lovely winding paths. Not long after her return I took advantage of an illness that confined her indoors a few days, to prepare for her a pleasant surprise. With the money I had earned by extra work for my father, I bought a large Mexican grass hammock, and swung it in a beautiful spot in the grove under a group of grand old pines that Nessie specially loved. These pines grew around an open space some thirty feet broad, from which I carefully removed every vestige of brush and undergrowth, leaving only a soft brown carpet of pine needles. The pines inclosed the space perfectly, except to the west, where there was a slight gap, and in this gap there stood a tree laden with white blossoms. To complete my work I wove a great quantity of garlands of a pretty evergreen vine called, I think, princess pine. These I draped over the whole space in the form of a tent—a task not easy to accomplish, for, to fasten up the garlands in the centre, I had to tie them all together, fifty or more of them, attach them to a strong cord, carry the cord up one of the largest pines, and then, creeping out upon a particular limb that stretched beyond the centre of the space, draw up the heavy mass of garlands and tie them firmly to the limb. Then I descended, and looped the ends upon the trunks of the pines and upon posts, here and there, where the trees were too far apart. I was charmed with the effect. The work was finished on a glorious morning in June, the anniversary of Nessie's birthday. The hot afternoon sun was low in the west when I came in from the field, made my toilet with care, and asked Nessie to walk with me if she felt strong enough. She assured me that she was perfectly recovered, but was anxious to finish a piece of sewing.

"Do come, Nessie," I pleaded, taking her from her gently; "and please go and put on that pretty dress. I have a surprise for you."

She looked up at me a moment; then, without a word, flew up the old stairs to her room. Presently she reappeared dressed as I loved to see her, in a soft white robe, long and ample in its folds about her feet. How like a seraph she

looked! Her sleeves, large and flowing, showed all the outlines of her lovely arms. That day she had added a wide blue sash to her slender waist, and a downy frill to the throat, with a number of very narrow blue ribbons knotted below it. She tied on a broad-brimmed hat of light straw, and we started.

"Do you forget, Nessie, that this your birthday?" I asked.

"Oh, so it is! How sweet to be reminded of it," she said, and took my arm, giving it a little affectionate hug, adding, with womanly curiosity, "Now, what is my surprise, Eddie? Is it a new bird's nest, or another cozy seat in some nook I love?" As she spoke I led her into my sylvan drawing-room. The still and balmy air scarcely moved the long row of crimson tassels bordering the hammock. Nessie clasped her hands and stood a minute in silent ecstasy.

"O my darling, good brother!" she exclaimed, her eyes suffused with eloquent tears. "What princess was ever so honored as I am?" and, turning toward me, she placed her dimpled hands upon my shoulders and held up her sweet mouth to kiss me. It was the rapturous embrace of my dream—marred, alas! as every thing mortal must be, by that word "brother"—so warm, so cold! Triumphant I led her to the hammock and taught her how to get into it; for my practice that morning had shown me that there was only one way. She obeyed every direction implicitly. When she had seated herself and laid back her head, I raised her small slippered feet and tenderly folded her white drapery about them. With the first gentle motions of the hammock, she looked up, through the canopy of garlands and the dense foliage of the whispering pines, at the flecks of blue sky beyond, lost in reverie. Then, closing her eyes as if the scene were too lovely for mortal sight, she murmured:

"Eddie, this surely is a foretaste of heavenly rest!"

Had I desired any reward for my labor of love, this would have repaid me a thousand fold. As Nessie lay in her hammock, her head was toward the west. A few beams of sunlight struggled through the blossom-laden tree and fell upon her flowing hair, revealing its golden tints, and through the foliage of the pines casting a silvery shimmer over the brown carpet at our feet. I flung myself on the ground beside Nessie, swinging her gently while she sang me snatches of her sweetest songs. For a time the old pain at my heart was forgotten, and a blissful sense stole over me, such as I had never known before. I thought of Adam in Paradise, and wondered if he were not the only lover who had no rival to fear.

After a time she proposed returning to the house. I kept her for a half hour or so longer, and then yielded. Before leaving her bower—"Nessie's Bower," we christened it—she cast lingering glances over every part, that she might fix it in her memory, she said, until she should see it again. Then she would have some of the white blossoms to keep as a souvenir of this birthday surprise. I climbed easily into the tree and out upon the branch that held the most luxuriant masses. Lying on the supple limb my weight bent it down over her head; but before she could touch the flowers I drew back a little on the limb, and it rose beyond her reach. Several times I played this little trick upon her, and then made the condition a kiss for being "good." At the next descent of the limb I kissed her; but my lips had scarcely touched hers when the provoking branch receded a little. I insisted that it was a cheat, not a real kiss at all; and, fearing to cross me, perhaps, she permitted me to repeat the experiment, laughing gayly, and asking if this were not "love among the flowers." Love it was certainly, on my side at least, and as for flowers, we were almost smothered in them.

Once or twice after this, Nessie walked to that bower with me. Then I noticed that she generally had some excuse when I proposed going, and not unfrequently, after refusing to go with me, I found her there in the hammock reading. Evidently the place was far more attractive without my presence. This was a bitter lesson. I learned it, not gracefully, but the best I could. At first I avoided the place as if it had been plague-stricken, and became furious whenever she mentioned its existence; then I made a sort of shrine of it, and went there every evening to agonize over my hard fate. I was hateful to myself and to everybody else, except my good mother, who knew instinctively that I suffered and gave me always a tender, silent sympathy.

During this summer Leland visited the town and spent a week at our house. I kept out of the way as much as possible, but could not wholly avoid the evening reunions, when the subject of spiritualism was sure to be discussed. It was then that I made my *début* in private polemics. Nessie's credulity was a sad blow to my pride in her intelligence; and the ascendancy that Leland gradually gained over her without the least effort, apparently, made my blood boil whenever I saw them together. In the discussions, I generally addressed myself to my father, who was a sincere investigator, and did not profess, like Leland, to any very intimate relations with ghosts. He said once that if spiritualism were true it was a grave

error to reject it, because it afforded the only direct proof of the soul's immortality. I replied that if we had absolute proof of that immortality there would be no need of faith; that the soul was a spiritual idea, not a thing to be gauged by the senses—a vulgar spook haunting graveyards and deserted houses, or rapping out platitudes upon tables. Mr. Leland asked me very courteously—so courteously that I longed to choke him—to define my idea of the soul. I maintained that it was the force we call mind, and, as such, immortal; that our great scientists had demonstrated, not only that matter is indestructible, but that no force could be destroyed, but only changed in its manner of manifestation. Thereupon he declared that I virtually yielded the whole question. I looked at him as he spoke. His eyes seemed to me to indicate a weak mind. I felt a great contempt for his misconception of my proposition, but I kept silent. I could hardly realize that he was the same teacher whom I had been wont to regard as a sage; and it appeared to me that he had sadly degenerated through his mania for spiritualism. He told wonderful stories of the "phenomena" he had witnessed, taking care always to show that on every special occasion when he had assisted, he had been incredulous at first and made sure that there was no "possibility of deception." Secretly I determined to test his acuteness, and often at the circles I at least aided in tipping the tables and spelling out messages. I found, also, that I could produce a very successful rap by a certain movement of the toe joint. This, especially on a bare floor, and after a little practice, became quite loud; and when my knee rested against the table, it seemed beyond question that the rap was made by some unseen hand on the under side of it. At one of our circles Mr. Leland wanted the name of the spirit who had been rapping lustily, and he commenced to call over the alphabet. At the letter J, I noticed a slight pause. The table tipped slightly. The rapping spirit had gone, he said. He was so familiar with the ways of spirits! At the next call I noticed the same hesitancy at the letter U, and so the table moved—not wholly, certainly, by my instrumentality, but I presume he was not aware of my aiding. Finally in this way the name Julian A. Sayre was evolved. Mr. Leland thought this was wonderful. This was the name, he said, of an old college chum of his, and a great *wag*. I noted the word for reasons. None of us had ever heard of the existence of such a person. He could, he said, declare under oath that he had not moved the table. Who could ask for better proof? When a message from this ghost was spelled out, he

was still more convinced. It was: "*Old boy, this is a perfect fraud, and you are a first-class donkey!*" Mr. Leland lay back in his chair and laughed. If we had only known Sayre, he said; this message was so perfectly characteristic of him! I did not test Leland's acumen further. He added this manifestation thereafter to his list of "phenomena," developed under conditions precluding all possibility of fraud. I was tempted to explain this manifestation, but the nature of the message was rather embarrassing. I endeavored to do so a few days after Leland had gone; but Nessie treated with such incredulous contempt my assertion that I could explain how the thing was done that I held my tongue. I fully believe that had I told the exact truth she would have refused to believe me, and attributed my motive to a dislike to Mr. Leland and the desire to place him in a ridiculous position. I determined, however, to develop some still more marvelous manifestation for her special benefit, when an opportunity offered, and then to enlighten her fully.

After these scenes Nessie changed rapidly toward me. The old confidence was gone; and, though she was kind, she showed plainly that she was uneasy when alone in my presence. She commenced to attend "séances" in the village, often accompanied by father, but mother and I heard little about what occurred there, as we were both regarded as "scoffers."

One moonlight summer night, on the occasion of the next visit of Leland to our house, I lay in the hammock, whither I had retired to avoid his presence. Nessie regarded him with veneration: he was a medium—a creature of such delicacy of organization that the beings of a higher sphere could make use of it in conveying their wisdom to less gifted mortals! I finally fell asleep, and was awakened by the voice of Leland, who, walking with Nessie in the grove, as he often did, stopped, evidently to impress what he wished to say. The curve in the walk where they stopped was only a few feet from where I lay, and they could have seen me, but apparently did not. I did not like to move and so disturb them, or seem to be lurking near their haunts; so I remained quiet and heard the following conversation:

"You still doubt, I see. It does credit to your intelligence. You can not accept for yourself the tests that others have received; but, believe me, some day, probably when you least expect it, the spirits will come to you and convince you of their existence."

"I do believe, Mr. Leland; but I want the positive proof that you and so many others have received. If my spirit friends are about

me, as you say, why do they not convince me of their presence in a way I can not question?"

"Because you are in too positive a condition; and then you are not probably in very close sympathy with any of your spirit friends. If I go over the river before you, Agnes, I will bring you the proof you require."

"Seriously? I should not care, you know, for any ordinary test."

"Most solemnly I promise; and it shall be no ordinary test. I will bring a flower and drop it before you. It shall be in winter, and some strange, rare flower, such as could not be found in any hot-house, and accompanied by some message that you alone will understand."

"You think, then, that you could not reveal yourself, except in a regular circle."

"I fear not. Spirits can not reveal themselves except the conditions be right, and only through those who are mediums."

The two passed on; and, rising from the hammock, I sought my room.

Several years passed. Mr. Leland took up his residence somewhere in the South, rarely visiting our place. His letters also became less frequent, and Nessie never read any portions of them aloud. Mother, who was my only confidant, bade me never despair. Nessie was sure to appreciate my worth in time; devotion like mine, she believed, was sure to triumph. Nessie, she thought, was outgrowing her attachment to Leland, who never had any real hold upon her; it was a case of what those ridiculous spiritualists called psychology. Nessie, she added, was mad on the subject of spiritualism, and we must work together to make her see that it is all a delusion of Satan. Above all things, I must seem to be a little more indifferent to her—not act as if my heart were under her feet. To this end, she advised my going into society more; and I endeavored to please her, but found, as usual, my only relief in study and hard work. I taught school two winters and devoted my salary to the purchase of chemical apparatus. Mother, who always believed in me, gave me the large room over the summer kitchen for my experiments. Father thought them a pure waste of time; but when I showed him some fertilizers I had prepared and made him try them on his farm, he became enthusiastic and loaned me money to set up a manufactory in the village. At first the farmers were prejudiced against all "chemical" composts, and I had to give away large quantities of mine on condition that they should be tried experimentally alongside of fields treated in the ordinary way. This soon created so great a demand that I had to increase my manufacturing capacity over a hundred fold. The

business became a grand success, and I had plenty of money. It was now my turn to lend to father, who wished to buy improved stock and machinery, and then to erect new buildings—among them a model barn, which looked so grand when completed and painted that it put the old house to shame. Then, of course, the house had to be remodeled and furnished with a heater in the cellar, hot and cold water bathing-rooms, and the modern improvements generally—so common now, but then so rare that people came from all parts of the town to see them. Mother's long cherished ambition—a properly appointed house—was now satisfied.

As for Nessie, she witnessed the arrival of a grand piano without so much as a word. The old parlor organ on the same afternoon was removed to her room; and later, while mother and I were taking a sunset stroll on the lawn, a mournful strain from that instrument swelled out upon the still air. It was Mozart's requiem. I stopped short, looked at mother, and asked her if Mr. Leland was dead.

"Why, Eddie!" she exclaimed. "I wonder if *you*, too, are a medium." I saw I had guessed the truth. Being pressed, mother told me that Nessie had received the news of his death some weeks before, but had not wished it mentioned; which meant, I knew, that I was not to be told. This furnished matter for disagreeable reflections: I was to be spared the nursing of vain hopes! After this we noticed that Nessie pursued spiritualism with increased ardor. Father often accompanied her to the séances of noted mediums, but frequently she returned at night alone. Mother reproved her for this, and a rather stormy scene occurred; for mother had little patience with what she called the "tomfoolery of séances." Of course, I took Nessie's part, as I always did, right or wrong; but when mother left the room and I was alone with Nessie, I expressed a decidedly unfavorable opinion of the function of mediums. She asked contemptuously what right I had to any opinion upon the subject. The best right, I answered, because I was a medium myself. This exasperated her usually sweet temper, and she told me I could never be a medium, not possessing either the requisite delicacy of organization or sensitiveness of temperament. This was a bitter draught, but I only said I was sorry she regarded me as a mere clod, and added that most people could be mediums if they would give themselves up to the influences prevailing in the ordinary séance. I knew, I said, that I could. In this I was truthful; but I did not explain that those influences provoked the desire to experiment with the credulity of

fools. She replied that if I felt those influences I had no right to resist being "controlled."

"Nessie," I replied, gravely, "I would do anything to please you. Henceforth I shall be as passive as a lamb in every circle. I will make no resistance if I find myself whooping like a wild Comanche, or contorting myself like a chimpanzee in delirium tremens."

She warned me against any deception, as that would be fatal to my "development." From that time I gave up all scruple. I determined to "develop" my mediumistic powers, in order to show her that I possessed that marvelous "sensitiveness of temperament" she so revered in Leland. I would convince her that I was a genuine medium, doing more wonderful things than any of the fraternity. Then I would show her how the thing was done, and cure her of her mania for spooks.

Rapid indeed was my development. In less than a month my fame extended all over the town, at least, and I was in great demand. I think mother understood. She never asked questions; but father would go to the circles where I presided, until, strange to all but myself, the spirits refused to appear through me when he was present. I could not hoodwink good Father Moulton. At first this mediumship was a revolting business, but in time I rather enjoyed it; there was a satanic fascination in watching the play of vanity, credulity, and stupidity in my victims. I played upon them as upon an instrument, and stabbed their faults and follies unmercifully. My messages never said anything about spirits, unless too strongly pressed; as, for example, when the bookkeeper in one of our insurance companies insisted upon knowing why a particular spirit did not come the previous evening.

"I was busy in your office."

"What were you doing in my office?" he asked.

"I was looking over your accounts."

The man was visibly disturbed; and when, a few months later, he ran away from the place a defaulter, none failed to recall the spirit's message about his accounts. Of course, it was another marvelous "test" of spiritualism. To the sick and wretched I gave most careful advice and tenderest consolations, and in every séance I thrust at the follies of spiritualism. Some averred that only wicked, uneasy spirits ever came through me; others met this by citations of the lofty messages they had received through me, and supported me zealously. My spirits had only commonplace communications for Nessie; but she thought me a real medium, and from the beginning of my fraud treated me with more confidence and affection. She had

not kissed me for years, but now she resumed that old habit of childhood on separating for the night. Sometimes I was conscious of appearing indifferent to her kindness, and then I always noticed an increased effort to win me. This was Dead Sea apples to parched lips. What could her motive be? When I was honest, and wooed her with the singleness of purpose of an all-absorbing passion, she had coldly thrust me from her. Now that I was a scoundrel in my own eyes, she regarded me as a superior being. As yet, however, I knew that her regard was sisterly; I must sink even deeper in iniquity before I could appear worthy of her love. My position was becoming intolerable, and I resolved to confess all to her, and abide the consequences. That very day I would have done so but for two events, which, taken together, proved a temptation worthy of Satan at his best. The first was the casual meeting of a particular friend of Nessie. During a conversation with this friend, which, as usual, was upon the all-absorbing subject, she told me that Nessie had always wondered why Mr. Leland did not send her any message, as she was fully certain he would do when he had found a particularly sensitive and poetic organization that he could use as a medium. She further gave me the soothing information that Nessie had no faith that such a message would ever come through me. The second part of the temptation was a discovery I made that same day in the business office of an acquaintance. So much was crowded into that brief winter day!

It was the middle of December, and the cold was intense. Father and mother had taken advantage of the fine sleighing and the clear weather, two days before, to visit relatives in a neighboring town. They were expected home the following day. From early morning a storm had been brewing, and by night we were completely walled in by the snow-drifts. The storm rose higher and higher with the darkness of the night. The winds moaned and shrieked around the angles of the house like fiends in battle, and the snow came in pelting sheets against the rattling windows. It was too fearful a night to think of retiring to our beds. Nessie played the piano and tried to drown the roar of the storm by music. She did not seem to be afraid, but said if I would keep her company she would sit up until the winds abated. I willingly assented, and then we discussed how we should pass the time. I suggested a game of chess; Nessie a "circle." I declared that three persons were the very smallest number competent for that purpose. She would have Dilger, our "hired man," who in times

past had often assisted at our séances, and without a word she went to find him. I busied myself in her absence with certain preparations. First I removed the books and cover from the centre-table, and placed it where I wanted it. Then I turned down the lamps, and had barely finished when Nessie returned, with Dilger following. We were soon seated around the table. There was a long, ominous silence, during which the fury of the storm increased. Dilger began to show signs of impatience, and to doubt that any spirit would venture forth on such a night. Just then came a loud rap. The spirit indicated a message for Nessie. She was very calm, and manifested but slight interest, until Dilger, taking the pencil while Nessie called the alphabet, wrote the name "Agnes," the name Leland called her by. Then she was deeply absorbed. The message was slowly completed. It was:

"Agnes, I come to fulfill my promise to you. You remember what the sign was to be!"

Here a strange looking purple flower fell upon the table, and, as if instinct with life, bounded between Nessie's hands. I dared not look frankly into her face, but a furtive glance showed that she was undergoing strong emotion. As for me, a dizzy faintness came over me. Nessie asked, as she held the flower tenderly, if I knew its name. I could not speak, but Dilger said it was the flower of the tobacco plant; that he knew it well, having formerly cultivated tobacco. A dead silence fell upon us, during which Dilger put wood upon the fire and left the room. Nessie sat motionless, pale, with a dazed sort of look upon her face. I knew I ought to atone for the wrong I had done, as far as I could, by telling Nessie how I had wrought the seeming miracle, and beg her to forgive me; but shame and dread of her contempt, together with the illness which grew upon me, kept me silent.

The storm was now at the height of its fury—the winds fairly shrieked in their mad efforts to unroof the house. It seemed to me as if all nature were angry with my baseness, and sought to strike me dead. At that moment there came a terrible crash. I thought the roof of the house was falling upon us. Nessie uttered a piercing shriek, and I sprang toward her. Then there came a strange swimming in my head, a noise as if the waves of the sea were closing over me, and I knew no more. When consciousness returned I was lying on the floor, Nessie sprinkling my face with ice-water. She looked pale and frightened, but thought only of comforting me. It was only one of the chimneys that had fallen, she said. As soon as I could speak I begged her pardon.

"Pardon for what, you poor child?" she asked.

"Why, for deserting you when you were in danger—that is, for fainting away like a—" woman, I was going to say, but saw the satire of the comparison and stopped short. She declared that I had overtaxed myself; that I was "weak," "nervous," and must go to bed instantly. I could only look my thanks as I rose by Dilger's help and followed him to my room. He insisted upon helping me into bed, which I found deliciously warmed. The old-fashioned brass warming-pan, relegated to the summer-kitchen since the advent of the furnace heater, had been reimpressed into service, I knew, by Nessie's orders, while I lay unconscious. How thoughtful and kind in her! But despite my comfortable environment, I could not sleep. For hours I lay reviewing the situation and repenting the fraud I had practiced. But I had been strongly tempted by Nessie's course, and longed to cure her folly. Satan himself seemed to have helped me in carrying out my design. That afternoon, for example, I had discovered the flower in my friend's office. While waiting for him, I amused myself by examining a large bundle of tobacco plants, hanging in his bay-window. It was some tobacco that he had cultivated that year by way of experiment, as I afterward learned. As I examined the stalks I noticed that they were hung with their heads down; and that, while the upper leaves were all brown and dry, the lower ones were green and full of sap. But what seemed to me a miraculous thing, there, among the fresher leaves at the bottom (as the plants hung), was a bunch of buds and one purple, bell-shaped flower turning its corolla to the light. Yet it was the middle of December, and the plants had hung there for two months at least. Since then I have learned that the tobacco, in common with some other plants, hung up in this way in an even temperature, will always develop some of the flower buds. Of course, the discovery of a flower, so unique and at that season, could not fail to recall the promise I had overheard Leland make to Nessie. To gather it and place it carefully in my hat was the next impulse; and it was not difficult after that to arrange a simple mechanism to make it fall on the table at the desired moment. Its curious bound toward the right person was one of those fortuitous coincidents that in all times have fostered the belief in supernatural intervention. All night I lay in my bed pondering the events of my life that were connected with Nessie; all the rest, indeed, might have been blotted out of consciousness, so dim and insignificant did they seem. To me, life and Nessie were

synonymous terms; yet, loving her as I did, I had deceived her, played with her weakness, carrying the fraud too far for the simple lesson I had intended—too far for any honorable atonement that I could devise. Thus I lay all night, tossing from side to side in my bed, sleeping fitfully, and waking in the morning with a great pressure on my head—in fact, seriously ill. Dilger had to break out the road before a doctor could be summoned. Meanwhile Nessie fluttered about me, troubled and anxious, I knew, but I could scarcely speak to her. Nervous fever, the doctor pronounced my malady, and prescribed a very strict regimen. Father and mother returned toward night, and, as I had never in my life been seriously ill, they were inordinately alarmed. It was weeks before I left my room, and never had invalid more tender care. When I became able to sit up in a big arm-chair and talk, Nessie made the most delightful companion. One day I told her she was spoiling me, and asked her what I should do for her society when I got well.

"All change, all excitement is bad for me," I said. "You have been preaching that for weeks; but what change so violent as that from the light of your presence back to that sunless region where I have been groping for years? God help me, Nessie! I can not pray for strength to endure more. I am too great a coward."

For answer, Nessie took my wasted hand in both of hers, and raised her sweet eyes to mine. In those eyes I saw the gates of Paradise opening to me. It was so sudden, so much more than I had dared to hope, that I was overcome and wept like a child. Playfully, Nessie threatened to "take it all back," because all excitement was so bad for me. But this excitement proved an exception. From that hour I was well.

During the days of our short engagement, I often tried to summon courage to open my heart to Nessie. I felt that it was my duty to do this. Marriage to me was a sacrament requiring the preparation of confession and absolution, though without priestly intervention; and the renewal of the struggle of right against wrong, nobility against baseness of purpose, threatened to prostrate me anew. I therefore made a great effort to dismiss the subject from my thoughts, and measurably succeeded, quieting my conscience by the sophistry that it would be better to wait until Nessie was my wife; then, if she despised me when she came to know the part I had played, a life of devotion should at last win her love and respect.

During the first days of our union, our happiness was too great, our state too perfect to

admit the thought of recalling anything that could mar it for one moment. A year passed and a daughter was born to us. Nessie's joy was complete; and mother's heart welcomed the baby in true grandmotherly style. For a time it seemed to me that this miracle of nature, my child, could drive the shadows from my heart. Indeed, this blessed result would have followed but for one thing: the baby's eyes! These riveted my attention whenever I approached her. Closed, they seemed like other babies' eyes; but the moment they opened I saw Leland before me. The eyes were his. There was the same peculiar droop about the outer corners; and one day, when mother had the child out of Nessie's room, I called her attention to it. She raised her eyes quickly to mine with a sort of scared expression, I thought, but probably I was mistaken in that. If she read my thoughts she treated the matter with the ordinary tact of her sex. She merely said it was a common thing, this droop in the eyelids of infants, and would wear away; it was nothing; and, as if fearing I would say more about it, she commenced a volume of baby-talk to the child. I did not again allude to the fact, but I could not keep the hateful subject from my mind.

When the babe was about three weeks old, Nessie proposed to write a note to a friend and asked me to bring her desk. In opening it for her, I noticed a package of letters tied with a blue ribbon. I said playfully, taking it up, that I must assert my marital prerogative and read all her correspondence. She replied, in the same spirit, that I ought to do so—with that package of letters especially, because they were from Mr. Leland. They were all that she had preserved, she said. Later, on that same day, I passed an hour or two alone in the library. It was a cold, bright February day, and as I sat by the open fire in a cozy arm-chair, reading desultorily from favorite authors, I reflected upon the blessings that surrounded me, and reproached myself that I was not a happier man. What was there after all to darken my life except my own morbid misgivings? It was too late now to trouble Nessie with my secret. I should have done so before I made her my wife; but since I had not, no good could come now from bringing up so painful a subject. Then I pondered over the baby's resemblance to Leland. To be sure, it was unmistakable; even father, in his blunt, good-natured way, had remarked it, not knowing how his words troubled me. There was something strange in these resemblances. They were unaccountable, and it was folly in me to let such a thing annoy me. I had been reading Goethe's *Elective Affinities*

—an exasperating work for one in my state of mind, and I voted it a silly performance for a great man. I rose to carry the book back to its place. As I did so it slipped, and a letter fell from its pages. It was one from Leland to Nessie. I had had no curiosity to read any of that ribbon-bound package in my wife's desk, but for some reason I decided to act upon her permission and read this one, although something told me that I had better not. Would to God that I had obeyed the monitor! Standing there in that pleasant room, the sunlight falling about my head, I read the following words:

"In all things but one, dear Agnes, we are in accord; and I feel sure that ere long the veil of the spirit world will be raised for your eyes as it has been for mine. You are so precious to me that I can not take full pleasure in anything which you may not share. But I will not worry your dear heart. We belong to each other by the strongest sympathies, by the most sacred promises, and in a year I shall return and claim you as my bride.

"In your last you speak of the fickleness of man, and cite a painful instance that has come within your knowledge. Do not do this again, dearest. It is like a reproach in its effect. Believe me, living this life or that which will follow it, I am yours through all time. Should I lose this form by what the foolish call death, I shall still be near you and I shall keep the promise I once made. Should that change happen to me first, and should you in after years come to marry another, I will come to you through him, if God will let me, and in his eyes you shall meet my gaze—"

I could not read further. The words appeared to me like the most awful blasphemy. I tore the letter into shreds and threw them into the fire. Oh, fool! fool! what had I done! I had thought to cure her of a delusion by practicing a fraud, and by so doing had riveted for ever upon her sensitive nature the chains of a degrading superstition. Were I now to confess all, she would not believe me. It was too late. She had nursed the delusion too long. In the chance that threw that strange flower into my hand—perhaps in the impulse to use it as I had done—she would see the working of the spirit of Leland. She would say that by such means only could he get control of me and of the "conditions" to fulfill his promise. And then, I said to myself, *what if these accursed spiritualistic doctrines were true, after all?* What if I were the mere instrument to do the will of a mind more powerful than mine? Did not my wife believe me to be less myself than Leland since he had gained "control" over me? Perhaps even she regarded my child as less mine than his! I sank back into my chair exhausted—a broken-hearted man. The same faintness I had once experienced came over me, and for a few minutes I must have been

unconscious. When I recovered the book was in its place in the case. None but myself or Nessie could have placed it there. She must have entered, mastered the situation at a glance, and replaced the book as the most delicate way to show me that she knew what had occurred. I rose and walked the floor, reflecting long and bitterly upon my position. I recalled the fact that Nessie had suddenly become attracted to me after that fatal "test," which proved to her that Leland could manifest himself through me. She had, then, loved not me, but him through me. No words can paint the torture I endured that day. The page containing his solemnly avowed purpose I had burned, but I had not, and could not, destroy it. There before my eyes I see it still, and death alone can blot out the picture; it is, as I said, burned into the substance of my brain.

Surely I have paid dearly for my folly. From that day I have had no wife, no child. Both belonged—spiritually, at least—to another, and I scorned to share them. It mattered not to me that I knew it was a delusion on the part of Nessie; when faith is strong enough, delusion

is reality, and reality only a phantasm. I went out from that room a changed man. I could not recall the past. I could not forget. I could only accept the inevitable with stolid calmness in outward seeming. Nessie suggested calling the baby Leila, no doubt because it resembled his name. I assented. It was nothing to me.

To the outward world we are models of conjugal felicity. She is wholly absorbed in the care and education of her child, I in making money for which I care nothing, since it can not bring me happiness. I am always giving to charities that which is worthless to me, and so have very cheaply a great reputation for benevolence. Everything succeeds that I undertake, and the old age of Father and Mother Moulton is gladdened by seeing my wealth accumulate and prosperity blossom around us. My money and that feverish activity which saves me from myself has made the site of our old home a very paradise of beauty; and to their age-dimmed eyes, thank God, there is no serpent under the flowers!

M. HOWLAND.

A SUMMER IN THE SADDLE.

I write in the midst of spring, this year wayward, and even petulant, yet beginning to smile with belated blossoms, and slowly uncoiling fronds of fern, deep-hid in many a rocky ravine. The season is full of remembering hints, and the breezes urge me with mystic wooings to again saddle my *bronco*, and, as once in the days which were, ride out into the spring-tide world, and so ride on, in daily delight, through the long, sweet California summer. Perhaps it is a story worth the telling, for too many men travel beaten highways, with sad similarity of purpose, on business deeply bent or wildly eager in pursuit of a sort of recreation; but they often fail to find the nooks of beauty, the quiet homes, the sunny islands, the shy rivers, and the pleasant, hidden places in this our heritage, this summer realm with its wide valleys melting into vague haze, its beautiful hills climbing into peaks of snow. My summer in the saddle was a not unsuccessful search for some of these byways of California, and in my wanderings I saw the gardens of children and the farms and mines of men, from the borders of our shining bay, past cultured plains and

flowing rivers, to the fringes of snow and the homes of the pine and eagle. Even as I write I remember the valleys of Suñol and Livermore, the blue dome of Monte Diablo, the great valley melting into gray, the green islands in the sea-like San Joaquin, the sunny valleys of Solano where the grape and orange thrive, the wheat-fields of Sutter in the shadow of the Buttes, the journey toward the heights, by former mines and historic camps to the quartz and hydraulic mines of upper Placer, Nevada, and Sierra. It is a great realm in the heart of our busy State; a region where there is work for earnest men and room for the toilers for many years to come; a land full of undeveloped strength and of resources not to be numbered.

When one first thinks of cutting loose from the complexities of civilized existence and living a sort of nomadic life on horseback, the thought is strangely fascinating, full of dreams and romance. But the affair assumes a different complexion when you realize that one's worldly goods and total wardrobe must be packed within the limits of a pair of saddle-

bags. That was the problem, which duly consider, ye who own saratogas and travel on special trains, and are quite sure that you have seen California! Pockets were, of course, allowable, as also the privilege of tying one's overcoat on behind the saddle, but at that point compromise ceased. After all, what does a man want with luggage! A change of linen, a map, pencils, paper, his pocket Shakspeare, and all is well with him for many successive days; provided, however, that he is on good terms with his horse.

The horse question must be paramount to all others. The man who is in the saddle day after day, week after week, must have a companionable horse. A nervous horse, given to unexpected vagaries of shying at harmless old women and diminutive school-children, is tiresome enough. A young, well-built, swift-stepping horse, who shows courage, affection, and a good memory, is worth going far to possess. Having found your horse, the work of becoming acquainted with him begins. You and your horse must have a mutual sense of goodwill and comradeship, or half of the possible pleasure of the journey is never known. Perhaps in stormy midnights, as you sleep in some rude cabin of miner or preëptor, you may hear, through the thin partition, your lonesome horse's whinny, as he shakes his frail shed; but a word is sufficient, and, with a murmur of satisfied content, he bids you good night as nearly as he can. It is worth while to study the ways of horses, for no two are alike. The one I rode on my wanderings was named Deacon, on account of his grave and thoughtful air, which was much like that observable in churches when the ceremony of taking contributions is being performed.

This look of sober dignity never but once left Deacon's countenance. That once was when, in July, on the summit of a mountain near Bowman's Dam, Nevada County, I found masses of snow unmelted, and, tying him to a tree, made some snow-balls to throw at the chipmunks, who really enjoyed it, being capable of unlimited dodging. I do not think I should have troubled Deacon, if he had not looked at me in a superior and rather cynical way. But he did, and I shook him up with a few snow-balls. Dignity gave place to surprise, surprise to wrath, wrath to resolve. The pine tree to which he was tied was only six feet through, and he determined to pull it up, and start for home. No mortal horse ever pulled harder on his rawhide lariat, or stretched his vertebræ with firmer resolution. It cost me a hatful of apples, and all the sugar I could beg at my stopping places for a week afterward, to win entire forgive-

ness. Yes, indeed, as Harte says, "hosses is hosses!"

If I must begin at the beginning, it was in the month of March, 1879, that, under blue skies, and at earliest sunrise, I rode forth from a quiet farm-house in southern Alameda, turning my face toward the blue ridges of Mission Peak. I rode past the placid lagoon, where a red-shirted Portuguese boy was paddling slowly toward a flock of teal in the farther end, by a clump of willows. In the shadows of Mission Peak I found the old Mission San José—a quaint and sleepily blinking town, quite hid in vineyards, orchards, and silver groves of olive. It has a glorious outlook over the gleaming bay, the fertile valley, the villages in the midst of distant wheat-fields. Slowly I rode past fig-tree avenues and *nopal* hedges; past tile-covered sheds, the crumbling *adobes*, the pretentious church, the moss-grown mill, turning its lean and flashing wheel; past busy men, hoeing early peas on the hillsides; and so into the winding *cañon* known as the Stockton Pass, in other days a favorite way of reaching the mines. The Stockton Pass leads into Suñol Valley, and east of that are other hills, and the Vallecitos region, extending to the Livermore Valley. Then comes the Livermore Pass, and, after crossing another hilly region, we have an outlook across the wide San Joaquin Valley.

The hills of eastern Alameda are not wildly picturesque. The charm of deep forests is almost lacking, though masses of oaks cling to the northern slopes, and spotted trunks of sycamores gleam through tangles of blackberry and clematis vines along the water-courses. Even in these hills there are byways worth the finding, narrow paths seldom trodden, which lead through still ravines, past odd-looking farm-houses, and Spanish domains, and shaggy hillsides, and trickling springs, perhaps to come to naught at some deserted wood-camp, end in entanglement, and leave you to wander back as you came.

In this, the beginning of March, it was a goodly land, a pleasant world to see. The fields in the lesser valleys were many of them being sowed, and the toiling teams moved up and down the newly plowed fields. According to the character and moistness of the soil, the color varied from black through shades of chocolate and brown to gray, red, and yellow. The range of colors in spring is an endless marvel. Besides the different colors of the soil of which I have spoken, there are colors of rock, which differ as the prevailing formation is limestone, sandstone, or granite. And there are many other bits of color. By the borders of the streams are light-leaved willows, dark

with green catkins; tufts of short grass begin to cover the roadside, on sunny southern slopes a few of the early flowers to glow and brighten. Color sparkles everywhere. Close by, a scarlet-breasted blackbird swings and sings in a yellow spray of mustard, set against a wave of emerald wheat. Higher up, above the pale green of scanty grass, are white and brown rocks in weather-beaten outlines, and above them is bent the sky's deep azure. You see it is a gamut of color, continually changing. A breeze, wavering through yonder soft field of wheat, brings out more shades and meanings of green than half the dictionary could hold. There is green, sunlit with silver, or suffused with gold; green, growing lighter, fairer, till it is like the earliest corn-silk; green which is as dark as the ocean waves. And between these there are shades and tints unnumbered, undescribed, waiting for the sympathetic artist who shall make them eternal.

The art of traveling on horseback without discomfort to yourself or your horse is worth a passing notice. Years ago I heard an old Spaniard, who knew, if ever any one did, how to get the positive best and most out of a mustang, affirm that care need be paid to only three things—the back, the stomach, and the feet of your horse. In other words, feed your horse well, see that the saddle never chafes, and keep him carefully shod. When traveling in early spring, allow your horse to eat but a small quantity of wayside grass, but as the grass gains substance let him eat more, or indeed as much as he can in your idle noonings. The secret of properly resting must be mentioned. In California, any month after April, the best times to travel are in the early morning and the late afternoon. Your horse must be fed with hay and grain two hours or so before you start. Do not put too blind confidence in the hostler, but go and feel in the manger for yourself when you first get up. One who travels much will sometimes have to fight a battle for his horse, finding, perhaps, that grain has been mysteriously withheld as a private speculation on the part of the stable-keeper. The saddle should be Spanish, of course, high in front, easy upon the horse's back, leather-work plain and strong, no useless weight anywhere. The saddle-cloths may consist of burlaps folded in six or eight thicknesses, or half of an old army blanket may be used. Great care must be taken to avoid wrinkles and knots or stiff places in the cloth. In the morning, saddle half an hour before you start, cinching loosely. When ready for the road, cinch closely enough to be safe, ride slowly for half an hour, recinch a little closer, and push

along somewhat livelier. Twenty miles or so may be ridden, with care about giving water, and with occasional five-minute pauses for wayside chats, or for studies of the landscape. Every four or five miles, or oftener, the cinch should be loosened, the saddle reset, the saddle-blankets lifted and straightened. By eleven o'clock, with twenty miles of travel successfully done, the sensible nomad should begin to look about for a resting place. Let it not be a country hotel; there is a better way than that, and this we shall presently unfold.

Chiefest of the charms of California, in latest spring and earliest summer, before the dust begins to be a burden, is the wooing freshness, the perfect safety of the out-door world. Any invalid who can sit in his saddle will find, as soon as the rains are over, that there is life, vigor, and comfort, unmixed with doubt or danger, in the wide, flower-sown plains, along the pleasant foothills, or threading the forests of pine, spruce, and cedar. Sometimes, let us hope, the overworked clerks, merchants, and professional men of our cities will know the pleasures of exploration, and so, wandering on horseback in rural places, will at last become sunbrowned itinerants, wise in the triple mysteries of saddle, cinch, and *siesta*. Of the last there is fitly a word to be said. As a moment ago we suggested, it is time about eleven o'clock to think of the *siesta*. Unless you are on treeless plains, where choice there is literally none, this matter of selection is pleasurable indeed, and is full of ardor and variety. Will you rest on a breezy hilltop, overlooking long hollows dotted with placid herds slowly moving in the sunlight? Will you ride down into a tiny glade, flickering with shadows of leaves, musical with hidden rivulets, and so shut out the world? Will you find a spot on the grassy levels, deep with bee-murmurs, warm with moving life, bright with dainty blossoms? The by-ways of California are full of variety, and in a single day's ride you may pass dozens of such places. Having chosen, unsaddle your horse and spread the saddle-blankets in the sun to dry; uncoil the *riata* and tie your *bronco* to a convenient bush to rest and graze. Do not give him water for half an hour, and when he is led down to the stream or spring (for there should always be water near a stopping-place) pour cold water on his back, smoothing the hair down with the hand. Then leave him in the sunlight, with plenty of rope, for an hour longer, and he will be freshened, and ready for the road again. Meanwhile it is to be hoped that you, as a thoughtful nomad, have found a previously provided lunch in some corner of the saddle-bags, and with this, and your one-volume library,

have chosen the pleasantest spot in sight, and have assumed that horizontal position so dear, since time immemorial, to the hearts of sage, bohemian, and philosopher. This is the true *siesta*, in whose enjoyment may peace attend thee, lulled by the winds, and at intervals softly reading of Arden's woods and Prospero's magic isle!

The crossing of the San Joaquin River still clings in my memory as a pleasant episode. I had ridden across the west-side plains, this year so hopeful, but last year in March the grass was beginning to wither in spots; the unfenced, unpainted, barn-like buildings loomed up in the midst of dry fields, where the harrows and chisel cultivators as they passed made a cloud of dust, hiding the faces of the sad-hearted and almost hopeless farmers. At last, after crossing these treeless plains, which at first produced a strange depression of spirits, I rode leisurely into the belt of timber along the river, past edges of sloughs, tall grasses, and copses of willow. In a clear space among the cottonwoods there was an old log cabin, penned in by mossy rails, and covered by tangled vines, while past the very door the yellow San Joaquin swirled and gurgled. On the opposite shore the ferry-boat lay at its moorings, and white buildings showed beyond the levee; three hundred yards down the stream, the railroad bridge gleamed redly through the trees; slowly down the river swept a stern-wheel steamer, towing a wheat-laden barge, and upon the brown sacks the red-shirted bargemen lay, idly watching the line of foam, the green banks, the translucent sky. Then the ferryman, an old sailor, withered as an April apple, put forth from the farther side, and the chains rattled in the pulleys. Ferries and ferry people are worth one's appreciative study.

In the country every one you meet is willing to stop and chat, tell you about the roads and whither they lead, and discuss crops, weather, and politics. The poor tramp, with his roll of soiled blankets, and his stubby pipe held between his teeth, leans up against the fence and gives you a dose of pessimism; the jocund young farmer, driving a field at sunrise, tells you it is a good world to live in; school children meandering along the road look shyly at you and your paraphernalia, then become innocently garrulous, and gossip about their teacher, their homes, their pets, and their gardens. If you can find time, it is worth while to visit some of the wayside schoolhouses. And here I must say in print what I have thought and said many times before, that the kindly goodwill and friendliness shown all summer long by

rich and poor, in valley and on mountain, from farmer and miner, were in their way untiring and perfect. Looking back, through my remembrances, I can find no neglect, or grievous episode, or unpleasant occurrence. The hospitality of the people of California is courtly and generous, in pressed down and overflowing measure. There are literally hundreds of men, in every grade of society, through San Joaquin, Sacramento, Solano, Yolo, Colusa, Sutter, Yuba, Nevada, Placer, Amador, and Calaveras, to whom these lines are meant to express my sense of personal obligation and friendship. With open hand I went out among the people, and with open hands they met me half way. My summer in the saddle, though it carried me through landscapes of rarest beauty, is dearest to me because of the bright and busy people I found, the graceful homes into whose heart I was taken, the new friendships, the widening of my knowledge of human affairs.

Now, there is Bellota, a foothill village of the San Joaquin. It is in a grassy vale through which the winding Calaveras flows on its way to the marshlands and the sea, and is a typical foothill town. Coming from Linden, one, if he is wise, chooses to leave the highway, and find his own path through the hills. In my particular case it was nearly dark when I reached the valley, so I rode on, through the deepening dusk, past narrow water-ways and wide, twinkling pools, where the tuneful mud-folk made the air vibrate with their tireless notes. There were a few dim lights ahead, a gloomy fringe of trees, a gleaming breadth of river, and lastly, as a dark shadow about one of lesser depth, the furrowed circle of the hills clasped all this with their ancientness and their dread. To enter a mountain town at the hour of dusk is to see it with its defects hidden, its beauties multiplied.

The Sierra foothills, only a few years ago ignored except for pasture, are yearly proving their enormous capacity for orchards and vines. Above them are the snow-peaks with limitless possibilities of reservoirs for irrigation. The red land responds quickly to cultivation, and homes are beginning to be seen in every direction. To be sure, most of the buildings are rude and cheap cabins, but it will not always be so. It is risking nothing to assert that the grape, olive, carob, and many other profitable plants will thrive on much of this land, and that, with irrigation, any product known to the State may be grown. The ultimate value of this foothill strip will be as much as that of an equal territory in the valley below. One of the most improved points on the whole belt is in Placer County, about Auburn, Ophir, and Newcastle.

Let those who wish to know the profits and pleasures of berry and fruit culture in this region, go to Newcastle, or to Placerville, El Dorado County. There are sunny mountain ranches in fertile nooks by every road through the Sierra foothills. Most of them were taken up in the earliest days of the gold-fever. The first fruit trees planted were brought, at an enormous expense, from Oregon, and the first fruit produced sold at almost fabulous prices. Once, in the mines, it is said that a young orchard, consisting of about twenty trees, was condemned and washed out to the bed-rock for the gold in the gravel. There were blossoms on the trees for the first time when the orchard was destroyed. The jury of assembled miners agreed to pay the owner the sum of fifty dollars per tree, and so, without a dissenting voice, the matter was arranged.

This foothill region has a beauty of its own. Wherever a stream, such as the Stanislaus, Calaveras, or Cosumnes, has worn its deep ravine across, there is much to be seen. One of the most interesting of rivers is the swift Mokelumne. As I traced it from the valley, passing from farm to farm by private roads and willow-bordered lanes, gradually the levels grew into rolling hills, and the stormy river ran low in its banks like a hound let loose. There were gray mounds of gravel, signs of the miner's toil; knolls, blue as the sky with closely set nemophilas, green as winter's opalescent sea with waves of grass, and creamy white with foam of gillia and leptosiphon; at last I find a hollow, hidden, it would almost seem, in the dear, golden age of song, and by no one since trampled, by no one since found until now. There are clumps of willow, white as if tufts of cotton had blown over them; there are brown-budded oaks, very lazily awakening, and other oaks already whole bouquets of dainty and crimped leaves. As I follow the curving banks, there are sometimes rude promontories jutting sharply into the river, and, climbing these, the picture widens. This is what I saw one May-time noon: Underneath, a rugged slope, golden with early flowers, and thick-set with chaparral and junipers; undulating slopes, a single castellated rock, a lordly pine fast-rooted, and three small streams glistening against the cliff, complete the foreground. Northward, the sunlit Mokelumne twinkles, walled in by red cliffs, and the mountains dark beyond are shaggy with oaks in the ravines, naked and rocky on the heights. The mountain wall opposite, in the very heart of the picture, is a buttress of gray rock just crumbling into ruins. In the left centre is a bit of black flume with sparkling water bursting from a leak, near a miner's

cabin patched with flapping canvas. In the right centre, a trim white cottage peers out from a fertile hollow, and sleek cattle are drinking at a spring. Still looking northward, past slope and river and wall of rock, the dim background is filled with a band of slaty clouds, out of which, pale, ancient, unapproachable, never to be fully described, rises the awful whiteness of the Sierra's lonely wall against a sky of heaven's rarest blue. This, remember, was in broad noon. But sunrise, on this same Mokelumne, was one morning magnificent. First, pale in the east, growing paler, even to whiteness, yet trembling with prophecy, and slowly glimmering into the faintest of translucent gold, and purple of amethyst, and dazzling hues of opal. Then scarlet flashes rose, the few clouds were lined with pearl, and the white peaks in one swift moment darkened into deep violet and purple, and then grew glad—aerial peaks, not earthly, but seeming to belong to some weird, perfect land of song and of hope.

The art of taking comfort in horseback travel consists very much in never worrying about the future, nor indulging in any speculative theories. It is pleasant to start in the morning, with only a general idea of going, say about forty miles, in a somewhat northerly direction, by whatever roads appear to be most suitable, and being willing to accept each event as a crowned possibility. If you wander farther than you had meant from the main road, you shall find some spot of unexpected beauty; if you are belated, through dusk into darkness, the twilight world will be its own recompense. For those who live in a receptive attitude, and really expect that bright and developing events will daily occur in the future as they have in the past, such a gypsy-like system has many advantages. It should be noted that one must be out of doors from sunrise to sunset, and in the saddle about two-thirds of this time. The best habit, next to that of not worrying, is the art of keeping comfortable in a physical way, and to do this needs only a little forethought. There is no necessity of becoming saddle-chafed, or sick with a headache, or afflicted with mosquitoes and black gnats, the pest of our lowlands in June. When one is tired of riding, let him turn his horse out for a day's pasture, and betake himself to the climbing of peaks, the threading of ravines, the encouragement of a healthy sort of pedestrianism. When the lowlands are uncomfortable, turn into the foothills, and when here, in time, one wearies, set your face toward the white summits, which so urge and gladden our hungry hearts.

In the later days of June I turned toward the heart of the Sierra, following one of those

great mining thoroughfares, along which so constant a tide of travel flows. In the valleys roads interlace like the threads of a spider's web. In the mountains a road follows lonely defiles and long ridges, past splintered rocks, past pleasant pastures, past nooks of rich land, past cottage gardens, past mining villages brooding of what has been, past dark and wind-swept forests. Other roads enter this, coming in unexpectedly, when one turns an angle at the base of some cliff, or slipping in between the silver-gray bushes. Becoming a great thoroughfare, this typical road keeps on the same stately way. Sometimes it is upheld by a wall of rock; sometimes it passes over torrent-furrowed channels of stone; sometimes an eddy current fills the black flume alongside, until, for many minutes, one feels the billowy rush of the keen, white stream. Great wagons chained in couples, one behind the other, creak past; slow ox-teams keep their monotonous way; light buggies pause half way up the long grades; at intervals groups of horseback travelers go by with the short trot of the mountaineer. At last, with leaping heart, you discover the region of the miner's mighty toil, under crumbling cliffs or deep under ground. Here are villages and towns supported by the adjacent mines; saw-mills toil and rend the resinous hearts of cedar and pine; along the miles of ditches watchmen pace hour after hour. Above Eureka, Nevada County, there are no less than three of these mining ditches which follow the curves of the hillside, one above the other, and only a few rods apart. They cross the road dozens of

times, and in all sorts of moods. At one point the roaring flood goes into a narrow flume set at a descending angle of forty-five degrees, and so drops downward in a solid body, intensely white and trembling. We pass ruined mills with black timbers fallen across the stream; under closely woven boughs of trees are ice-cold mountain springs; the white ceanothus makes whole miles fragrant, and with it is mingled the large white flowers of the dogwood and wild azalea. At last we come to the reservoirs of the hydraulic mines. One of these covers five hundred and thirty acres, will hold 930,000,000 cubic feet of water, is 5,450 feet above the sea level, and the dam which retains it is ninety-six feet high, built of granite blocks.

Here, then, far above the placid valleys and noisy cities of men, the impulses of my journey were in some degree satisfied. Leaf after leaf I had read the story; had seen the best of coast range, valley, and *sierra*, and a firm faith, a strong hope, filled my heart. It is a fair land, the strength of which no man has fully known. Here is room for millions of people, and here, in this our State, the millions will presently be. New arts, new industries await us, hid in the future, but not far off. It only remains that each one of us shall, as best he may, hew to the line, in squaring the ruder foundations of whatsoever temples we would have the future possess. Let us plan in a large way, endlessly courageous, and labor with daily renewing strength, in the spirit which rightly belongs to the sons and daughters of pioneers.

CHARLES H. SHINN.

THE NEST IN THE OAK.

There stands an oak, a strong and sturdy tree,
On yonder hillside, where the winds that blow—
The storms that beat against its branches so—
Have shaped them in a fashion weird to see;
Twisted and warped are they, yet wild and free.
Stern Winter yields his throne to merry Spring,
And chirping, fluttering birds, on tireless wing,
Are choosing where their little homes shall be.
Where, think you, hides the safest nest at last?
Though fairer branches did their best to please,
The rough old oak tree holds it firm and fast—
Most sheltered, happy home in all the trees!
Thus love, sometimes, doth choose, 'mid all the rest,
To build in some rough heart her dainty nest.

S. E. ANDERSON.

NOTABLE AUTOGRAPHS.—II.

"The poet in a golden clime was born,
 With golden stars above;
 Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
 The love of love."

"Most can raise the flowers now,
 For all have got the seed."

The following paper is dedicated to the budding poets of the coast, and their name is legion. Probably there are but few Americans who have not, at one time or another in their lives, been swayed by the poetic impulse. It is my belief that if this impulse—especially when it comes to us during our adolescence, which is usually the case—be carefully nourished, almost any one may, with care and courage, become a highly respectable verse-maker. It may be a question whether it is worth while to acquire an art which is certainly more elegant than remunerative. On this point each man must be his own judge. That every man may become his own poet, I am strongly inclined to assert; but that his poem will find admirers beyond the select circle in which he moves naturally depends on the character and quality of the composition.

In proof of my theory, I propose to draw upon the experiences of a young poet of my acquaintance. With his free consent, I make him an example. If you had asked this poet, with the hey-day in his blood, why he sang, he would probably have answered you in the accepted refrain of all the tuneful brotherhood:

"Because I can not choose but sing."

It might have been the return of spring, in its tender and pathetic beauty, that first touched his heart to song; or the natural yearning of a breast, as yet unwrung by passion, after the ideal, which is the lodestar of all youth; or a sudden sorrow that found this only fit expression; or thus did he hymn his holy joy in love's young dream. Granting that his song was honest and sweet, why should he cease to sing? Does the flower of the peach, whose pink petals have been fed with sun and dew, ask why it is sowing the wind before its fellows? What proportion of all these blossoms comes to anything more than beauty and decay? It must be that the dumb singer, with his windfall of verses, has his mission as truly as these seedless flowers. Let me reveal the secrets of one prison-

house, of which I have in my possession the magical key.

Here is a large volume of autograph letters, personally addressed to a young poet. We will imagine him comparatively alone in a remote land. With his heart upon his sleeve, he calls out for sympathy in that great world of letters from which he is so far removed. He does this in a very practical way. With a little proof-sheet of verses containing less than two hundred lines, he ventures to address some of the poets whose songs have become household words. The replies he receives are so kindly that he is fired by ambition; a few flattering words embolden him, and anon there is no shining mark at which he dares not aim. Such success must naturally satiate even a young man's appetite, but not before he has gathered a rich and varied harvest. It is here I propose to glean; in my selections I can not but betray, for the thousandth time, the fallibility of all—or, shall I say, nearly all—human judgments, and show how great minds do not run in the same channel, and never did. The inevitable moral is that there is but one course left to the young poet: namely, he must of necessity steadily follow the bent of his genius, if he has any, and alone work out his own salvation.

For convenience sake, I have attempted to classify the autographs. I have selected but a very small proportion of those which are at my disposal, and, naturally, the majority of the letters are distinguished by a courteous discretion, for which the poet assures me he is now doubly grateful. In but one or two cases have I reproduced an entire letter, taking the liberty to condense and abbreviate as it seems to me wise and judicious. Some of the quotations are made more with a view to adding variety to the collection, than for anything specially striking or characteristic which they betray; but when it is remembered that those several judgments are passed upon the same verses, and that the very dissimilar impressions have been produced

by two hundred lines or less, I trust that even the casual reader will find something here to excite his curiosity and interest.

Under the head of the *Noncommittal*, let me lead off with this solitary line, which closes a very friendly letter, two pages in length :

"P. S.—I am obliged for the inclosures.

"CHARLES DARWIN."

Upon the heels of that follows this afterthought, which stands on end down the margin of another gracious epistle:

"I thank you for your specimens of poetry, which I have read with interest, though poetry is not my forte.

"† M. I. SPALDING,
"Archbishop of Baltimore."

And this business-like reply, inclosing a complimentary clipping, as announced :

DEAR SIR:—I have printed a scrap devoted to your verses, in the *Tribune*, and herewith inclose it.

"Yours,
HORACE GREELEY."

But comment is unnecessary. I have discarded all but the lines that bear, in some degree, upon the subject in question, and I will run over them rapidly, without reference to their dates:

"I have read your verses and liked them, and I wish you all happiness.

A. TENNYSON."

"Spirited and suggestive verses.

"A. W. KINGLAKE,"
(Author of *Eothen*.)

"I am greatly pleased with your lyrics. I hope that California is good to her poets, and to you especially.

"THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH."

"There is much poetic animation and freshness in your verse, and the sort of originality which should belong to it as a native of the woods and country from which it came.

H. TAYLOR."

(Sir Henry Taylor, K. C. M. G. and D. C. L., Dramatist and Essayist).

"I have read your poems with great interest and pleasure. There is a good deal of beauty and freshness in them, and a certain flavor of the soil I much like.

"HENRY W. LONGFELLOW."

"I hasten to thrust my arm across the Atlantic to take the right hand of fellowship. I have read your verses with pleasure. I see a good deal of the painter in them.

JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS."
(Fellow of the Royal Academy.)

"I have read with pleasure thy poems. All are good, but I prefer the second one. I am, very truly, thy friend,

"JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER."

"Thank you for the present of your elegant and touching verses; and do not forget in your prayers to think of me, an old man, with death and judgment before me. Very sincerely, yours in Jesus,

"(Cardinal) JOHN HENRY NEWMAN,
"Of the Oratory."

"I am glad to receive your verses, written in that strange, far-off, and beautiful golden land, from which you hail. I see in them influences all good and all sympathetic to me.

TOM TAYLOR."

"I am obliged for the poetical effusions; have read them with interest; shall be glad to see what other maturer works you may execute in literary matters.

"HENRY WARD BEECHER."

"I see a glimmer of the true light in your verses. A gift like yours is worthy of cultivation, and I shall look with interest for your name in the future.

"J. T. TROWBRIDGE."

"My motto is Emerson's: 'Hitch your wagon to a star.' If you do, you will rise sooner or later. Try it, and see if the effect is not a beneficial one on character.

"KATE FIELD."

"I think your poems are worthy of admiration. I have had many verse productions placed in my hands by those who were thoroughly excited about them. Yours really possess some considerable merit, and I hope you will live to write much 'good matter.'

"ELIZA COOK."

(Author of *The Old Armchair*, etc.)

"I hold myself a very poor judge of verse; but it seems to me that yours show great spirit and grace, and a facility of language which will be more than likely to keep you in the literary world.

"DONALD G. MITCHELL."

("Ik Marvel," writer of *Dream Life*, etc.)

"I read the verses you inclosed, but have not much to say about them. I am very hard to please in that way. I think most of the writings of a young man under thirty, be it prose or verse, is mainly experimental, and that he needs to be cautioned against setting too high a value on it.

JOHN BURROWS."

(Author of *Wake Robin*, etc.)

"It is time you were working with a long aim. You don't need my advice; I should give you none that I would not take myself. Whatever you do short of arson or Chinese highway robbery—which are inartistic and ungentelemanly—I am, my dear boy, always yours,

"BRET HARTE."

"P. S.—Speaking of arson, I had forgotten Nero; accompanied by a fiddle or a lyre, it might be made poetical.

H."

"It is out of my power to answer every letter I have; but yours must be an exception, partly because of the letter itself, and partly because of the goodness of the verses, for anyhow your verses are good. One great good of literature is its power to bind together the old and the new—England and California. This, however, it does only in virtue of what truth is in it; and they that love the truth are ever one, all over, not the world only, but the universe.

GEORGE MACDONALD."

"I think some of your verses extremely pretty, but I am no critic. It is my belief, indeed, that as a rule, encouragement is no matter. Poetry is not to be suppressed, and not to be drawn forward. If you are a poet, you possess something of much more value, and something which gives you far more pleasure, than can ever be derived from the opinion of your fellows. How can they tell from a few poems written in youth what a man may be likely to do when his mind is mature? The flower may be folded closely in the bud, and with neither its form nor its color yet visible.

"JEAN INGELOW,"

"There is real poetic feeling in your verses, and such things are worth writing for the writer's own pleasure and that of personal friends; but in the present age, when there is so much to be said and done for mankind, of which prose is the fittest instrument, no poetry is worth publishing but what is of the very highest quality. I should be very glad to advise you respecting your studies, but it is difficult to do so without some knowledge, in the first place, of the books you have read; and, in the second, of the facilities which California affords of access to libraries.

"JOHN STUART MILL."

"I write with difficulty, and must therefore be contented to send you only a few lines. I have read your verses. I like the first piece the best, but the last two lines read oddly (or am I mistaken?)" [The pen had been drawn through the above line in Italics, as if, on second thought, the dear old poet had feared to hurt the feelings of the young one.] "It seems simpler than the others. Poetry should be simple, I think, except when it is raised into one of the seven heavens on the wings of inspiration. I began to scribble in verse fifty years ago; now I subside very willingly into prose.

"I am your obliged and sincere,

"B. W. PROCTER."

("Barry Cornwall.")

"It seems to me that very decided poetic capacity is evinced by the verses you inclose. They have the ring of true metal. Are you on the stage? If you are, or are like to be, I see no cause for fear. There is no reason why the stage should have any demoralizing influence; there are hundreds of men and women on whom it exerts none, and the greatest actors are those who have the poetic temperament combined with the gift to *personate* characters and *interpret* poets. Such literary powers as I possess were certainly never injured by my life as an actress. On the contrary, they were quickened and developed. In any case, let me beg you, don't shrink from study, from criticism, or from the advice of those who have had experience. I used to listen patiently to what *every one* had to say to me, and profit by whatever struck me as reasonable. A good—nay, a sincere—critic is the best of friends and helpers.

"ANNA CORA MOWATT."

(Author of *Autobiography of an Actress*, etc.)

"You wonder if your rhymes are fair. Yes, as such rhymes go. But to be more than fair, to be fine and truly worth while, they must be written with all the heart and soul—not the head—and with some great purpose. The really fine work of the world, whether done by the lip or hand, is not done for one's self or for one's own glory. Permit me to ask, whose servant are you? There is no token in these verses that you follow the Master

whom I love and serve. Have you ever thought of it? All other service, though it be transiently as brilliant to man's eyes as the brightest meteor, ends in darkness and degradation; while there is another class of men, often overlooked I grant you, who shall shine as the stars, for ever and ever. You must choose between the one course and the other, and which glory you will seek. But I would rather have the sentence of approval from the Great King in the great day than all the glories of all the admired in this world. You are a young man, with life before you; decide now that you will be Christ's servant, and one of those to rejoice in the decision will be yours, very sincerely,

SUSAN WARNER,"

(Author of *The Wide, Wide World*.)

It must be confessed that it is a very faint line which divides the *Noncommittal* from the next installment of autographs, which I have grouped under the head of the *Appreciative*. Most of these readers have gone a little farther in their judgment; they are, for the most part, conciliatory or congenial. Approaching them, I pass unnoticed communications from "Owen Meredith," Wilkie Collins, Christina Rossetti, Justin McCarthy, Professor Goldwin Smith, and a host of foreign and domestic writers, who turn pretty or evasive compliments, graciously acknowledging the existence of a young poet in the West. The truth is, their condescension becomes monotonous. Right here let me introduce, as a kind of literary curiosity, a letter which has grown in interest. Young poets will read in it a lesson of manly perseverance, which it is well to learn early in life:

PORTLAND, Oregon, March, 1869.

DEAR SIR:—Knowing you to be a true poet, though knowing you by your writings only, I venture to lay before you a little plan of mine, and show you how you can do me a signal service and kindness. Last year I published, only for a few friends, a little book of poems, which I herewith send you. Now I am publishing here, for sale, a book of like kind, though I think tenfold better—it is also larger (150 pages)—which will be out in about three weeks. Let me tell you a truth which may not be apparent to you. The California press *will not* approve of anything of Oregon growth, and the Oregon press *dare not* without the consent of California! It is to overcome this, and get a fair and just hearing, that I address you. I ask no favor, beg no sympathy; but it is my right, and a duty to myself to have a hearing, and a *just* one. You can look over this I now send you, and form some idea whether I have mistaken my calling, or whether you can truthfully and justly reach me your hand through the pages of the *Monthly*. Should you find merit enough in this I now send you to make it the subject of a brief article in the *Overland Monthly*, or some good authority, you will set up the ladder for my ascent. But, mind you, I want nothing said that solid merit does not justify. * * * * Hoping to hear from you soon, I am, please sir, sincerely yours,

("Joaquin") C. H. MILLER."

The young poet felt like a patriarchal bard when he received that letter, but it fell to the

lot of Bret Harte to write one of the earliest reviews, if not the first, of the now famous Poet of the Sierra. To resume:

"I thank you for your beautiful lines. They indeed do you great credit. Their purity of thought and of diction, and their judicious blending of good meaning and good music, merit the highest praise.

"FITZ-GREENE HALLECK."

"I am much pleased with the fine and rather dainty fancy displayed in your verses.

"*Macte virtute.* Yours, fraternally,

"JOHN G. SAXE."

"I have been agreeably surprised by the unusual vigor and originality of the poems. There would be hope for 'a fellow' at twice your years who could write such.

"FLORENCE PERCY."

"Your second poem is particularly good, I think. It might have been written by Tennyson in his earlier days. Not that it is at all an imitation, but the accuracy of imaginative description is like him, and worthy of him.

COVENTRY PATMORE."

(Author of *The Angel in the House*, etc.)

"Your poems seem to me to promise more than anything I have read lately. I like your subjects as well as your style of treatment. Stick to what you see and know and feel, and you are safe enough; but you hardly need my advice, as your performance shows.

"ALICE CARY."

"Thanks for the hand-grasp along the long rail and across the wide water. I like the American poetry that looks to its own nature and its own thoughts. Stick to that, and don't mind Keats. Your verses are charming. I should say you read Heinrich Heine; if not, you have a scrap of his mantle as sure as you live.

"(LORD) HOUGHTON."

(Poet and Essayist, author of *Life of Keats*.)

"Your pieces furnish abundant evidence of the possession of poetic sensibilities and powers, which future practice will no doubt greatly deepen and strengthen; and there is no reason to fear that you may not achieve a decided success in the field of imaginative literature.

"GEORGE P. MARSH."

"Accept my sincere thanks for the pleasure derived from a perusal of the poems which you have kindly inclosed, and pray be so good as to acquit me of any intention of flattery, or mere idle compliment, if I venture to confess that your second poem impresses me as being extraordinarily beautiful.

"AUGUSTA J. EVANS."

(Author of *Beulah*, *Vashti*, etc.)

"You have certainly the measure and temper of poetry. My warning to all young poets would be the remark that, in American literature generally, the power of imagery and expression is in large proportion to the power of thought. I should say, therefore, cultivate thought, do not shun experience, do not be satisfied until a poem shall have weight as well as beauty.

"JULIA WARD HOWE."

"I have looked through your poems with much pleasure, both for the graceful fancies with which they abound and the facility of the versification. In the first of these

respects, there is, perhaps, sometimes a certain unpruned luxuriance, but this is a good fault in a young poet. I trust that the public will hear from you yet again in the walk of literature which you have chosen.

"WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT."

"The vein of sentiment and fancy displayed in your verses strikes me as possessing a certain originality, a *something*—I can hardly define it—which would seem to hint that you intended to leave the more beaten paths of poetry, and to strike out a novel, and, I make no question, a beautiful way for yourself. Truly, I think these little poems not merely full of promise—the stereotyped expression of reviewers—but complete performances in themselves; peculiar, but exceedingly clever.

"PAUL H. HAYNE."

"They indicate practical talent of no common order; they show in you the possession of thought, fancy, good taste, and considerable art. It is their chief objection that they indicate, also, a too decidedly imitative tendency, which is too much the characteristic of the American muse. You must study Tennyson less, and the earlier masters more; you should go back to Milton, Shakspeare, and Dryden; and, above all, avoid the effort at the vague and unsubstantial, which find it easier to employ fancy than to command thought.

"WM. GILMORE SIMS."

"I never expected to correspond with you, though you have been a mute friend ever since the *Overland* started. I look for you every month, and think I can guess your style; and, what's more, generally find on referring to the index at the end of the volume that I have been right. At the time when I got your letter—it has somewhat contributed to the delay in my answer—I believed I was about to obtain the editorship of one of our new magazines, and I wanted to have asked you to contribute. It didn't come off, but it may, and then I wonder whether you will say, *Yes*.

"TOM HOOD."

"As for the poems, I have read them with real pleasure and interest. All of them seem to show to me poetic taste and facility—possibly a dangerous facility—and an acquaintance with the more modern poetry. And your sense of melody is so marked, that perhaps I might content myself with saying to you what a poet once said to me of another young man: 'If he has melody, that is enough.' But though many of us rhyme musically, there are few poets. I don't need to warn you against mistaking facility for inspiration. Your good sense will teach you that; it will also urge you to distrust whatever seems to be an echo, however sweet, and to study only the great models, the poets of old time, but of no fashion. As you may have already discovered, there is no sweeter reward of authorship than the knowledge it brings us of unknown friends. I shall be glad if you will count me as yours.

"GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS."

"I have received your poetry, and I like it, for it is the overflow of an earnest spirit. The only salvation that I know of for such a spirit is a wise choice of work, and a sedulously loyal pursuit of it. Work, moreover, can not be chosen without trial; you can not, until you try, know what you are best fit for. *Try, choose, and act*; don't let partial failures daunt you. I have had no rule of life, but a determination to do my work in an

honest, manly way. The spirit of work around you will incorporate itself according to your circumstances. That work may be poetry, it may be science, it may be commerce. The thing to be sought for is *life*; the thing to be avoided is *stagnation*. Let your health be cared for. Make your body the strong vehicle of a pure soul, and I wish you good speed.

"Yours, faithfully,
JOHN TYNDALL."

"Now, as I write, I sit by a large open window, looking south and west, down the Potomac, and across to the Virginia Heights. It is a bright, warm, spring-like afternoon; I have just reread your sweet pages all over, and I find them indeed soothing and nourishing after their kind, like the atmosphere. I do not, of course, object to the emotional and adhesive nature, and the outlet thereof, but warmly approve them; but do you know (perhaps you do) how the hard, pungent, gritty, worldly experiences and qualities in American practical life also serve?—how they prevent extravagant sentimentalism?—and how they are not without their own great value, and even joy? It arises in my mind as I write, to say something of that kind to you. I frankly send you my love, and I hope we shall one day meet.

"WALT. WHITMAN."
(Author of *Leaves of Grass*.)

"It appears to me that there is a great deal of poetic feeling, and some power of poetic expression, in your verses. I must say that the advice you imagine I shall give—namely, 'read more, ponder more, prune more, and wait'—seems to me a very judicious and somewhat prophetic imagination on your part. One thing I should like to suggest—if it would not be presumption in a mere prose writer to suggest anything to a poet—and that is, avoid needless involution, and write clearly. It seems to me there is quite a field open to any young poet who should make his verses so lucid that one could understand them at the first reading.

"ARTHUR HELPS."
(Author of *Friends in Council*.)

"I am not fond of writing letters, and am obliged to leave some kind ones unanswered; but I can not resist your appeal from the other side of the world, especially as the first of your little poems pleases and interests me, drawing me into conferences with you in your longings. I shall be able to think, henceforth, with much fellow-feeling of one mind in San Francisco, which had before been a place of very cheerless associations to me. I shall hope that you are planting and watering a little garden there, to breathe purity and freshness. Yesterday, I was reading in that old, old writer, Marcus Aurelius: 'What the structure of the human nature is chiefly adapted to is a social communication of God'—that is, the instrument can only be brought into full tune by being perpetually in the play of that harmony. How finely symbolical that physical fact is that a violin constantly played on out of tune is permanently unfitted for true harmonies. I shall remain yours, with sincere wishes,
GEORGE ELIOT."

"I shall not criticise your poems, which are evidently dictated by a true poetic feeling. They have more freshness in them than most of those which are sent me by young persons. I have no particular advice to give you. You have formed your style in good measure, and the rest must depend on your taste, genius, study of

good models, and the time and labor you devote to practical composition. You must remember, however, that the pursuit of poetry is not like to give you a living, and not like to forward you in any other useful calling. Think well of it, therefore, before you relinquish any useful occupation, which will afford you steady employment and support, for the life of an artist in verse. As an incidental accomplishment, it is an ornament; but in some it is used as an apology for neglecting humbler and more steadily industrious pursuits. If you happen to have a portion which is sufficient for your present and future, then I have no doubt you will find your talent will well repay the time given to its cultivation. Otherwise, I should be jealous of allowing poetry more than the spare hours of my life, which it may solace and embellish, and be at the same time a pleasure to others.

"OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES."

"I am very much pleased that you like my poetry, and wish to tell you a little about yours, which takes my fancy so greatly, that you must suffer in its behalf a word of exhortation from me. I think the specimens you have sent me very rare and uncommon—full of freshness and nature, with a *naïve* charm quite their own. I like the metres, too, which are unusual and arresting, and remind me in that of some of the old English poets, who bring up a thought abruptly and write a challenge, as when a knight flings down a glove. What I would say unto you, I say unto all, and to myself most of all: that in poetry one must attend greatly to the saying as well as to the thing said. When I was younger in life and in art, I had no adequate conception of this, and only thought of getting out what was in my heart. Lamartine says, 'When the heart is silent then the ear awakes.' Perhaps this is in some degree my case; at any rate, I am thoroughly alive to the value of all that makes poetry an art. The sense of this, I think, grows upon the mind slowly, and is a good deal acquired, as in music and painting, from the study of the great master-works; and though, of course, the first word and the last word in poetry should always be the feeling in which it grows and the flash that gives it life, between that first word and that last there is a world in which the critical faculty develops itself, and teaches the mind, half consciously, what to choose and what to refuse as to form and ornament. What restraint and reticence there is in all great poets, even when they seem most to abandon themselves to feeling! Also, there is something which no words can describe, a gift in which practice has something to do, that would lead instinctively to the choice of a certain march and measure for a war-song, while a love-song would fall unbidden into quite a different flow. I should think your poetry would easily be very musical; I do not mean music in the commonplace sense of flow and smoothness, but musical in the true sense of *intimate sweetness* born into the structure of the line, just as perfume lives in a flower and cannot be detached from it; though you know not where it is, it is *everywhere*. I do not think yours wants much; still, it does want finish. If I could have a good hour's talk with you, I could tell you a great deal about

"The little more, and how much it is;
And the little less, and what world's away."

DORA GREENWELL,
(Author of the *Patience of Hope*, *The Present Heaven*,
Poems, etc.)

Though I believe that the published testimony, in this paper, is insufficient to prove that hydra-headed criticism nullifies itself, when it touches upon the form and sentiment of verse—they are unquestionably a matter of taste—I can not resist offering the following:

"Perhaps a line out of my own experiences may assist you. If there is any good in my poems, it is owing far more to the severe and pitiless criticism they received before publication—from a dear friend of mine, one of the most accomplished and unsparing critics in America—than to any 'inspiration' of my own. I was very grateful, for I think if a thing is worth doing at all it is worth doing as well as you can. With my best wishes for your patience and success.

"ROSE TERRY."

With uncommon pleasure—I hope there is no tinge of the malicious in it—I have caused the more pronounced critics to cross swords over the verses, which are now *forgotten*, even by their author. Will any reasonable reader give a fig for criticism after he has compared the judgments of these illustrious minds? Please remember that the same lines which have been referred to from the first here receive their final verdict, and that beyond this hour there is no appeal.

"A sort of California wild flower you seem to me, brilliant, spontaneous, free, springing from a rich soil, with a careless, winning, laughing grace—is that you? You seem to me well worthy every good and perfect gift—friendship the most perfect of all—and I think you clear and fine and promising in intellect, and simple-hearted—simple in its grand, heavenly sense, I mean, not in its mean and worldly one. So, let me help you if ever I can; not in any outward way, perhaps, but in some silent fashion, as dews and darkness help the flowers, you California blossom, you! Heaven has given you much, but the fruits of heaven's gifts your own will must ripen. I could wish that you might grow up into a full-statured man; single in purpose, symmetrical in development, high-toned and efficient in good words—and, indeed, good words often are good works. California is in need of such men; the whole country needs them, and in evil case this moment for want of them.

GAIL HAMILTON."

"My marvel is that one, who writes as well as you do, should care for word of mine in praise or blame. I can only say your poems are the product of a truly, purely poetical mind, to which study, observation, and experience will be sure to bring treasures of material for higher art. I have the sincerest admiration of your gifts, and the strongest faith in your future.

"J. G. HOLLAND."

"I have preserved your poems in a book, in which I mean to put only good and interesting verses. Indeed, I am much touched with them, and think so well of their superior skill and tone that I would hear with pain that you had discontinued writing. I do not think that one who can write so well will find it easy to leave off, even in the dearest community. He will sing to him-

self, and as unawares find happy listeners. With great regard,

RALPH WALDO EMERSON."

"I am glad to hear from you, and wish I were wise enough to say the right thing to you. There is certainly power and thought in your poems, but whether verse is to be your appointed means of expression can not yet be told. I suppose that every one would prefer to write poems if he could, and nothing but time can prove to any one whether he can rise to that height of excellence which is alone worth having. The bane of American literature is the ease with which applause can be won, and the consequent unwillingness of young authors to write for the securer fame which comes so slowly. I shall be glad to hear from you again, and shall watch your progress with interest. My best wishes for you are that you may not obtain recognition and praise too easily, and that you may have more patience to wait and labor and live than most of our young writers possess.

"THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON."

"Your poems are not surpassed in their kind or range—which is a wide one—by anything which I have read by any American poet. As I am not very prodigal of praise, even to my intimates, or at all sparing in severe criticism, you will understand that your lyrics have pleased me to an unusual degree.

"CHARLES GODFREY LELAND."

("Hans Breitman.")

"I comply cheerfully with your request that I should tell you what I think of your verses, although such requests are perilous, both in the making and in the granting. I have made enemies for life—not a few, I fear—by candid answers to such questions. I do not find any marked indication of poetical ability in these verses. They impress me as the production of a writer whose motive is in his memory and his taste, rather than in the necessity of poetical utterance. The third poem of the series seems to me to show most evidence of fancy, feeling for rhythm, and command of language.

"I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"RICH'D GRANT WHITE."

"I am charmed with the tender grace, freshness, and general beauty of the poems which you have sent me, and I can but regret that my pleasure was limited by their scanty number. I recognize in you a true artist, the development of whose powers may hereafter be a glory to our literature, and in the little works before me the presence of genuine poetry—that rarest of human productions. Can I say more, being in earnest in what I say? Above all things, work on and work faithfully at your difficult art, and I promise for you a triumph in the future such as will belong to no young American poet with whose works I am acquainted. Do not think that I am dealing in superlatives. I am a cool-headed, experienced literary man, who has seen more new stars arise than would form a constellation. I have also seen the same stars go out in utter darkness, and in so doing only realized my anticipations. But in your poems I see sparks of a light that men will not willingly permit to die. I do not mean to say that the poems you have sent to me are immortal poems in themselves; but I do say that they are informed with a soul that may hereafter produce imperishable things. This I say in all sincerity, and with the hope of inciting you to further and bolder exertions of your powers.

"GEO. H. BOKER."

"You ask for my opinion. Well, then, to speak frankly, I think you will see by and by that these poems lack substance and are mainly devoted to a manner. Much of the poetry now written runs to a mere daintiness of expression—a kind of velvet covering to commonplace. Seek your *thought* first, and your *phrase* afterward. Then, if you are a young man, never remember that any one has praised your writings, but be grateful to your sharpest critics. Now, this may be good advice or bad; you must judge. I may be wrong. I am not the Supreme Court of Poetry, and my decision is not final; it may not be even respectable. But, since you crave my opinion, I can only say that, in my opinion, your poems are rather sweetish pieces of confectionery—sugared, frosted, gilded, and unwholesome. Please write to me a year hence, and tell me that you forgive yours, truly,

THEODORE TILTON."

"It is not flattery, but a candid tribute of deserved praise, to say to you that they are of extraordinary excellence, and altogether worthy of a most generous welcome from the scholars and friends of the literature of our country. They show matured skill and the culture of a careful study. I do not mean to criticise, but only to say, of two at least, that they are as sharply drawn pictures and as full of poetic suggestion as the finest specimens of word-painting I have anywhere met; and let me say, too, whilst I have my pen in hand, that the poet who wrote certain of these lines needs no diploma as a passport to the temple. You have only to persevere in your pursuits to win an enviable fame from your countrymen.

JOHN P. KENNEDY."

(Author of *Swallow-Barn*, etc.)

"I already know your name as the author of several short, melodious poems, which I read in the newspapers, and the specimens you send me confirm the impression they made—that you have the true poetic faculty, or gift (the something which is *born* in a man.) It is dangerous to prophesy, and, therefore, I will not say whether you shall become a part of our literature. That depends on your comprehension of the poetic art, and the degree of faithful, conscientious labor which you devote to it." [Then follows a page or two of judicious criticism, in which the poem most admired, and which has been repeatedly referred to in the most flattering manner, is utterly demolished.] "I mention these things—and you will pardon the liberty I take—to show the necessity of careful study, and, above all, of discriminating between the true and the false impulses of song which come to every poet. I am old enough now to recognize my own early mistakes, and hope that you will take these remarks as the sign of a sincere, friendly interest in your success.

BAYARD TAYLOR."

"Your crystals have California gold in them; therefore, work the mine, remembering always that poetry, like virtue, is its own reward. Yours is the first specimen of native metal which I have yet seen from the Ophirian land where the sun goes down, and where, in his frequent setting, he has turned everything to gold. Some of your stanzas are charming. I *think* you are a true poet. Send me some more. But do not compromise your future by haste. Be reluctant to publish. Do not dispose of your poetical children while they are yet too young. It is a hard and heartless world, and early verses receive but little kindness in it. Fill your house with them if you like—the more the better; but be careful that they don't get away until they are able

to take care of themselves. A few years will accomplish much, and I, for one, expect great things of you. How I would like to visit the land in which you walk—a land of dreams, in which you now seem a singing shadow far away! With sincere hope for your future, that your life may be as beautiful as the thoughts you have sent me, and much of it be moulded into noble verse, I am, my dear new friend, yours, faithfully,

"T. BUCHANAN READ."

"Your verses are full of promise, as it seems to me, and your vein noble. The Sacramento gold runs through it. Though I am not sitting here crowned with bays, and competent to issue poetic *dicta*, yet I can say that I think some of your combinations affected, and soon to be outgrown by you. Your pieces assure me that, with the increase of your private culture, you will strive more and more after quiet and simplicity, and be content to disappoint the shallow barbarous ear. At the rate you have begun, more than myself will soon be watching your career with delighted sympathy.

JOHN WEISS,

(Author of *American Religion*, etc.)

"Even where one has the advantage of knowing a writer personally, and being acquainted with his work, it is very difficult to render criticism of any value upon a matter so closely bound up with a man's whole nature and experience as poetry. Upon the verses you have sent me, I, therefore, offer but very slight and commonplace suggestions, and these with great diffidence. Unity of idea, clearness of picture, and completeness in execution—these and similar qualities are what, it seems to me, a poet should aim at. You have already a *simple style*, which is another very desirable quality. But a simple style requires great selectness in the thoughts and language, or it falls into the commonplace; and I think you will find it of advantage to pay especial attention to these points. In a short poem, as in a gem, little flaws detract much from value. You seem to have a good deal to say; there is a good *intention* about all your poems; your aim should be to realize this in perfect art. No easy programme, doubtless, but it has been the lesson of the wise, at any rate since the time of Aristotle. You will probably know all these things better than I, or you would not have been able to write as you do. Wishing you a lifetime of the pleasure which poetry, whether we read or write, gives to all minds susceptible of it, believe me, obediently yours,

"FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE."

"Some of these stanzas seem to me full of poetic promise, quite as good as many of the poems of Tennyson written at the same age. But the 'In Memoriam' measure is a dangerous measure for young poets to launch into, as it at once challenges a comparison. Tennyson has made it peculiarly his own, and yet he got the key-note from a poem written as long as 1660, and published in the Lettrell collection. There is so much that is good in your poems that it is an ungracious task to criticise. I should say, let the sweet vein flow on; don't stanch or stay it. I would have you more attentive to the music and euphony of your words; there is no writer who has carried the art of verbal melody to such a perfection as Tennyson. There is among much that is bad a deal of good poetry written nowadays by writers hardly known outside of a small circle. It requires courage now to aspire to gain the world's ear as a poet. You have begun well.

EPES SARGENT."

"Let me advise you never to employ the dislocated measure and rhythm—the music vanishes. If, in some of these verses, you had made alternate rhymes, instead of rhyming the first and fourth, and the second and third lines (the 'In Memoriam' measure), you would not have spoiled many a good thought otherwise well expressed. Persevere! Your well wisher,

"JOHN NEAL."

"I want to indorse your book" [in the press at the time], "because I know all about poetry, and I know you can write the genuine article. Your book will be a success—your book *shall* be a success; and I will destroy any man who says the contrary. How's that? There's nothing mean about me. I wrote a sublime poem—'He done his level best'—and what credit did I ever get for it? None. Bret Harte left it out of his *Outcroppings*. I never will write another poem. I am not appreciated. But that don't set me against other poets, like it might have done with other men, and so I will back up your book just as strong as I know how. Count on me to-day, to-morrow, and all the time, and I don't say it in a whisper, but I say it strong.

"(Signed and sworn to.) MARK TWAIN."

"Your poems show an uncommon sensibility, a most choice, artistic feeling of the beautiful in nature and of the expression in language. What you now need is to add to your natural poesy of sentiment a careful and thoughtful self-criticism, a disciplined development of severe thought, discriminating and patient meditation and study. Strive to master more and more of science and philosophy, in connection with the spontaneous play of affection and fancy. Do not be contented with mere outpourings of emotion and music, however sweet and melodious. Be careful to select dignified themes, and put high, deep, commanding thoughts into your treatment of them. Tenderness of feeling you have in abundance; richness and variety also, and a rare sense and control of the charm of words. Height and depth and weight of thought, quality and quantity of ideas, true and wise thoughts carefully considered and precisely stated, are of still greater importance. You have the poetic faculty in a high degree; spare no labor to acquire also the solid and costly poetic material. All the emotion and music in the world will quickly die out in the empty air, if not imbedded in chiseled forms of really valuable experience and thought. It is because I put so high an estimate on the merit of what you have done that I want you to be doing progressive justice to your genius in the future.

WM. R. ALGER."

(Author of *the Genius of Solitude*, etc.)

"I have read your poems with much interest, at least some of them (for I won't lie to you), and think they are full as good as most that are published and cracked up here, but I don't think poetry will prove to be your vocation after a few years. All my friends who have visited California tell me it is useless to write except by return post, as the whole population is here to-day and gone to-morrow. However, I hope that you may get this somehow or another, at San Francisco or elsewhere, and that you will do what you can to make your people a little more moderate and sensible about England. There is no more bigoted Philo-Yankee, or Philo-American, than I in this country; but I would sooner be ordered out to Canada with my volunteer regiment than give in an inch to this swagger of Sumner, Chandler & Co. There is plenty of fight in the old country yet, but

I hope to heaven the United States will not be the nation to bring it to the proof.

TOM HUGHES."

(Author of *Tom Brown's School Days*, etc.)

"Write poetry, by all means, only don't make a volume of verses in a hurry. Dash away while under the *estro* of composition; but, after many days, *correct with great self-sacrifice*. The true poet writes and blots out a great deal. Even if you never publish a volume of poetry, *write it*; for it will teach you the various meanings of words, and thus school you into writing good prose. And this remember: the fewer adjectives you use the stronger will your writing be; and, as a rule, when you write anything which strikes your *fancy* (not your *judgment*) as being particularly fine, put it into the fire. Fine writing wants backbone.

"R. SHELTON MACKENZIE."

(Author of *A Life of Dickens*, etc.)

VIENNA.

MY POET: Your letter and poems came just to-day, when kind and beautiful things were so much needed in my heart. That letter and your thrilling poems have fulfilled their mission; I am lifted out of my sad, lonely self, and reach my heart up to the affinity of the true, which is always the beautiful. I am not in condition to tell you all the impressions of your poems. I have to-day fallen down into the bitterness of a sad, reflective, and desolate mood. You know I am alone, and that I work, and without sympathy, and that the unshriven ghosts of wasted hours and of lost lives are always tugging at my heart. I know your soul! It has met mine somewhere in the starry highway of thought. You must often meet me, for I am a vagabond of fancy, without name or aim. I was born a dweller in tents, a reveler in the 'tented habitation of war'; consequently, dear poet, my views of life and things are rather disreputable in the eyes of the 'just.' I am always in bad odor with people who don't know me, and startle those who do. Alas! I am a fair classical scholar, not a bad linguist, can paint a respectable portrait of a good head and face, can write a little, and have made successes in sculpture; but for all these blind instincts for art I am still a vagabond, of no use to any one in the world, and never shall be. People always find me out, and then find fault with God because I have gifts denied to them. I can not help that; the body and the soul don't fit each other; they are always in a 'scramble.' I have long since ceased to contend with the world; it bores me horribly, and nothing but hard work saves me from myself. I send you a treasure: the portrait and autograph of my friend, Alexandre Dumas. Value it for his sake, as well as for the sake of the poor girl he honors with his love. Oh, how I wish that you could know him! You could understand his great soul so well—the king of romance, the child of gentleness and love; take him to your heart forever. In a few days I will see him, and then a pleasant hour shall be made by reading in my weak translation what I like best in your poems. We always read and analyze our dearest friends, but Alexandre is too generous to be a critic. I shall not remain here long. Vienna is detestable beyond expression. Ah, my comrade, Paris is, after all, the heart of the world. Know Paris and die! And now, farewell! Let me try to help you with my encouragement and the best feelings of my heart. Your future is to be glorious. Think of me. I am with you in spirit. Heaven bless you. *Infelix*. MENKEN."

I draw a curtain upon the rose-tinted picture, and reverse it. What is the result? What could it be but this:

"As for the profession of literature, let me warn you that there are hundreds of young men here in London, and, I might add, of old men and of women of all ages, vainly endeavoring to get their bread by writing. Of all professions, it seems to be the most precarious; and it is more crowded even than others, by the fact that no apprenticeship or special tuition is necessary to those who undertake it, and there is no standard by which an aspirant can measure himself, so as to learn whether he have or have not the necessary gifts and qualifications. It is alluring, of course, for this reason, and who can say who may not succeed? But it is a career full of danger, and one in following which many hearts are broken.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE."

Let me conclude this final series of Notable Autographs with a too flattering tribute from one at whose side the poet was wont to sing. It came to him upon his name-day, with a garland of blossoms—itsself a wreath that might have been woven in the rose garden of Sheik Saadi, and she who gave it was alone worthy to receive:

"Roses for one who weaveth in his art
The bloom and splendor of the Rose's heart.

"Lilies, pearl-white, so fair and without stain
Are the rapt dreamings of his poet-brain.

"Daisies, shy-faced; for so his songs express
All worth, disguised in modest humbleness.

"And Violets, than all blossoms sweeter far,
As balmy-perfect as his fancies are.

"Fair nursling of the sun, and dew, and wind,
Whose velvet tongues shall whisper him, I find

"Something that breathes of each and all of these
I' the subtle sweetness of his melodies.

"SUB ROSA."

Not all who are capable of building verses are wise enough to refrain when they discover that their art is not so high as their ideal; but in this case it seems that while his golden hour was still young, the poet had premonitions of his own declension, and in a swan-song he solemnly heralded approaching silence.

Prophetic soul! With him, in a brief decade, desire has failed, rhyming has become a burden, and the mourning muses go about the streets; for he has shrouded himself in that comfortable obscurity which is, perhaps, all things considered, a greater boon than world-wide fame.

POURQUOI.

CARMELITA.

The twilight lingered lovingly over the long stretch of the Carmel Mountains, transforming their monotonous brown and gray to delicate rose and purple, and lighting up their undulating curves with the last golden gleam of the sun. It touched the sea, and each wave laughed and glistened in a glory of color. Even the long waste of sand-beach shone warm in the last embrace of the sun-god. The sea-gulls stretched their wings lazily over the waters, and wandered back to their homes amid the crags with mournful cries, while a solitary sail gleamed like a silver light through the gathering mist.

Monterey lay at the foot of the sea in all the freshness of youth. Her buildings were not stately nor grand; but the low *adobe* houses, covered with their mass of roses, looked more picturesque in the gathering evening than if they had been planned by the hand of a master architect. Her streets resounded with tread of horses and hum of voices, although, as you see her now, it is almost impossible to believe that

sleepy-hollow of a town could ever have been alive. The gay *caballeros* are gone with their dashing steeds, the sweet notes of the guitar are hushed in the gloaming, and the musical voices are stilled that once trilled the old love-songs.

It is a dead city, sleeping like the princess in the children's fairy tale, waiting for the prince's kiss to reanimate it. Now the tramp of a solitary mustang breaks the silence of the grass-grown streets, and the inhabitants nod away the day drowsily, basking in the sunshine on their doorsteps. Even the animals partake of the *lotos*-like quiet. The house dogs have almost forgotten how to bark, and scarcely lift their heads to snap at the flies as they buzz around them. There are tidings of the prince's speedy coming, of the infusion of life into the old town; but we await it with dread, for there is something so quaint and picturesque in this Spanish town, our sole remnant of anything like antiquity, that we would not have the spell broken.

The *Angelus* bell rang softly, and voices sounded on the evening air as a gay company filed out of the old church on the hill.

"Carmelita, Carmelita, where are you going so fast?" a shrill, high voice called, as a young Spanish girl came bounding down the narrow street gracefully as a deer in its native forest.

"Follow and you will see," she called out merrily to her companions, who were vainly endeavoring to keep pace with her. Finally she stopped.

"Maria, Josefa, all of you," she cried. "It's dreadfully musty in that old church, and Madre Dolores has stayed to say a few more prayers; so let us have some fun. I saw Pedro take a duck into Padre Antonio's house this morning. Just think, a *duck*," and her large black eyes danced with fun. "A duck, and it is a fast day. We poor sinners must not even look at meat, and Padre Antonio eats what he will. It is not right. He is always talking about setting an example to his flock. Now I propose to set an example. I have watched Pedro go out of the kitchen, and I intend to slip in and run away with the duck. 'Children, you should mortify the flesh and think not of carnal pleasures,'" she said, imitating the old priest's slow drawl.

"Oh, Carmelita, we dare not," they all cried, drawing back. "It would be a sin, and besides we would have so many *Ave Marias* to say for punishment, if we were found out."

"Cowards!" she exclaimed, and her black eyes flashed with scorn.

"I will do what you wish, and go anywhere with you, Carmelita," a little voice cried at her elbow.

She turned around, picked the little fellow up, and tossed him in the air.

"Oh, Mateo *mio*," she cried, "you would not desert your madcap Carmelita, would you?"

"How could I?" the child replied; "you who nursed me through the fever when even my mother was afraid; but the Padre is so good to us we ought not to do wrong."

They left their companions and slipped quietly to the kitchen door that opened on the street. A plump duck was roasting on the coals; the odor was delicious. Carmelita stole softly in; returning, she reached the door with her prize in safety and handed it to Mateo, who was waiting outside, when who should confront them suddenly but Pedro, returned from his errand. The old cook regarded the culprits sternly, then seized little Mateo by the ear and commenced beating him. Carmelita drew herself proudly up, and her dark eyes flashed. She formed a beautiful picture, as she stood there defiantly. Her long black hair had become unbound and fell over her shoulders in a heavy,

disordered mass, and her clear, olive complexion was tinged with a fresh bright color. She was a pure type of Andalusian beauty, and it is only Spaniards that possess such glorious eyes.

"Pedro," she said, proudly, "you shall not strike Mateo. I did it, and am willing to abide the consequences. Not that I wanted your meat; I took it, but simply to teach a little 'carnal sacrifice,'" she said, in tones of irony.

The old cook shook with rage.

"You daughter of a magician, of a man that deals with the evil one," he muttered, "I will teach you to leave lessons to your betters." Then he seized her angrily by the shoulder, as if to administer a shaking.

At this moment a young man, who had been talking with a companion across the street and watching the scene, came to the rescue.

"What are you about, man?" he cried, as he struck away Pedro's hand. "You must not touch a child."

Then, glancing at Carmelita, he hastily corrected himself. "Pardon me, señorita, your height and companion misled me. May I see you and this little fellow home, for fear of further molestation?"

"No, thank you," she replied; "I suppose my *occupation* also deceived you, señor."

The old cook went grumbling into the house with his rescued duck in his hand.

"May you enjoy your *fast*, Pedro," she called tauntingly after him.

Then she walked down the street, and entered a low *adobe* house with the air of a duchess. The building was like all the rest, except that it was a little smaller and the garden was a trifle larger. Rows of various hued hollyhocks kept guard by the green gate, while impudent marigolds thrust their golden heads between the fence pickets. Stately sunflowers nodded solemnly in the evening breeze, and verbena, mignonette, and chick-weed ran riot all over the ground, covering it with a brilliant, fragrant carpet, while the rest of the space was a perfect rose garden.

Ronald Keith watched her until she entered the house, and then returned to his companion.

"By Jove, Herrick," he said, "that is a bonnie lassie. She has the spirit of a Juno. Such eyes!—such an air! She must be an olden sea princess, wandered here."

"Why, Ronald, you are enthusiastic," Herrick replied, as he lighted a cigar. "It is surely a novel occupation for a sea princess, robbing a *padre* of his supper."

Darkness had changed all the beautiful color on land and sea to dismal grays. The people were coming from church, and the streets were filled with the sounds of merry laughter. Keith

and his companion turned away from the crowd and wandered down to the beach.

"Herrick," he said, "I have wished that our ship would put out to sea again; now I think I see a chance for amusement, and I don't much care whether the repairs are done in a month or a year;" and he picked up an abalone shell and carelessly skimmed it across the water.

"Ronald, you are as changeable as ever," Herrick said. "I have been listening all our voyage to the praises of fair Cousin Helen, home in the Highlands. Now you fancy that you are captured by a pair of black eyes. Well, so be it. To-morrow, may be, a pair of blue eyes will efface the impression as completely as the waves wash away all traces of the pebble marks in the sand. Ronald, you are too fickle. I have learned something of this girl's history. She belongs to an old Castilian family, prouder than Lucifer; poor, of course. The father follows the dark art—is an astrologer, in fact—gazes at stars all night, sleeps all day, and leaves a careless, gossiping old *duenna* to guard his pretty daughter. The girl is wild and wayward; and, Ronald, I beg of you not to seek an acquaintance. Love to you is a pastime—if disappointment, soon forgotten. To these fiery southern natures, it is life—if disappointment, death."

"Come, old fellow, you are getting serious," Ronald said. "Let us go back to town and watch those Spaniards gamble. They mumble their prayers with all due devotion, then spend their nights staking their last *real* on *monte* or dice, and lose or win with true stoicism."

Ronald Keith was a handsome young Scotchman, with nothing to do, and he had taken passage on a merchant vessel, with his friend, Richard Herrick, just to pass away the time. He was indolent and impulsive, easily swayed by any idea that presented itself, and as easily forgetting it. He never had a serious feeling in his life, for his was purely a surface nature. He was very attractive, personally, and possessed a generous, cheerful disposition that made him a pleasant traveling companion. Richard Herrick was a much older man, a friend of Keith's mother, and had promised to keep her lad from harm on the long voyage.

In the morning Carmelita was up, bright and early, in the garden, singing softly to herself. Suddenly she became conscious of a presence as she bent over her flowers, and, looking up, met the laughing eyes of the young stranger who had rescued her from Pedro's angry grasp.

"Good morning, señor," she said, merrily.

"Good morning," he replied. "I came to see if you had recovered this morning, and if the Padre had doled out your punishment."

"Ah, no, señor," she answered, and came close to the fence; "but Madre Dolores says I must stay on my knees in the church for an hour, and say a hundred *pater noster*s. Bah! I hate it," she added; "it smells so musty, and the stones on the floor are so cold, one feels as if one were all alone with the dead, lying outside in the damp earth. Just think, señor, all the time the sun is so bright, and the birds are singing, and they are going to have a *fiesta* to-day, and I must stay at home. They are all going to Carmel Mission, and I shall be in the church alone." She cast down her eyes and sighed.

A little tempting demon whispered in Ronald Keith's ear.

"What time are they going, and you will be alone?" he asked.

"At twelve," she answered, "and they stay, and come back in the moonlight."

Again she sighed.

"Will the Padre be gone, too?" he asked.

"Sí, señor," she answered.

"Won't you give me that bunch of crimson roses you have in your hand? Perhaps we will meet again to-day. *Adios!*" and he lifted his hat and walked down the street.

"What are you dreaming about, Carmelita?" Madre Dolores called from the house. "Come, help me fix for the *fiesta*. Oh, Carmelita *mia*, how could you be so wicked yesterday? You can not go to the *fiesta*, but, as you will be in the church, I can leave you safely. Think of your prayers and the good saints, and you will be forgiven."

She expected a burst of tears, but was surprised that the young girl made no sign of disappointment. After many expressions of regret the old *duenna* left her. Carmelita went into the house, selected the white dress she kept for holidays, fastened crimson roses in her hair and at her throat, braided her rippling mass of hair into a coronet, and threw a lace mantilla gracefully over her head. Is it thus, Carmelita, you go to penance? A bright color surged in her cheeks, her heart beat fast, and her thoughts ran wildly on.

"He is so handsome, with his blue eyes and fair hair, and perhaps I may meet him as I go to church."

Cupid is a thoughtless youngster, and his aim is not always directed where it should be. He delights in his wounds, and most of all when his darts work mischief in quiet hearts. Carmelita's heart hitherto had seemed as if made of adamant. The arrows had glanced aside shattered; and it was no wonder wicked Cupid chuckled to himself when a stray one found a resting place.

It was a warm, bright day. A quiet hush was on the air. The only sounds that broke the stillness of the town were the bird-songs from the cypress grove upon the hill, and the hum of bees in the gardens. The bay lay still and motionless; the waters, like the sky, were deep azure. The breath of summer was over the land, bringing June with her roses and mild warmth to temper the sea winds.

Carmelita walked slowly up the dusty hill, her heart keeping pace with her footsteps. She looked carefully around, then blushed as if half in shame to have done so. No one appeared, and she entered the dismal church, breathing a sigh of regret as she left the beautiful day. She went to the altar, knelt, and her lips mechanically repeated the formula; though her thoughts were far away, not, however, with the merry maidens and youths at the *fiesta*. She felt a little pain in her heart, but then, she reasoned, she had no right to expect the stranger. All at once she felt something strike on her head. She looked up suddenly. A bright red rose lay on the pavement at her feet. Another followed. She turned, and saw the face of Ronald Keith at the door near the altar, full of laughter.

"Come," he said, entering. "You have done penance enough to-day. I have rid myself of Herrick, so let us have a stroll on the beach."

She hesitated, but Madre Dolores had told her these English-speaking people were good and kind-hearted; so desire got the better of prudence. The gleam of sunshine that fell athwart the floor as he opened the door decided her. It made the old church seem gloomier than ever.

"I will go," she said, and instantly, feminine like, she felt a glad consciousness of wearing her best apparel.

"Where shall we go?" she asked.

"Down to the beach," he replied. "I know where there is a lovely cove, sheltered from the sun."

They found the spot, and sat there listlessly for an hour or so, watching the cool green waves kissing the white sands, and weaving fantastic foam-wreaths around them. Wave after wave came rolling onward, tumbling over each other like merry children at play, then beating against the rocks and covering them with spray, like fall of snow-flakes.

"See," Ronald cried; "the water is inviting us to come out and enjoy with the waves their dance in the sunlight. If we only had a boat!"

"Wait a moment," said Carmelita, springing up the rocks; "I will be back presently."

After a little while she appeared with a basket on her arm and said, "Señor, I have a boat

fastened in the next cove, and I sometimes go out fishing. If you like, we can take it."

"It will be heavenly," Ronald replied, with rapture. The spell of the dark eyes was bewitching him; Cousin Helen was already half forgotten. They walked to the next cove and unfastened the boat.

"Get in, señor," she said; "I will row, because I am used to it."

He lazily acquiesced. They rowed slowly down toward Point Pinos, passing the time in light banter and nonsense.

"I wish that this afternoon would never end," Ronald said, "that we could row together always, Carmelita. This is perfect happiness." And his eyes looked more than his words expressed.

"But, señor," Carmelita replied, "I shouldn't like to do all the rowing."

"Forgive me," he said, taking the oars; "let us land at the Point and have our lunch."

They scrambled up the rocks, and seated themselves in a grove of pines.

"See, señor," Carmelita said, displaying her basket's contents; "I have provided well. I hear you English are given to hunger."

"But I am Scotch," he said, "although my mother says that I haven't a bone of a Highlander in my body."

"Won't you have a little *chile*?" she asked, holding up a cool-looking pod for his inspection.

"Like Becky Sharp," he said, "I'm entranced with the name this hot day; but, no, thank you, I remember the consequences. I can't suffer tears even for your sake."

"Who is Becky Sharp?" she asked. "Your cousin you told me of?"

"Helen MacDonald!" he cried, and commenced laughing heartily. "'Angels and ministers of grace defend us!' Helen would rather like the comparison! Not exactly, Carmelita; I suspect you are not quite up in English literature."

"No, señor," she replied; "I am seventeen, but I know only Shakspeare of your English books. We read only saint's books in the Padre's school, but I know all of the stars. My father has taught me. *Don Quixote* is the only story I have ever read. I found that in my mother's old trunk one day, and, señor, I think that you, too, would be kind to forlorn maids, like the dear old Don. I have always spoken English, but have not read much."

"Bother the reading," Ronald said; "you are just perfect as you are, Carmelita; you are the one woman in the world to me."

The wind had risen, the waves were dashing higher, and the frail boat was tossing restlessly

at her moorings. The afternoon was passing rapidly away.

"Come, we must go, Señor Keith," she said.

"No. Say Ronald," he whispered.

"Well, Señor Ronald," she answered in soft, musical tones, that only the sweet language of Spain can give to a voice.

The shadows were lengthening over the sea. Nightfall had come silently, when they turned their faces toward home. The great moon rose slowly up in the heavens, shining with resplendent light. The waters looked like a mass of molten silver as each wave caught the reflection from the moon's rays. They rowed swiftly back to Monterey, Carmelita's voice sounding far over the summer sea in sweet Andalusian melodies. Then Ronald's deeper voice sang weird Scotch songs of the sea, and the rocks echoed back mournful strains of "Lochaber no More," "Maybe Return to Lochaber no More," till it sounded like a wail over the waters. Carmelita clasped her hands.

"Stop, señor," she said, "your northern music is so stern and sad, of death and love deserted; our music is happy and gay, full of love and flowers."

Soon their boat grated on the sands, and they sprang out. Carmelita stood there, waiting in the moonlight, her eyes full of a beautiful new life. She had gone out that afternoon a child with a soul half awakened; she returned a woman, with a heart full of surging, passionate love. He, too, thought that he loved deeply at last.

"Good night," he said tenderly; "to-morrow I will come again, and I want your father to cast my horoscope for me. I hope our fates will prove united."

"Don't," she shuddered; "may be Saturn will be against you, too. I have always laughed at father before, but I would not like him to predict any evil for you. I don't mind Saturn in the least."

"Good night, again," he called back merrily as they separated. "We will try and outwit Saturn."

When Madre Dolores lighted the candles that night, and detailed all the events of the *fiesta*, Carmelita asked no questions. Her cheeks were so flushed, and her eyes so bright, that Madre Dolores thought she must be seriously ill.

The next day Ronald Keith knocked at the door. "I wish to see Dr. Rodriguez," he said, and was shown into his study. He saw before him a small man bent nearly double with age; his complexion was dark olive, full of deep wrinkles, and his hair was perfectly white. He was dressed in black, with a close fitting skull-

cap of the same sombre color on his head. His eyes were sharp and piercing. Altogether he was rather uncanny looking.

Keith stated the object of his visit, and after enumerating the necessary dates the old man said, "Come to-morrow by noon. To-night I will search the heavens, whether for weal or woe I know not, young man; but what the stars write is unchangeable. It is useless for mortals to strive against these glittering decrees of fate. My knowledge is hereditary. One of my ancestors learned the secret of the planets from an old Moorish magician as he lay dying, and it has been bequeathed to the eldest son of each succeeding generation. With me the secret dies. Carmelita is the last one of our race left, and Saturn is against her in the eighth house, señor," and the old man's frame trembled with emotion. "Seek Dolores and my daughter. They shall entertain you for a while, señor."

Gladly he accepted the permission, and found Carmelita in the garden with her guitar by her side. Roses everywhere blossomed around her. They clambered up the walls of the house, and covered the low roof. They clung to the *adobe* wall, and nodded saucily to the passers-by. They completely covered the little summer-house where Carmelita and Ronald sat. The ground was strewn with their various hued petals, which sent up a world of fragrance in the air. There were deep crimson roses, whose hearts burned like a maiden's blushes; deep yellow ones, that glowed like imprisoned sunbeams; pale cream and virgin white, then delicate pink Castilian roses, with wayward branches trailing on the ground and swaying lazily in the breeze, where they were wooed by the golden honey-bees. The garden was a wilderness of color and fragrance.

"Carmelita, you are like the red rose," Ronald said; "see, it climbs the highest, and is the most wayward of all. Its color is like your cheeks. I shall never see crimson roses without thinking of you."

Then he sang the old Scotch song to her:

"Oh, my love's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June;
My love is like the melody
That's sweetly played in tune.
As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
Sae deep in love am I;
And I will love thee still, my dear,
Tho' a' the seas gang dry."

The following night, when Herrick and Keith were retiring, Ronald said, "That old fellow says the paths of our stars cross, Carmelita's and mine—that mine bodes evil for her."

"He is one of those mad enthusiasts, I suppose," Herrick sleepily replied. "Do you try to prove it wrong, then?"

Herrick went up the coast next day on business, and left Ronald alone. Day after day of happiness passed swiftly in the rose garden. Everybody said Carmelita had changed from the romping maiden to a quiet, stately woman, and that the English Don was soon to take her to his country as his bride. Life was like one long dream of Paradise to Carmelita. He said he loved her, and she loved him passionately, utterly. The life-blood flowed quicker in her veins, the earth seemed transfigured, love was so dear, so beautiful.

At last a ship came into harbor, bearing a letter for Ronald Keith. His mother wrote from her heath-covered highlands:

"Come home. Helen is waiting for you. You know Castle Glencairn descends to your eldest brother, and your only hope is to win the MacDonald lands with Helen, who is fairer than they. I know you too well to think for an instant that you will choose poverty with your unknown love, of whom I have heard, than wealth with Helen MacDonald."

He turned over Lady Keith's letter again and again, and he thought of the "siller and lands to spare," with visions of Cousin Helen's high-bred, quiet manners. The dark eyes were losing their witchery.

"Winter is coming on, and I must soon leave these quarters," he thought. The love he had won was tiresome, it was too tempestuous. His thoughts ran on:

"I believe I prefer Helen's quiet affections, and I once loved her, and will again. Too much devotion is troublesome." His mind did not feel at rest, though, for he knew he was acting basely, ignobly.

"To-morrow," he thought, "I will tell her." To-morrow came, and he sauntered leisurely up to the house. She ran to the gate to meet him, with the love-light shining in her eyes. His heart misgave him, but he thought, "Herrick will be in Monterey to-morrow, and it would be cruel not to tell her."

"Carmelita," he said, stroking her hair as she knelt by his side in the arbor; "*pobrecita*, you say that you love me?" She looked at him in wonder, but turned her face upward, laughing, as a shower of rose petals fell on her hair.

"Zounds!" he exclaimed, as he hastily drew his hand away from the back of the bench where it had carelessly rested. "Look here, Carmelita," he said, as he showed a slight wound; "your rose garden has thorns."

"Yes, and snails and bugs manifold, Ronald *mio*," she replied. "Have you not discovered

it before? Have you thought there was nothing but color and perfume here?"

"Carmelita, I am afraid you will think that you have been harboring a viper in your rose garden."

"Ah, no," she replied; "you are the light of my garden and my life."

"But, Carmelita, I am going to leave you. My mother has written to me, and I must go to Scotland."

The light slowly died out of her eyes.

"Leave me!" she murmured. "But you will come back to me soon. I don't like your cold home among the mountains, Ronald *mio*. Your people are cruel. I am afraid of them. The mountains will draw you fast to their rocky hearts. You will return no more. Sometimes in the night, when I lay awake, I seem to hear the sea calling to me, and I feel as if I must throw myself right into its arms, and then I know I couldn't come back. So it will be with your mountains, Ronald. They will keep you."

She had risen; a wild light shone in her eyes.

"The summer has flown," he said. "Carmelita, see; the roses have almost all gone. My duty calls me. You must forget me, Carmelita. Forget me, I say—I can *never* come back!"

She looked down upon him as he covered his face with his hands.

"I understand, señor," she said, in a hard, strained voice. "You are wearied of me. You wish to leave. My roses are all thorns to you now. Well, señor, *adios! adios!*" Then she slowly walked away.

He had expected a storm, and was not prepared for this quiet scene. It hurt him—yes, hurt his pride more than his heart. He could not read aright that quiet agony; to him it seemed heartlessness.

The next day, he told Herrick his story as they sailed out of Monterey Bay across the ocean.

"Ronald Keith, you are less a man than I thought," Herrick exclaimed. "Take care that you have not the crime of blood laid at your door as well as falseness."

Carmelita gazed vacantly out of her window the next morning. A high wind had stripped every bush of its floral treasures, and the ground lay strewn with bruised rose petals. She gave a gasp of relief, then stood there silently gazing out on the sea. For weeks she went round like one in a trance, until her companions avoided her, and touching their foreheads as she passed, they whispered in low tones, "She is touched here." Madre Dolores went nearly distracted, calling down all the maledictions of the saints on the head of the stranger, who, she felt, must

be to blame. She appealed to the girl's old father, but he only shook his head drearily.

"It is Saturn," was all he said. "There is no use in striving. What is written must be."

One day, the young people made up a party to go to Cypress Point, and asked Carmelita to accompany them. To their astonishment, she assented eagerly. The day dawned dark and misty, but Carmelita insisted on wearing the white dress she had worn so long ago on that happy summer morning. With it were folded away some faded crimson roses, and she fastened them on her breast.

"You must not wear that, *pobrecita*," Madre Dolores expostulated, but in vain.

Carmelita sat in the wagon, silently listening to the chatter of her gay companions. Once she had been the gayest of all.

Wind-blown, storm-twisted cypress trees at last attested the fact they had reached the grove, where life and death seemed to reign together. Ghostly, blasted trunks supported living branches of deepest green. Underneath them a few pale violet asters, in the dry grass, alone denoted life. The merry company heeded little the dreariness of the scene. Lighting a fire and unpacking their lunch-baskets, they commenced to prepare for the feast. Carmelita wandered off alone and unnoticed. She walked quickly up the hill, and attracted by a natural arbor of trees, she involuntarily stopped. The cypresses looked fresh and green, and a beautiful vine of wild ivy trailed over the entrance. She entered. A vast chamber lay before her. The green had changed to gray, darkened to blacker shades. Even the earth looked ashen. Bearded moss trailed from the dead branches like ancient cobwebs. It was a fitting chamber for the old dead monks to hold their ghostly vigils. She drew a sigh of relief as she wandered from there to the point of rocks that extends farthest into the sea.

"All is hollow and false," she murmured to herself.

She stood on the promontory; above her arched a gray sky flecked with darker clouds, and, meeting it, a grayer ocean swept onward in eternal motion. The shriek of sea-gulls, thunder of waters, and moan of pines alone woke the solemn stillness. There was a storm out at sea. The wind was high and cold, and the waves were exultantly leaping in devilish glee, as if endeavoring to clasp the stern rocks in their mad embrace; and, as they retreated, they roared in baffled rage. Carmelita was fascinated. She drew nearer and nearer, till she came to the end of the point of rocks. Only one lower rock remained, over which high waves were dashing in violence.

"If you had only been true, I could have borne the parting; but if love is false, I want not life," she moaned.

Then she clasped her hands and murmured a prayer. She drew her shawl closer about her shoulders, faltered, then shuddered, then climbed down to the lower rock. The waves were quiet for a moment. She sat there motionless, and looked out upon the water unblenchingly. Afar off she could see a mighty swell. Nearer and nearer it came, like some monster, with a deafening rush. She put her hands to her ears. It strikes the rock, breaks into a glory of purest foam, recedes, and the rock stands bare and alone against the darkening sky. The waves retreat. A calm seems to have fallen over the waters. It is over, and they are still.

The merry crowd miss Carmelita, and seek for her in dismay, and then hasten into town to tell of her loss and obtain help for the search.

The old man in his study wearily says, "It is of no use. Saturn meant death; Saturn was against her." They look at him as one daft.

As soon as morning broke, almost all of the little city hastened to the Point. The waves were so still and quiet, you could not believe that treachery dwelt in their breasts. As the searchers rounded the promontory of rocks and reached the cove, they saw a dark mass lying on the wet sands, borne there by the incoming tide. The white sand-dunes looked ghostly in the pale morning light. Everything was white and still. They hastened to the beach. Carmelita lay there in her dead beauty, white as a carved statue. Her long black hair was matted with sprays of tangled sea-weed, but her face was calm and peaceful—more perfect in death than life.

"She looks at rest," they whispered.

The good old Padre led the mournful procession back to town. He had forgiven all her childish faults and follies long ago, and, as he laid her beside her mother in the old Carmel churchyard, his heart ached sorely for her "who was denied the glories of Paradise," he thought.

The next morning they found the old astrologer dead in his chair, his finger tracing her written horoscope where Saturn had so malignantly crossed.

Ronald Keith, in your rock-bound home among the Highlands, does never the sea waft to you a memory of Monterey sands, of a dead fragrance of crimson roses? As you read the old fabled story of Ariadne to your fair-haired wife, does never a sigh of regret stir your heart as you think on Naxos, where man's vows were false and the lover returned no more?

MARY W. GLASCOCK.

A CYCLE.

I.

Spring-time—is it spring-time?
 Why, as I remember spring,
 Almonds bloom and blackbirds sing;
 Such a shower of tinted petals drifting to the clover floor,
 Such a multitudinous rapture raining from the sycamore;
 And among the orchard trees—
 Acres musical with bees—
 Moans a wild dove, making silence seem more silent than before.

Yes, that is the blackbird's note;
 Almond petals are afloat;
 But I had not heard nor seen them, for my heart was far away.
 Birds and bees and fragrant orchards—ah! they can not bring the May;
 For the human presence only,
 That has left my ways so lonely,
 Ever can bring back the spring-time to my autumn of to-day.

II.

Autumn—is it autumn?
 I remember autumn yields
 Dusty roads and stubble-fields,
 Weary hills, no longer rippled o'er their wind-swept slopes with grain,
 Trees all gray with dust, that gathers even thicker till the rain;
 And where noisy waters drove
 Downward from the heights above,
 Only bare white channels wander stonily across the plain.

Yes, I see the hills are dry,
 Stubble-fields about me lie.
 What care I when in the channels of my life once more I see
 Sweetest founts, long sealed and sunken, bursting upward, glad and free?
 Hills may parch or laugh in greenness,
 Sky be sadness or serenity,
 Thou my life, my best beloved, all my spring-time comes with thee.

MILICENT W. SHINN.

SHELLEY AND THE REVOLUTION.

Shelley's life is known to us as yet only in fragments. Motives of delicacy and of family pride unite to keep the materials locked up, that, if published, would answer very important questions. Meanwhile the literature about the poet's fortunes and acts is large and unsatisfactory. To go among his biographers, who together fill a long library shelf, and to ask them for help in understanding him, is to enter a company of cultured and critical people who

are all talking among themselves in low whispers, and, withal, quarreling. You may admire their enthusiasm, but they do not and can not put your mind at rest. Furthermore, you are a little saddened to see how they hate one another. Each abuses at least one of his fellows, and all mystify. "If," says each, "if I were permitted to state my source of information, I could show that the real meaning of this or that event is quite other than the stupid and un-

worthy soul of my colleague, A. B., has held it to be." "I am informed by a person well qualified to judge, that," etc. Or, "Certain indications, which it were not prudent to explain at present, lead me to a grave suspicion just here, a suspicion, however, that I will not more clearly define, but only say that I have it. People of insight will follow me. I care for no others." Such is the tone of your true Shelley biographer. Exceptions to the rule there doubtless are. Two later biographers, Mr. W. M. Rossetti and Mr. J. A. Symonds, are tolerably plain spoken and satisfying, Mr. Symonds especially so. Yet they are limited by their material. They can not alter the fact that those who are best able to give us the truth about Shelley at first hand have not seen fit to do so, and that the tea-pot ocean of anecdote concerning our poet is yet ever liable to convulsive tempests of angry argument, whenever any new investigator sees fit to hunt up for us some scrap of news, and another investigator to abuse the first for doing so or for failing to add something else. Of this the moral is that we can not from Shelley's biography gain very much aid in understanding him as a man. Important it is to know about his life what we do; yet, with the rude sketch in black and white that is thus furnished, no one can be for a moment content. The reality and the coloring of our Shelley's character we must seek in his works. And in his works, too, we must find the inspiring ideas concerning which he was permitted to speak, and speak grandly to his fellow-men. With these ideas, and not with the outward embodiment of them in the wondrous and obscure happenings of the poet's life on the earth, our business must chiefly be whenever we speak in earnest and with genuine purpose about the poet Shelley.

Shelley must be viewed from as many sides as any mountain peak. I choose for the present to consider his place in the great mountain chain or range of his age, an age as full of great and of small things, of beautiful and of terrible things, as ever were Ural Mountains or Sierra, Andes or Himalaya. Shelley is a poet of the age of the Revolution. To this age we still belong. Do or say or think what we will, the Revolution—political, social, moral, religious, philosophical, poetical—is all about us in the air we breathe. Escape from it we can not. For a full hundred years the spirit of the Revolution has forced every one to take some position in reference to itself. One may be conservative, or progressive, or reactionary; one may content himself with his newspaper, or spend all his days in studying the thought of his time in its best expressions; one may think for himself, or

be able to buy his whole system at a bookstore for a few dollars, and stow it away half-read on a shelf, as is just now the custom of very many who revere the name of Herbert Spencer; one may publish continually all that passes through his brain, and more, too; or one may preserve that enviable love of silent contemplation which is no less creative than are the great life-giving forces of spring-time, when the little blades of grass fill their places and do not advertise their beauty—yet, do what one will, one is a unit in the great process of tremendous change which has gone on, now swift and now seemingly regressive, now terrifying and now quiet, but always intensely active, from the dawn of the French Revolution itself.

As a great man of the age of Revolution, and as a most characteristic man, one in whom the "passion for reforming the world" went side by side with the most original perception of the forces that move the world, Shelley is a form of life that we dare not leave out of sight in any effort we may make to survey the most important tendencies in modern thought and feeling. As undeveloped as he was many-sided and unfortunate, our poet is an image of the modern spirit itself—ardent, keen-sighted, aspiring, striving to be tolerant, yet often angry with misunderstanding; studious of the past, yet determined to create something new; anxious for practical reforms, yet conscious how weary the work of reform must be; above all, uncertain of the end, often despondent, not knowing what the fates may have decreed as a reward for all this strife, and incomplete, raw, or obscure, even in its most cherished and loftiest ideas. Of such a nature, I say, is Shelley, like the spirit of the age itself—not now, to be sure, strictly as poet, but as man, as moral teacher, as thinker. As poet, in the stricter sense, Shelley represents not so much the age as himself. For it pleases the World-Spirit at times to think highly original and peculiar thoughts; and these, embodied in living men, may make them incomparable with their fellows in some one respect, models and not things modeled after others; and such a distinct and lonely embodiment of ideas was Shelley the poet, who, as poet, might have been dropped down into any other age as well as into ours. Only as intellectual and as moral being may we claim him for our time, and find him one of the most striking representatives of the struggle with life-problems which we ourselves carry on.

In studying, then, the relation of Shelley to the Revolution, one studies our poet, not in his most peculiar and most individual aspect, but

without doubt, as I hold, in that aspect of his nature which means the most for the world at large. We always admire, to be sure, wonderful individuals. The "dæmoniac" power, whereby one soul conquers others with its fascination and leads them whithersoever it wills, is a power to which we delight to yield ourselves, with that love of the strongest which always guides us, even when we think ourselves most selfish. But the admiration for individuals is not the highest form of enthusiasm. The world is more than the men in it. The total of life is something more than the sum of the parts. The place of a man in the universe, in humanity, or in his age, is a more profitable subject for study than the remarkable skill, or beauty, or genius of this man himself. Shelley the moral man, the teacher, is higher in the scale of interest than Shelley the imaginative genius. And with Shelley the man we are now chiefly concerned.

When people speak of Shelley as preëminently a lyric poet, they commonly neglect to notice what profound consequences for his whole character, as a teacher of truth, are implied in this statement. Shelley is a lyric poet; but what is meant by the lyric power in poets? Is it not the power to view emotional experiences by themselves, to separate each of them from all others, to regard every grand moment of life as standing alone, as out of the chain of causes and effects, as a glorious or terrible accident? If this is the fact, and we shall find it true in Shelley's case, the peculiar fitness of our poet to embody and set forth the ideas of a period of revolution will at once be evident. When men break with past methods, the future seems to them a dark field full of strange adventures. What may come they know not; they are sure only of this: that the unexpected will happen, and nothing but the unexpected. The poet, who shall express their emotions, will then naturally be one to whom the world is less a finished system than a scene of grand actions, less a world of certainty than a world of magic. And such a poet will be lyric, rather than dramatic or epic. Let us trace some of the consequences of this general tendency in the case of our poet.

Born in the year 1792, just at the beginning of the most terrible days of the French Revolution, Percy Bysshe Shelley grew up in an atmosphere of unrest. That he was sensitive and misunderstood, inquiring and dissatisfied, we know. Many other boys in quieter times have been like him in these things. But his sensibility was fed with stimulating ideas that not all men hear of very early in life. Of these ideas the most commonplace, perhaps, were

the ones that had to do with superstition and mysticism. The Revolution at the end of the last century began, as everybody knows, with not purely rationalistic tendencies. Rousseau was no rationalist, rather reactionary in these respects than otherwise. The whole revolutionary spirit rebelled not merely against the traditional social forms of Europe, not merely against the religious beliefs of ages, but also against the superficial philosophy of the eighteenth century itself. To explain the world by mere understanding was felt to be but a poor satisfaction for the many desires and hopes and fears and impulses that, in this time of restless activity, tinged men's notions of things. So, often in the early revolutionary period you find a vein of mysticism running side by side with the most stoutly radical tendencies. The greatest writers of the time have a mystical tinge in some part of their writings. Rousseau goes into raptures over the mysterious Being he feels everywhere in nature. Goethe, in his childhood, sets up an altar to worship the Eternal after his own fashion, in his early youth studies alchemy and speculates on the Trinity, in his early manhood writes the first part of *Faust*, in his old age the mystical choruses of the *Epilogue*. Schiller, less given to free contemplation of the world, is, by so much the more, a prey to reflective speculation on the hidden soul of things, and the *Ghostseer* and the philosophic lyrics testify to a sense of the mysterious, and an insight into the problematic side of life, which rationalism would wholly fail to comprehend. I need not speak at length of the German Romantic School proper, which sold its birthright to the succession of poetical empire for the poor boon of speculating on the realm beyond experience. England did not escape the contagion. To be sure, much of the nonsensical in this mystical reaction against rationalism was imported from Germany. "Monk" Lewis and many translators familiarized the public with what were little more than vulgar ghost-stories, detestable even of their kind. But the genuine spirit, that was willing to see and express the mysterious in the strange destinies, emotions, and fears of a period of change, this natural and justifiable spirit of wonder, found in Coleridge's early poems, in Scott's healthy love of the marvelous, and, later on, in the early stages of the so-called Transcendental movement, a place on English, and, finally, on American ground. We must not despise even the vagaries, in so far as they were honest vagaries, of this modern mysticism. Men felt, in the beginning of the Revolution, that the ground was insecure under their feet, that the future held great possibilities, that the world conceal-

ed the most weighty secrets. In all this, surely, they were right. To feel in view of the changes a superstitious terror, to picture in the realm of the possible all kinds of fantastic shapes, to interpret the world-secrets in terms of human emotions—all this was doubtless wrong; yet certainly it was natural. Shelley was early a mystic. While yet a boy he read tales of wonder, and wrote them; he dabbled in such occult sciences as common acids and primitive electrical apparatus make possible, and believed he was treading on the verge of nature's deepest and most awful secrets; he conjured the devil with solemn earnestness, and hunted about in the dark for ghosts. Always a sceptic, he never ceased to be a mystic, and, if faith can be found among the followers of a revolution, Shelley held firmly to the end by this one faith, that, be this world what it may, it is at all events wonderful.

More important than his love of the mysterious was his love of freedom. This emotion Shelley breathed in the air about him, and found it intensified by his own heart. Few men have had the love of freedom in a purer form than he. Most men would like to be free themselves, and are willing that others should be what fortune makes them, so long as their lot be not all too hard. Shelley was absolutely universal, perfectly unselfish in his desire that men should be free. Freedom meant for him the same as the universal good of mankind. The slightest shadow of revenge he considered unworthy of the philanthropic soul; and so he would not deprive of liberty even the man who by wrong-doing had seemingly forfeited the right to it. In this one idea of liberty he bound up all his beliefs, as to the rules of practical life. To study Shelley's theory of freedom is to study his poetry and prose, once for all, in its whole practical aspect. Most thoroughly an expression of the Revolution was our poet in this direction of his thought.

But yet another set of ideas went to the making of Shelley's world. Early he developed and enduringly he held by a sense of the worth of emotional experiences. In this sense of the significance of feeling Shelley is at one with the best spirits of the early revolutionary age. The rationalism of the first half of the eighteenth century had reduced everything to a mere affair of the understanding. The outbreak of poetry which is contemporary with the outbreak of the political revolution is based on the recognition of the importance of feeling. Such a recognition the Storm and Stress poets forced on the German mind, and afterward the Lake school upon the English public, and again, years later, the French Romanticists

on the thought of their own country. And one of the most dramatic histories that could be related of this century would be the history of the war of the intenser human feelings to gain and hold a place in esteem and influence beside the higher forms of human intellect. Our modern life is full of this conflict. Literature and daily experience furnish us numberless cases of the struggle, fought out on the grandest and on the humblest fields. An age full of change and of great thoughts is naturally an age of such tragedies.

Shelley never *came* to possess the sense of the worth of emotion; he always possessed it. In a sense in which few men have been uniformly and marvelously impressible, he was so. The power of vision never forsook him. We find him, to be sure, lamenting over his own weakness and poverty of experience:

"O world! O life! O time!
On whose last steps I climb,
Trembling at that where I had stood before,
When will return the glory of your prime?
No more—oh, never more!

"Out of the day and night
A joy has taken flight;
Fresh Spring, and Summer, and Winter hoar,
Move my faint heart with grief—but with delight
No more, oh, never more!"

But we know that all this divine sadness belongs to a world into whose lowest sphere we ascend but once in a long time. We know that the high visions the poet mourns are such as our eyes see not at all, while his monotony would be to us the most stirring emotional life. The poet moves us to sorrow; we lament with him, but these tears, this cry of anguish, these sobbing measures, we understand their true cause as little as if we were present at the funeral of a god, whom the other gods of high heaven were loudly mourning. What know we of climbing the last steps of life and time, or of the poet's joys that thus took wing? I speak of us as we are in general, single glimpses aside.

Thus far, then, we have noted certain tendencies in Shelley that seem directly expressive of the revolutionary spirit. Like all the general statements about poets, ours must have been found tedious and vague enough. We shall, in the sequel, do what we can to correct our fault by more special references to the poet's works themselves. Yet, before we go farther in this direction, a great question meets us face to face and demands answer, a question very general indeed, but very important. We have been speaking of the age and spirit of the Revolution. What do we mean by the revolutionary

spirit? What by the Revolution itself? What is the true significance for human progress of the great movement in which Shelley is but a unit, in which, as we saw in the beginning, we ourselves must play our part, whether we will or not? I conceive it to be a necessary portion of the work planned at the outset that we should give some space to a brief summary of one view at least concerning this great problem.

To state, then, once more, our query: What is the revolutionary spirit? What is in general a revolution of human affairs and of human life? To answer the question neither too vaguely nor too hastily requires that we should revert for a little to first principles.

Our ideas of the world, of the society about us, of life, of ourselves, exhibit, when we look at them somewhat closely, this wonderful characteristic: namely, that we are ever forming them afresh, ever reconstructing them out of their elements, ever creating, as it were, the very products we are supposed most permanently to possess. When we speak the word Humanity, or the word Universe, or Life, or Time, or Being, we can do no real thinking with these words, unless, be it never so quickly and vaguely, we build up, put together, make syntheses of simpler ideas into the form of the great and complex idea suggested by the word used. Thoughts are not dead and finished mind-products that you can lay away on a shelf, so as to take them down entire, dry, and sound, when you want to use them. Thoughts are living, and each thought lives, in the most literal sense, but a moment. You must create your thought afresh whenever you want it. You create it, it flashes into active life for a moment, and then it is for ever past. That thought can not be recalled. You may make another like unto it. You may build ever afresh airy castles, and let time tear them down as soon as they are made. But retain the same thought more than an instant you can not. Whatever treasures your mind possesses belong to it only in so far as you recreate them, reconquer them again and again, your whole life long. Activity, and ceaseless activity, is the price of the possession of even the humblest kind of knowledge. Give up acting, and all your past labors go for nothing. Even the most plodding soul is thus in so far original in its thoughts as that these result always from its own efforts exerted anew on every impulse. If one ceases entirely to be original, he ceases to think altogether. The essence of thinking is originality.

Our thoughts are thus always the products of momentary, immediately exerted activity. And so, of course, is our practical behavior in so far

as it runs parallel to our ideas. We do this or that because Society approves of it, or because Law sanctions it, or because Humanity is benefited by it, or because the world appears to us such and such in nature and ordering, so that in it just this course of action is good. So, at least, we commonly account for our deliberate and most worthy acts. But to behave in this wise presupposes ideas of the world, of humanity, of law, of society—ideas complex and far-reaching, which must, as shown, be formed anew whenever we have reason to form them.

So, then, in order to act at all well and deliberately in the greater affairs of life, men must be able easily and accurately to build up for themselves, just when they want them, clear notions of the great powers and facts that are concerned in human life. They must and do have well formed, if not quite finished, if often quite erroneous, ideas about the universe and about destiny in order to live well the humblest lives.

I lay stress on this great fact, because to understand it is necessary if you want to understand what is revolution. Men's ideas and practices are in so far changing and changing ever, as men active and men thoughtful are alike ever building up anew for themselves their world of ideas, of traditions, and of aims. The whole thought-fabric of human life is there, because human beings will at each and every moment that it should be there. The most cruel wrong, the most painful superstition, the most worthless prejudice, is what it is, because mankind please at this instant to suffer it or to conform to it. The highest aims, the most enduring truths, the most comfortable persuasions, are what they are, because at each and every moment human consciousness creates them again out of chaos. The same mind-power that originated still sustains all that is great or contemptible, morally good or morally evil, in human life. Men's affairs, in so far as they are matters of thought at all, are solely what men make them. Only our sensations escape our control. Our thoughts are our own.

But there is another and a very different aspect to this same truth. Changing, renewing themselves, are all our thoughts and principles ever, but the new thoughts are commonly like the old thoughts, the new acts follow the track of their predecessors. If it is true that our lives at any moment are the products of that moment, it is none the less true that the product is formed with the least possible effort, and that the least possible effort means conformity to previous acts. Hence, along with the fact of ceaseless activity in human thought and life goes the no less far-reaching fact of ceaseless

economy of energy, of perennial laziness, in human thought and life. The world of thought for men is at each moment what men choose to find it; but let men alone, and they will choose to find or construct it at each moment just like the world of the previous moment. Without stimulus, without definite ends in view, men will indeed go on rebuilding their ideas every instant, but the rebuilding will not be a reformation, in the ordinary sense, but a building after the old models. This is what we mean by conservatism. The conservative spirit creates, indeed; it must do so. But it creates after the plan of its former creations. It originates, but by copying. All of us, however, left to ourselves, are conservatives. We need stimulus to make us otherwise. Wants that the old fashions by constructing our ideas will not satisfy, experiences that demand new forms of effort to bring them into harmony with older experiences, forces in the world beyond that call forth new answering strivings in our own hearts—these are the motives that lead us to be aggressive and revolutionary, to build our ideas after new fashions, to originate in a double sense, to will and purpose new things, to dwell as it were in a new world. Eating and drinking and sleeping are strictly conservative activities; they have to be performed ever afresh, but each new effort is like the former ones. Let us alone, entirely without disturbance, and conforming our lives to the rule of least waste of effort, we should inevitably do nothing but eat and drink and sleep. Disturbances arouse us, our fellow-men interfere with us, the struggle for life claims us, experience urges us with its scourge of many-knotted problems, we cease to be purely conservative for a time, and rush on to some new stage of equilibrium. Our methods once formed and conformed to our circumstances, we act again in peace and with regularity, build our ideas according to our methods, and remain conservative till new impulses forbid us to continue longer in the same system, and away we fly again in new revolution. Whence it follows that every revolutionary soul is seeking for nothing so much as an opportunity to become once more conservative, while every conservative differs not at all in his final aim from the upholder of revolution; for both desire to do with the least waste of effort what they must do as long as they live. Each seeks the easiest methods of forming his ideas and ordering his action. Only the thoughts of the revolutionary soul are more confused, and so harder to bring into clearness, than are those of the conservative; while the ideas of the conservative are less complex, less evolved, and so less lively and rebellious, than those of his

brother. The innovator is higher in the scale of being, but he is imperfectly developed on his plane. The supporter of the old is a completer creature on the earth, but he is farther from heaven. The restlessness of the revolutionary spirit is contagious, and reminds the conservative what he ought to be seeking—namely, something higher. The regularity of conservative methods that have grown to be a second nature is instructive, and admonishes the rebellious preacher of progress as to what he is seeking through all changes—namely, rest and stability.

A revolution, then, in life or in society, is, on its intellectual side, a great change in the methods whereby men form their notions of the things of life and the world—a change arising from this, that new material in experience or emotion refuses to be conquered by the old methods, or to conform itself to ideas of the old pattern. But as men are accustomed to conceive of new things after old fashions so long as it is possible to do so, the old fashions of forming ideas will remain unchanged so long as there are not formed great masses of experience that rebel against the old methods. Then, at length, when the impossibility appears of thinking of the world and of life, of the government or of custom, of one's fellows or of nature, in the old way, then suddenly, with anguish and strife, the old methods are abandoned, the entire mode of forming ideas is changed, the fountains of the great deep are broken up, chaos seems imminent, and the struggle for new modes of living and thinking begins.

Of the great practical changes that go side by side with these theoretical changes, we need not speak at length. The alteration in ideas concerns us the more. And one or two especially noticeable things come just here in our way. The ideas, namely, and the ways of forming ideas, that were accounted useful and permanent before the revolution, become upon the approach of the revolution itself objects of unbounded contempt. A holy zeal to destroy takes possession of men. In the service of the Highest, they think, must they tear down and root out. Forgetting that the old methods were adequate for the old problems, that the old way of building ideas mastered the old material, and was in so far forth a true way, leading to relatively true ideas, men denounce the old age as an age of shams and errors, and speak of their present work as a work of regenerating or of creating the truth. Men do not bethink them that the old age, too, was creative, only in a conservative sense. The old ideas they call lies. For "lie" is a name quite often applied to an unserviceable truth, whether its useless-

ness arises from old age or from extreme novelty. Nor does the imperfection stop here. The Revolution, like everything else in life, must have its own ways of forming ideas. Even provisionally, in all the confusion, notions about the world and about destiny must ever anew be created. The revolution throws away the old methods. Its system is not yet completed. It must furnish off-hand new methods. It resorts to high-sounding commonplaces, and wearies us with shallow truisms. The innovator talks of Liberty, of Nature, of Equality, as if with these barren ideas the whole complexity of life could be measured. Forgetting the negative character of the notions he recommends, forgetting that Nature means only the absence of voluntary interference, Liberty the absence of restraint, Equality the absence of definite moral relations, he calls upon all to solve the world-problem with him by repeating these abstractions, and he leaves us as unsatisfied and restless with it all as even his most unbounded revolutionary zeal could have desired to see us.

Such then is revolution, a conflict undertaken in the service of peace, a vast toil accepted in the interest of indolence; or, again, a destruction of numberless ideas and faiths, with the purpose of building up both knowledge and persuasion. No one understands the revolutionary spirit, I think, who does not see the deep-lying identity with it of the conservative spirit. As human nature is eternally active, the innovator is but the conservative with more complexing facts before him, and the conservative only the upholder of revolution who has now, at length, no more worlds to conquer.

Thus, then, we have sought to give a clear, if very inadequate, idea of what revolution is. And, returning once more to our poet, we shall now understand better the meaning of the facts stated about him, and how he reflects in his own nature the spirit of a revolutionary time. We see how the unrest of the age finds expression in his mingling of the sceptical and mystical in his thought, how the gospel of the revolution itself is embodied in his practical creed, and how the emotional strivings of the age receive in him a most wonderful representative. It remains for us to examine how these results of the Revolution, as embodied in the poet Shelley, are found to bear fruit in his works, and what lesson is thence to be drawn concerning the value of the tendencies of our time.

Shelley, the practical reformer, is the inspirer of such conceptions as the *Prometheus*, or as the *Revolt of Islam*. Shelley, the poet of great experiences, sparkles in a multitude of rare gems of lyric poetry. Shelley, not only as lyric poet, but as seer and mystic, produces such marvels

as the *Triumph of Life*, the *Epipsychidion*, or the *Adonais*, and adorns the *Prometheus* itself. In all these three directions of activity Shelley is the child of the Revolution in so far forth as his aims, his problems, and his beliefs are framed by the revolutionary spirit.

Let us consider briefly the *Prometheus Unbound*. A poem in the form of a drama, all of whose characters are supernatural beings, and withal abstractions, might be supposed lacking in human interest. It is not so, however. The keenest sense of the real problems of life pervades every line. The imagery is sometimes colossal, and sometimes subtle and delicate in the extreme, but never cold. A certain tendency to declamation one feels now and then in the first act; but, on the whole, a greater triumph over stubborn material can not easily be found. The intensest sympathy with human sufferings and hopes could alone have made such triumph possible.

Prometheus is the representative of the soul of man. Personified as he is and given a real body and a real love, he loses something of his perfect character as representative, but gains in human interest. As we know him in Shelley he is a kind of divine man, strong, wise, good, deathless, sleepless. His fortitude in suffering claims our worship at first, his joy and dignity our sympathy at the end.

Forget for a moment, however, the personification. We are not enjoying the poem now, but thinking of its meaning. Let us see through the allegory to the truth beneath. The soul of man then, the human consciousness viewed in its highest manifestations, is condemned by cruel wrong to suffer under oppressors. Who are these oppressors? Shelley evidently means this, that the wise and good and lofty in human nature is perpetually in chains because tradition and custom and government, the instruments of those who are malicious because ignorant and powerful, are ever striving to repress higher development and destroy higher wisdom. This is for the present the law, as it has been the law in the past, that the evil hates the good and is physically the stronger. Here, then, we have the first half of the revolutionary doctrine. The world, as it is, is bad, and must be changed.

The higher consciousness of man is content to endure this wrong, because it knows the end must come. In the fierce anguish of new or cruel oppression, it may, indeed, vent itself in cursing, not wishing other evil to happen to those who are evil than the fact of their baseness, but condemning them in its wrath to that, and leaving off all effort to save them. In calmer moments, however, it sees how much to be pitied are those who are evil. It withdraws

its curses; but it has no thought of yielding. One great comfort it finds continually in the companionship of nature. All things mourn the oppression of man, as they will join in his rejoicings when he is free. To the higher consciousness all nature has a voice, is in league with the loftiest aims. But the soul of man has yet other comforts. The strivings of great thinkers to pierce the mystery of things, the outpourings of generosity and love, of poetic fervor and devotion to liberty—all these things are continual prophecies of the coming emancipation. Thus, in courage, and hope, and defiance, the unconquerable spirit lives on, and awaits the day of freedom.

But now, what and whence the deliverance? Can the apostle of the Revolution show us the means and the result of revolution? Evil has sprung up, and now rules the world. How is that evil to be destroyed? Is it not, as much as good, a necessary part of the universe, fixed beyond our power? If not, what are the laws whereby we can remove it? Prometheus can not destroy the evil himself; he is chained. He knows not how long the oppressor's rule will last; he knows only that it must some day end. I have heard of few stranger conceptions than this, emanating, as it does, from a reformer's mind—than this, I say, of the chained Prometheus, the hope and embodiment of all that is good, the divine genius of reform, unable to see a moment in advance the coming of his deliverer, only assured that a deliverer must some day come, and meanwhile inactive, unable by any word or sign to hasten the accomplishment of the deliverance, a slave of fate, a child of accident.

"And yet to me welcome is day and night;
Whether one breaks the hoar-frost of the morn,
Or starry, dim, and slow, the other climbs
The leaden colored east; for then they lead
The wingless, crawling Hours, one among whom—
As some dark priest hates the reluctant victim—
Shall drag thee, cruel king, to kiss the blood
From these pale feet, which then might trample thee,
If they disdained not such a prostrate slave."

What means this self-contradiction of the revolutionary spirit? Why is Prometheus, the representative of progress, a prey to accident, helpless? Is this merely the result of the fable, or the expression of Shelley's doctrine of life? Partly, of course, both; but mainly the result of the doctrine. Shelley need not have chosen Prometheus for his hero had he not wished it. He need not have bound himself with the chains of the old story had he not been willing. But, in fact, the world is to Shelley just this: a theatre of the sublimest accidents; a

grand conflict of contrasts; a place where the triumph of good or of evil is a matter for joy or for lamentation, for enthusiasm or for horror, but never a definite end, to be reached or avoided by definite means. Shelley, the lyric poet, here appears in the strongest light. With the events and the experiences in the Prometheus we are held spell-bound. Even their sequence, also, is sublime. But this sequence is as irrational, or super-rational, as it is sublime. Whether we hear about the dim and obscure Necessity, that some day the liberating hour should come, and the tyrant should fall, or whether we look merely at the grandeur of the event itself, the sudden outburst of the universe into a pæan of harmony and an ecstasy of sacred love—whatever we may do, we can but call the entire occurrence a mere happening, a wild chance. We rejoice that the chance has found such a poet to sing it. But we doubt whether this means anything at all for our poor, real world of practical life. Do reforms really come in this way? we say.

Angry we are at our own question immediately. Of course, this is an ideal picture of things. Of course, the poet leaves out of account the forces of reform, and sings the glorious fact of reform itself. His picture is true, as far as it goes. It pretends not to discourse of causes and effects. And yet we must feel that this is not enough to have said. There is a defect, not an artistic, but an ethical one, in this poem. The doctrine is, despite all, only the orthodox revolutionary doctrine again, the teaching that you need but strike off the chains and the reform is accomplished; that you need but love fervently enough, and hate is quelled; that, in a word, the world is a game-table, whereon a good throw of the dice must now forthwith be expected, because we have so long made bad throws.

That this was Shelley's doctrine appears, I think, from all his poetry, and from what we know of his life. His faith in the good, and in the triumph of the good, was sublime in its earnestness; but in its foundation it is much the same as the gambler's faith in luck, or as the ordinary stock optimism in which people always indulge when they wish to be considered especially clear-sighted. To say that in all things evil there is a soul of good; that the purpose of evil is simply to adorn and embellish good by contrast; that the deep desires of the human heart are certain to be realized—all this is supposed to be a sign of special profundity. Deeper, I think, would be the insight that were willing to recognize the problems of destiny as real, permanently real, and so for ever insoluble problems; while itself only showed us what, in this

checkered life, the truly and eternally good is, and bade us seek and increase that good as we are able. But all this shall be but an objection to Shelley's age, not to himself as the embodiment of it. To say that his optimism would have been shallow had it not been so deeply earnest, is to recognize the great truth about him, that he was undeveloped in his thought, but enviable in his ideas.

The revolutionary spirit as the gospel of the accidental was, I have said, especially fitted for Shelley's nature as a lyric poet. The effort he makes in Laon and Cythna (*The Revolt of Islam*) to set forth the doctrine of revolution at length and in order shows, I think, more than ever the truth of this observation. What a monstrous world of loveliness and horror, of glory and shame, is this into which the poet here introduces us. Yet just this is the conception of the world which he learned from his time, adding only the touch of his own genius. One sees in this poem especially one great defect of the doctrine in question. If the belief in sublime accidents leads us to hope that men will suddenly be reformed, and the world suddenly turned from darkness to light, the same belief, making certain as it does the possibility of terrible accidents, leaves only too much room to dread that the good will give place to evil, the world return to its former errors, and life once more be shadowed. If progress be mainly negative and cataclysmic, what horrible reverses will not humanity have to endure throughout all time; the higher the development, the more terrible the disaster.

It is strange to see how this doctrine, which one might suppose, after all, to be in Shelley the result of immaturity and of over-haste to teach his fellow-men, is in fact derived from his father after the spirit, in process of time his actual father-in-law, William Godwin, who had interpreted the doctrines of the Revolution to the young men of Britain in a book published first in 1793, and known as *Political Justice*. Godwin's first period of literary activity, the one from which of course Shelley learned most, is distinguished by a vast confidence in the power of liberty to cure all ills. Shelley drank in eagerly the spirit of the doctrines long after the author had come to see reason to modify the latter, and he was certainly not wanting in effort to put ideas into practice. His expedition to Ireland for the sake of aiding Catholic emancipation and arousing the people is well known, and has, within a few years past, been investigated at length by Rossetti and McCarthy. Very fascinating is the preserved correspondence with Godwin at this time. Godwin had never met Shelley, knew

him only by letter, but was not a little disturbed at witnessing the zeal of his young follower. He feared all manner of consequences, and used every effort to dissuade Shelley from continuing his work as an agitator. But Godwin's efforts would have been to little purpose had not the poet come to feel that, after all, his vocation was not in Ireland. Yet only by degrees did Shelley abandon his projects of immediate social reform. Probably he never gave up the idea of being a great reformer some day; and if he had lived, doubtless in the days that followed his name would have been heard in fields other than what are commonly known as poetical. A passage with which the young enthusiast closes a certain *Declaration of Rights*, a brief printed broadside composed during his Irish expedition, will serve to show us how his doctrines sounded when they are expressed, not in poetry, but in prose:

"Man! thou whose rights are here declared, be no longer forgetful of the loftiness of thy destination. Think of thy rights, of those possessions which will give thee virtue and wisdom, by which thou mayest arrive at happiness and freedom. They are declared to thee by one who knows thy dignity, for every hour does his heart swell with honorable pride in the contemplation of what thou mayest attain—by one who is not forgetful of thy degeneracy, for every moment brings home to him the bitter conviction of what thou art.

'Awake! arise! or be for ever fallen.'"

Evidently Shelley just here feels as much a hero as if he were Satan himself on the burning marl. He always had a proper and praiseworthy admiration for Satan.

But enough of criticism of the revolutionary gospel as Shelley preached it. We see here the mistake into which our century has ever been apt to fall, a mistake which just now we seek to correct by studying natural science and history—those two great teachers of law and moderation and doubt. The mistake lies in recognizing from one side only that eternal activity which we noticed at the outset—the life-power whereby men make anew at each instant their works of good and evil; in recognizing, I say, this one side of the truth, while forgetting the other side, to wit: the fact of what I have named the perennial laziness of human nature, which prevents men from forming their ideas at any moment differently from the way in which they formed them the moment before, unless both new method and new impulses are present to their consciousness. The Revolution said: Men make their lives such as they are; therefore, if men but willed it, the world would be happy; therefore, grant freedom of action, and nature will do the rest. But the

truth is that men do will and must will to be as wretched as they are unless both knowledge and stimulus unite to bring them to a better mind; and even then the change will be slow, weary, full of anguish. We can never be sure that the life of benevolence and of nobility in aim is possible for the mass of the race until we see the result accomplished; and even in that case we have no reason to suppose that evil would be for ever prevented, or the goal of progress attained.

The Revolution was at first optimistic. Shelley, as representing it, is in purpose at least an optimist. But the fault of optimism is its blindness, and its *naïve* trust in the power of good intentions. In our time our duty is to correct this optimism by recognizing the ever-present fact of evil in the world. Not for a moment excusing evil, nor yet daring to forget or overlook it, we must make up our minds to endless conflict while life lasts. We look forward to no haven of peace so long as we deal with life in its practical aspect. In contemplation, in knowledge, in worship, there is indeed peace; but these things belong not to active life, and to give ourselves up entirely to them is to be false to our duty to mankind. As men we must be in continual war. And even final victory for the right is never certain.

But if the Revolution was imperfect, its spirit was noble; and we who inherit its problems dare not neglect to reverence its ambitions, its faith, and its pure intentions.

I turn to those other forms of Shelley's poetry wherein we may see embodied the intellectual and emotional tendencies of the Revolution. We have been looking at imperfections; not because we desired to pick flaws in Shelley, but because to note these things is profitable. Whatever belongs to our poet's genius we find above criticism. Only as the embodiment of the ideas of his time, or as immature and not wholly master of his material, does he seem to us now and then imperfect. But when we come to consider him as the poetic voice of the emotions of the century, or as seer to whom higher truth is often manifest, here we find him not learning from the age. His genius has full play. The time impedes him less and less.

To catch a fleeting experience in its marvelous perfection of emotional coloring, to crystallize it and make it eternal, to leave it a jewel in the world's treasure-house for all time, that it may flash back in multitudinous rays (how well worn the poor figure is!) the light of all future life that falls upon it—this is the great work of the lyric poet. This Shelley has done, living as he did in the midst of a time of revived emotional life, and has done with a magic power at

which we can only mutely marvel. Think of the "Indian Serenade," or of the "Lament," which has been already cited, or of the songs in the *Prometheus*, or of Beatrice's song in the last act of the *Cenci*:

"False friend, wilt thou smile or weep
When my life is laid asleep?
Little cares for a smile or a tear
The clay-cold corpse upon the bier.
Farewell! Heigh-ho!
What is this whispers low?
There is a snake in thy smile, my dear,
And bitter poison within thy tear.

"Sweet sleep! were death like to thee,
Or if thou couldst mortal be,
I would close these eyes of pain—
When to wake? Never again.
O, world! farewell!
Listen to the passing bell!
It says thou and I must part,
With a light and a heavy heart."

Even the bitter and uncertain conflict to which the Revolution introduces us seems not too hard, if in its pauses we can hear at moments such strains of music as this, breathing as they do from and for hearts that, without all the bitter conflict, might be dead and joined to the things of earth alone.

But if already, as one who notes down experiences, Shelley is a marvel and a benefactor, as a seer of truth he has claims upon our regard even greater. The Revolution has meant for so many souls doubt, distress, hesitation in the choice of ideals, or even blank materialism of moral aims, that it is at once strange and refreshing to deal with a soul whose consciousness of the worth of ideal truth never falters, and that is withal so familiar a guest in the world of the ideals as to be quite unconscious that what itself tells us is at all extraordinary. Most mystics and idealists of any sort are a little proud of the fact, and like to recount to us with childish simplicity how they know secrets that they in no wise intend to reveal, how they deal with matters quite out of the common reach. Shelley has this in common with Swedenborg, that he is a very unmythical kind of mystic, and pretends to know a world of fact by no means so foreign in import to our own world. Shelley's mysticism is, however, unlike Swedenborg's, purely poetical, and hence perfectly safe, being judged altogether by the standards of emotional truth. He introduces us into the region of high contemplation, the region of all most secure from the disturbances of the world of practical life; and in this calm abode he entertains us with thoughts never dogmatic, infinitely plastic, and colored all with the many

hues of his light-giving spirit. Here it is that Shelley appears at times as the man of a fervor rightly to be named religious. There is the same contempt of the finite, the same elevation above the world of sense, the same beatific vision, that marks the best moments of the saints of all ages. *Adonais* is the record of such experiences. The picture of that higher life which he for a moment attributes to the dead is not easily surpassable:

"Peace! peace! he is not dead, he does not sleep;
He is awakened from the dream of life.
'Tis we who, lost in gloomy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife."

But as a seer, Shelley above all distinguishes himself in the character of a philosopher of love. In this realm so remote, and to most poets so inaccessible, of genuine unsentimental comprehension of the great passion, Shelley has obtained for himself the highest rank. And this is a subject of some importance for our present business, because the poets of the Revolution period have all been very wayward in their treatment of the higher affections; and, in the doubt and obscurity of mind attendant upon the revolutionary spirit, have run from the extreme of sentimental ecstasy to the extreme of scepticism in regard to the worth, the truth, and the enduring character of love. Shelley, in the *Epipsychidion*, and in many single passages, has dealt with the subject in a spirit of the happiest faith. Love is with him real, and of profound importance; but half the ordinary sentiment about it means nothing to him at all. Hardly a more profitable study in higher criticism could be mentioned than one that compared in detail, as Shelley himself has compared in general, Dante's *Vita Nuova* with the *Epipsychidion*; the philosophic love of the age of romance, given up as it is to deep self-questionings, with the free, overflowing passion of this favored child of the age of Revolution, who had loved, as he said, an Antigone in some previous state of existence, and now could never rest in the precious toil of pursuing her shadow through all the world.

But, to sum up, we find in revolution the effort to accommodate the activity of thought and practical life to the ever new demands of emotion and experience. The Revolution of the past hundred years has expressed especially

the need of the individual for fuller life, and for a better knowledge of his place in the universe. To use an expression from Novalis, many ways have the men of our day traveled; their end has been the same. To conquer the doubt of the time, and find themselves homes in the strange chaos of ideas with which the modern world seems filled, has been their common effort. Shelley, as a representative of the revolutionary spirit, has two chief things to teach us: first, that in the world of active life we are in no wise near to a solution of our problems. In the enthusiasm of the poet, which vented itself in dreams of an ideal society, dreams unlike the reality, and useless if they had been the reality, we see mirrored the incapacity of the modern spirit to lay the ghosts it has called up. Optimism is a resort as useless as it is unfounded. We are in the struggle of the Revolution still. We know not how it is to end. It would be no struggle if we did know. We know not that good must and will triumph. If we did know, why lay our vain hands on the ark and meddle with a predetermined fate? But, as such bold efforts as Shelley's teach us, we are unable to know. Progress is full of mishaps and accidents. Our duty is to watch and fight, ever on the lookout for foes, as a tiger in a jungle that the hunters are beating might wander, still brave and confident, but ever looking this way and that for the gleam of the bright spears. In active life the lesson Shelley teaches is, save for the example of his heroism, and devotion, and high purpose, mainly a negative one.

But as a child of the Revolution, Shelley gives example, too, of the intellectual and poetical results of the age of unrest; and here he is our guide altogether. As contemplation is ever better than action, as thought is higher than things, as ideals put to shame the efforts made to realize them, so does Shelley, in the world of ideas, stand far above the unrest of the age, a grand model. Send us, too, O Life, such power to endure and to see! If only at rare moments we are favored as he perpetually was, those moments will outweigh all the years of conflict and uncertainty, and pain, and disappointment that lengthen out our lives, weary children as we are of an age filled with the woes of doubt and with toil in the dark.

JOSIAH ROYCE.

A DUEL IN THE BACKWOODS OF ALABAMA.

Not many days after the close of the Christmas holidays, I found myself at a supper given at the residence of a well to do farmer of Dale County, Alabama. The feast was to be followed by a dance, and such other amusements as the inclinations of those present might suggest. It was the close of a day of labor peculiar to frontier life, known by the descriptive title of a "log-rolling." It is customary in this country for the neighbors to meet at each other's houses, on stated days, in the late winter, to aid by united labor in piling up for burning the logs cut from the fallen trees on the plantation. As the prevalent system of farming permits most of the large forest trees, after being girdled when the land is reclaimed, to stand till they decay and fall, these farms are frequently thickly strewn with the trunks of these prostrate monarchs at the end of the farm year; and so heavy are they as to successfully resist the efforts of the few hands belonging to a single plantation. As all are in the same condition of dependence, resulting from a general poverty, they of course aid each other in heaping, or "rolling," the logs; and a return of this work in kind, when called upon, becomes a sort of neighborly etiquette not to be disregarded. It is considered quite the proper thing for the planter to furnish plenty of "tangle-leg" during the labor, and give a supper and dance afterward, to which the neighborhood is considered invited, without attention or formality further than a general announcement that the entertainment will be given. If the planter should belong to the church, dancing is not insisted upon; and the pleasure-seekers resort to any other festivity that they may suggest not voted in the community as "against the rules of the church." Singular as it may appear to most of my readers, after lifting weights all day that would put almost any kid-gloved dandy of the city upon his bed for a week, these hardy sons of toil not unfrequently dance all night. And such dances! Not the divine, rhythmical movement of the waltz (which they scorn), nor the more stately quadrille, nor the adaptive german, the mysteries of which they know nothing of; but the cotillion and reel constitute their stock of forms, and they are danced with an energy and devotion to business totally destructive of grace and suggestive of a mild type of fury.

Farmer B—— was, as I have stated, a well to do man of this section; his table always groaned under an abundance of pork, bacon, spare-ribs, chickens, vegetables, potatoes, corn-dodgers, milk, coffee, custards, puddings, and pies, while his sideboard ever had an "appetizer" before sitting down to the viands. His hospitality was proverbial throughout his section, of which he had been a Justice of the Peace for many years.

Upon this occasion, I reached his house just as the sun was shooting its dying glances in golden sheens up among the clouds that clambered from the western horizon toward the zenith, and halted near the gate to note the beauties of that almost matchless southern sunset. Softly the breezes, just a bit tipped with a suggestion of cold, played through the tall pine-tops, while covies of doves dashed by, low overhead, speeding toward their roost in the old sedge-fields, and chattering blackbirds and robin-redbreasts made the air vocal high over the tall nodding pines—they, too, on the wing to the swamps for the night. The low humming that always at this hour arises around the farm house, coming from no one knows where, filled the air, while the song of a negro, driving his oxen across a distant field toward his lowly home, swelled ever and anon through the air in the peculiarly mellow notes of his race, bringing back memories of long lost days of boyhood. Across the fields were approaching a group of men, slowly wending their way to the house. There they made their informal toilets about a basin of water, set on a bench near the well, and "primed up" before a glass hung against the piazza wall. The "priming up" consisted of combing the hair and brushing the whiskers, and there the mysterious rite ended. There was no ringing of bells, no gong beating to call us to the table, but in a few minutes Mrs. B—— called from the kitchen door:

"Squire, come to supper."

Seated around the ample table were a score of men, reaching in age from downy cheeked youngsters to the old soldier with a deep scar on his forehead, received at Malvern Hill, overshadowed by a thick suit of iron gray hair. "Uncle Sammy," the pet of the young men, was there—old, bald, clean-shaven, almost toothless, but lithe, strong, and as full of pranks as any of the young men. He would run foot-

aces, jump, fish, wrestle, and play "seven-up," with the boys, and trouble generally overtook the unfortunate squirrel or turkey when his clear grayish eye squinted along "Nancy Jones's" lean body at them. This was an old rifle of the flint-lock epoch, and known, in the nomenclature of an age of gunnery now obsolete, as a "yager." Large cups, ornamented with pale blue, modest looking Chinese women painted on them, and holding copious draughts of steaming coffee, were set before the guests. Roast pig, stuffed turkey, and baked venison ham received repeated honors at the hands of the hungry laborers, and all was happy chat when the sound of a violin being tuned in the "big house" announced the arrival of "Black Mose," the indispensable on such occasions. Night had now fallen, and a million stars twinkled overhead, and poured their streams of glittering light down through the crisp air upon a reposing world wrapped in Luna's modest robing. A goodly number of the young ladies and men of the neighborhood had arrived while we were at supper, and when we entered the house, whence the sounds of the violin proceeded, a set was on the floor, headed by the singing-school master of the district, who had just reached that part of the reel called by him "the set." Mose jerked the quick notes of "Cotton-eyed Jo" out with becoming vigor, while the master and his partner shuffled at each other from the opposite ends of the set—he in the steps so loved by the clog-dancer, while she floated from side to side with a dipping didapper movement that kept time with the air. The room was well filled, and eight couples composed the set. After dancing themselves down, the head couple would go to the foot, and the next couple would go through the same way, to conclude and take position at the foot, blowing, flushed, and perspiring.

This dance had been progressing nearly an hour, and the master with his rhythmical partner had gone through twice more, and bade fair from appearances to keep it up as long as the Wandering Jew traveled, when a harsh voice rose upon the air out in the yard. It was a singing play I found there in full blast, under the leadership of a fellow whom we will call Gopher-hole, from the striking resemblance of his mouth to one of those excavations made by what the natives here call gophers. He was singing with an energy that made his voice rasp, swelled his neck, and reddened his eyes. He was clad in yellow jeans and speckled calico shirt; his face was flat; and the strongly reddish color was modified by a waste of almost innumerable yellow freckles; his eyes were of the same celestial hue, while his hair, pale,

whitish, and sandy, stood out all angles, and gently blended with the moonlight. It appeared that Gopher-hole had made several efforts to get to dance, while the singing-master had kept him out by prolonging the set.

A rivalry had previously sprung up between these two men for the leadership of local *ton*, and the master, who, by virtue of his position as vocal teacher, had always held this post without rivalry, was much incensed at the attempts of Gopher-hole to divide his realm. The latter had gone so far as to procure the attendance of half a score of singers at a place other than the regular one for meeting, a couple of Sundays before, and had there sung "Coronation," and "The Rose of Sharon," till a late hour of the afternoon, and at the conclusion had announced that they would meet there the following Sunday at the same hour. This, being a new thing, "took," and resulted in the secession of half a dozen more from the regular school. Gopher-hole was the Yancey of this movement, and recklessly announced that shortly they would discard the "square note" system (the one the master taught), and teach the "round notes." Whether he was competent to perform this task was never demonstrated, as the sequel shows. The singing public took sides, and a violent partisanship among both sexes was rapidly developing, each gathering to his banner admiring friends, every one of whom vowed time and again that his champion could "out-sing" the other "all hollow." What kind of victory that is, is left to each reader to settle for himself. It was at this juncture of affairs that the two rivals met at Farmer B——'s house. The master's persistent determination to prevent Gopher-hole dancing aroused the latter, who had organized another opposition, and located his operations in the yard in front of the door. His tactics were by dint of loud singing to drown the notes of the one fiddle, and draw the crowd into the yard. With the eye of a general he had selected one of those plays that have a great deal of kissing, nor was he entirely mistaken in his power over the young people. Soon a large majority of them were following Gopher-hole, while the house grew correspondingly thinner. Perceiving his advantage, Gopher-hole thought to put the last and finishing touch to his victory—a victory he hoped and believed would forever settle the contest that he had entered with fear and kept up with trembling. He had already won a victory; we will see whether he was wise enough to utilize it.

The master was so far deserted that the fiddle ceased in the middle of "Eliza Jane"—a favorite reel—and he drifted with the fragment

of the dancers into the yard. Uncle Sammy was among this number. Just as the master reached the edge of the circular space where Gopher-hole was marching around triumphantly, the latter smiled with a satisfaction that rasped the master, and began another song:

"The Georgia boys they were raised in the ashes;
They don't know how to court their girls!
They set down by them and suck their fingers—
O Lord! what a fix they are in!"

The master winced; he was from Georgia. Gopher-hole continued:

"The Alabama boys they are men of learning;
They know how for to court their girls;
They set down by them and tell them secrets—
O Lord! how the girls love them!"

Gopher-hole was an Alabamian. This was more than the master could bear. The former had thought to make this the charge of the Old Guard at Austerlitz; it became the assault of Pickett at Gettysburg—gallant and glorious, but ill timed. He disregarded the old adage to make a bridge of silver for a routed enemy. The master's ire and mortification in equal parts rose in rebellion, and dashing at Gopher-hole aimed a blow at him with his fist. The latter dodged, and the master was carried by the impetus of his own blow toppling over, and fell flat upon the ground. In dodging Gopher-hole had upset his partner, a girl he aspired to, who set up a screaming, and called upon him to defend her. The combatants were separated, much to Uncle Sammy's disgust, who was yelling, "Fair fight! Fair fight!" all the time, and the excited crowd of partisans bore them away.

But this was only the beginning of trouble. Jo Baker was the grocery keeper of the settlement, and as he had often knocked down his man he was authority on matters of personal encounters. Jo detested both Gopher-hole and the master, and resolved next day, when Uncle Sammy told him of the row, to have some fun over it. A plan was entered into between him and Uncle Sammy. During the day, Gopher-hole, together with several others, happened as usual into the grocery, and Jo set Gopher-hole to telling how it was. After listening to the story to its end, with all the digressions and embellishments, he smoked a while in silence. Uncle Sammy at last spit at a crack, and asked:

"Jo, what do you think of it?"

"It is a bad affair—very bad."

"Why, it is all over, Jo."

"It ought not to be. If I was in Gopher-hole's place, I'll be darned if any feller should run over a gal I had, and go off that way. I'm agin fighting, but sometimes a man must do it, or be discountenanced for ever. When a gal asks me to protect her I'll do it, even if I get whipped."

"Why, Jo, do you think Gopher-hole ought to fight him again?"

"Yes, that's the size of my opinion. Boys, let's liquor up."

During this brief conversation, Gopher-hole had turned a slight bit pale, and readily accepted the invitation to "liquor up." After several treats by Jo and Uncle Sammy, he was so far stimulated as to swear he would "have it out," and ended by asking Jo to see him through.

"Well, Gopher-hole, I hardly ever go into such fusses; but if you say so, and put the direction of the matter in my hands, and do as I say, I'll stand by you."

This delighted Gopher-hole no little, as Jo was regarded as the bully of the settlement, and the result could not be doubtful in his dim conception of what was coming.

That evening Jo and Gopher-hole held a consultation in the back room of the grocery, when Jo, after several treats, told Gopher-hole that a duel was the only way to settle such matters. The poor fellow was not a son of Mars, and his heart sank at the vision of mortal combat, and he began to raise objections, till Jo reminded him that the matter had been left in his hands. Gopher-hole looked grave. However, whisky and Jo Baker did the work of starching his courage, and before they retired, a letter, of which the following is a copy, was laboriously penned, and in Jo's pocket for delivery in the morning:

"MR. HENRY GAY, ESQ.:—You pushed my partner at Squire B——'s the other night; also, struck at me in a crowd in a rude and hostile manner, which I won't take. You are respectfully requested to take it all back by the bearer, Jo Baker, who is my friend.

"Yours, etc., GOPHER-HOLE."

Early next morning before his principal could get to the grocery with his courage evaporated, Jo rode over to Gay's boarding-house, and, calling him out behind a wood-shed, delivered the note in an imposing manner, strongly dashed with the bearing of a soldier. Gay's face paled and his lips twitched, as he read and reread the note. He looked at Jo, then at the note, and was nervously fumbling in his pocket for a pencil, when Jo, assuming the manner of a friend, said:

"Mr. Gay, you don't intend to take it back, do you?"

"I guess I had better. I've got nothing against Gopher-hole; I don't want to hurt him."

"If you do, you had better leave the country. Gopher-hole will publish you, and that is ruin."

"What *can* I do, Jo?"

"Refuse to take it back. Send him a note by Uncle Sammy, who is a good man and stood by you at Squire B——'s, telling Gopher-hole that you will see him hanged first. That will scare him, and he will drop it. I am sorry I had anything to do with it, but I can't get out now."

The result was that late in the afternoon Uncle Sammy rode up to the grocery, hitched "General Jackson" to the rack, got a drink without a word, merely nodding to the loungers, and saying to Jo, in an undertone, "I want you," passed into the back room. The crowd outside were ignorant of the meaning of all this, save alone the troubled Gopher-hole, who had during the day often prayed that Gay would take it back or leave the country, and always finished his prayer with half resolving to run away himself. After a brief consultation, Uncle Sammy left, and Jo called Gopher-hole into the room and handed him the following note:

"MR. GOPHER-HOLE—*Sir*.—Yours received. I sent myself to drop you these few lines, to tell you I'll see you hanged first, and don't you forget it. Fire away, if you want to.

HENRY GAY,

"Singing-master."

The perspiration stood out in big drops on poor Gopher-hole's forehead, but another drink and the official signature made him for the time desperate. Jo induced him to believe this a reiteration of his vocal superiority, and that it was not alone another insult, but a bluff as well, and that Gopher-hole must now push him vigorously, and that he had no doubt that Gay would back down. At his dictation, Gopher-hole wrote the following:

"MR. HENRY GAY—*Sir*.—I hereby challenge you to mortal combat, and the sooner the better.

Respectfully,

GOPHER-HOLE."

This in due time found its way into Mr. Gay's hands, and a reply returned that the day after but one, in the piney woods, near the nine-mile post, he would meet Gopher-hole with pistols.

Up to this time strict secrecy had been maintained, but it was not in the nature of either combatant to keep it longer. It oozed out of

each at every pore, and hard work had Baker and Uncle Sammy to keep the matter on foot. Gopher-hole suggested that he would "get a continuance," and go over in Georgia to settle some business he had there, as he might be killed if Gay fought, and he didn't want to leave his affairs in a bad shape. To this, Jo, feigning offense, plainly told him that he would do nothing of the kind; that he was then implicated, and if Gopher-hole failed to meet Gay on the day set, he, Jo, would be compelled to take up the fight as Gopher-hole's second, and if the latter failed to stand up, he, Jo, would be compelled, under the "Code Duello," to regard it as an insult to himself that could only be wiped out with Gopher-hole's gore. He added:

"This is unpleasant to say, but I must be candid with you. I didn't want to go into this thing, and you know it, but you persuaded me; and now that I am in you must stick to it. But I think Gay will break down at the last minute. In fact, I don't think you mean to back out, you are too brave and have too much honor."

All these considerations, chiefly his fear of Jo, kept Gopher-hole worked up to a kind of meek resignation to the arrangements Jo was making. The settlement was in a ferment much more profound than was actually warranted by the facts of the case, as all kinds of wild rumors had gone out on the "grapevine telegraph," and many were the exaggerated details discussed. Whether they were to fight with bowie-knives, their left hands lashed together, or with double-barrel shot-guns loaded with buck-shot, at ten paces, was an issue about which the entire settlement was at first largely divided. The partisans of each lauded the bloody bravery of his or her favorite, so that, in the end, it became pretty well settled that knives, sharp as razors, were to be the tools of the ferocious carvers. The small boy even had his favorite, and it seemed for a day that every dispute over marbles or checkers would result in a challenge, and not a few of the young bloods assumed the daintiness of Gay's step or the swaggering roll of Gopher-hole; and one young fellow of martial aspirations began talking of raising a militia company, to be called the "Gopher-hole Invincibles." All this can be better understood when it is known what social prominence a singing-master has in one of these backwoods settlements, and that Gay had long enjoyed this privilege undivided, until the aspiring Gopher-hole set up a school in opposition. Especially violent was this partisanship among the marriageable females, most of whom had hung their hopes upon the Gay aspiration many months before; and nearly half of those who were left,

after the hopeless had dropped away into other arms, had turned an aspiring look toward the new and rival luminary. Some of these fainted when the story of future bloodshed was borne to their ears by impatient gossip; and when the Gay faction held a prayer-meeting, and fervently asked divine aid for their favorite, the Gopher-holeites repaired in a body to his home, and had three prayers more than the Gayites, concluding the services with the old hymn:

"Hark, from the tombs a doleful sound!
Mine ears attend the cry.
Ye living men, come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie."

The effect of this mal-selection, following after the prayer of Mrs. Nancy Turner (whose daughter, Mary, was the partner of Gopher-hole, at Squire B——s), in which she referred to those trials where "armies came with banners" and with "two-edged swords," and asked providence to "remember in the judgment those who are offered up in blood in defense of honor and right," almost unstrung the last vestige of submission that envioning and besetting counter-fears had wrought in Gopher-hole. No sleep came to him that night; ghostly visions of a dead man with a purplish hole in his brow, then ten, a hundred, and hecatombs of dead men, came to haunt and keep him awake. The face of Gay glared upon him from the darkness, set in a faint halo of powder-smoke that made it visible—glared and then vanished, singing "Coronation" by way of triumph. Then Gopher-hole thought again of running away, and leaving this scene of trouble for ever and for ever, and of hiding his head in distant lands and among strangers under an assumed name. Many bitter regrets that he had ever aspired to singing leadership sprung from the gloom of his situation. These regrets, together with the gloomy future, so wrought up Gopher-hole that he fell upon his knees and was about to begin a prayer, when in walked Jo. After the prayer would have followed flight had not Jo divined the necessity for his presence. Suffice it to say, Jo's presence prevented the flight and ended the prayer, Gopher-hole swearing lustily that he was only on his knees looking for a pin.

During all this time the master was by no means on a bed of roses. He had mournfully written his will, which he folded and indorsed, "Last Will and Testament of Henry Gay, deceased," and deposited in his desk, together with various little tender mementoes, done in several packages and labeled with the names and addresses of as many young ladies in the

settlement, and in Georgia, "where I come from," as he was wont to designate his native place. A letter was written, giving minute directions as to the disposition of certain small matters not proper in a will, and left with the directions indorsed, "To be opened when I am no more. H. GAY." What mental pangs he suffered we can only guess, as he was mournful and solitary, and often told Uncle Sammy, who remained with him as much as possible, that he would "repair to the closet to commune alone." Upon such occasions his musings were respected, and only on one occasion, when his presence was indispensably necessary, did Uncle Sammy disturb him. Then he was found lying on his stomach, on a plank, behind the barn, his hat drawn closely over his head; and when he mournfully arose, Uncle Sammy discovered a damp spot on the plank, the meaning of which required no Daniel to interpret. One short word tells the story—tears! Looking at his second through the mist that gathered in those eyes that had glanced with imperial superiority over many a singing, he managed to suppress his emotions enough to ask:

"Do you think he will be there?"

"No. Bet five dollars he will skip."

The morrow dawned bright and clear; not a cloud flecked the blue expanse of morning's heavens; the birds twittered in the trees, while the lark, high up in his morning flight, sent his vocal ecstasies down to earth as pure as the snow that falls to whiten winter's crown. A hundred mocking-birds—those incomparable choristers of the woods—high up in the budding oak-tops, filled the air with their mellow and varied notes, while the thrush whistled in the copse as if its soul was full of the glory of the morning. All nature rejoiced in the beauty and love that environed it, and naught save the souls of Gay and Gopher-hole and their partisans was sad.

Some, chiefly the principals, had hoped for official interference, but this hope was now over. Squire B——, the Justice of the Peace, had been appealed to by the secret representatives of both these gory minded gentlemen, but sternly refused to issue a warrant or in any way interfere, saying, "I exercise my office for the public good; it is the best thing that I could do to let them kill each other." The Squire had not lost sight of the disgraceful termination of his party.

Determined to see the end of this affair, I bestrode my horse while the morning was yet young, and, with a friend, rode toward the nine-mile post. As it was generally understood that the duel would come off at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, the usual hour for preaching,

sales, and other public demonstrations, we rode leisurely along, and were frequently passed by hasty riders, whirling buggies, and rapid walkers. The meaning of all this did not fully dawn upon me till a boy of fifteen rode up at half speed upon a bare-backed mule, and hastily asked where "the row" was to take place. We told him, and were going to ask him a question when he plied a limb of oak to his mule, which dashed on down the road toward the scene of "the row." I now understood that spectators were gathering.

About half past ten we reached the scene, where some fifty men and youngsters had already gathered, the two principals being also present with their seconds. Gay was in communion with the preacher, while Jo was keeping up the courage of Gopher-hole as they stood behind some pines at a short distance. The general interest was lively, and not a few offered to bet that Gay would hit Gopher-hole, or that the latter would hit Gay; and occasionally some one would offer to bet that neither could hit a "meeting-house" ten steps, and a big red-whiskered blacksmith swore that both would run without a fire. Impatience soon seized the crowd, and they began yelling, "Let your row come off," "What the thunder are you waiting for?" and the like, which soon brought both men to position. Gay was limp, and hopeless resignation sat upon him. Gopher-hole looked as if he had just seen a ghost; the corners of his mouth were drawn down, and made that feature no longer resemble the holes for which he was named. He was evidently on the point of a collapse. The preliminaries were short, and in less time than is required to tell it, they had taken positions facing each other, with the seconds at right angles, when Gopher-hole called Jo to him, and in a dazed manner asked, "Why don't he run?" The proper explanations were given, that between the words "fire" and "three" they were to fire, and that if either failed to shoot it was the duty of both seconds to fire upon him without delay. The word was about to be given, when the preacher stepped in and demanded that prayers should be held. This raised a storm of indignation among the spectators, who swore they would have none of that. The preacher wilted with a groan, and the preliminary question was asked:

"Are you ready?"

Just here a yell came from behind a pine tree.

"Hold on thar! By thunder, I don't want my mule killed."

It was the youngster who had passed us so hurriedly in the morning, and he had just dis-

covered that his mule was hitched within the possible and probable range of Gopher-hole's bullet. Proceedings were suspended till the mule was hastily removed. During this interval I discovered that all the spectators had taken shelter behind trees, out at either side, in a manner by no means complimentary to the marksmanship of the duelists. From behind almost every pine peeped a head anxiously looking for the end. Jo again asked:

"Are you ready?"

No response save more paleness and a slight movement of pistols.

"Make ready! Fire! One, two——"

Almost at the same time the two pistols went off, when Gay threw up his hands, and saying "O Lord!" fell forward on the ground. Gopher-hole dropped his pistol, gave one wild startled glance at the prostrate singing-master, and took to his heels.

"Catch him, boys," yelled Uncle Sammy; "don't let him escape!" and a score or more dashed after him. Down the long pine slope sped the desperate fugitive with a fleetness no deer could despise, the yelling throng in hot pursuit. Not a few tumbled over the logs that lay deep buried in the pine-straw and creepers, but the fugitive rushed safely over all these, and plunged into a thick heavy swamp fringing Big Sandy Creek, where he was soon lost to view. The pursuers returned, being anxious to see how the fallen school-master looked.

When Gay fell, Jo, Uncle Sammy, and those of the crowd not pursuing the fleeing Gopher-hole, gathered about him. The doctor turned the prostrate man on his back, and began examining for the wound. Presently Gay revived a little, straightened himself, folded his hands across his breast, corpse style, saying in that faint, whining voice sometimes mistaken for resignation:

"Uncle Sammy, tell them I fell bravely. Farewell! I knew it would be that way. 'The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord.'"

"Where are you hit, Gay?" asked old Doctor Mulford, who had been searching for blood and bullet-holes in vain.

"Oh, doctor, the side of my head is all shot away. I can't live!"

Looking where he directed was seen a slight reddish abrasion of the skin half an inch long, but no blood and no hole. We all took in the wound at a glance, and then looked at each other. Baker was rolling on the straw, convulsed with laughter, writhing and kicking; Uncle Sammy was leaning against a pine, his frame heaving with guffaws too deep for utterance, and his face rivaling the color known in

this region as "Turkey red." Between spasms Baker managed to tell that it was a put-up job between him and Uncle Sammy, and that the pistols were loaded with powder and paper wads, and nothing more. Gopher-hole had accidentally made a better shot with the wad than they had calculated upon, and added the finishing touch to the drama of his dupery. For five minutes personal characteristics cropped out strong. One stood looking from Gay to Baker, and, as the situation sank slowly into his comprehension, ejaculated like minute-guns, "Well, I'll be darned!" Others went to help Uncle Sammy, while a few looked out down the pine-slope, filling in the picture with the flying Gopher-hole.

From these I turned to Gay. He was sitting up, looking foolishly around, and feeling his head. Running his fingers along where the fatal wad had traversed, he would then look at them as if he could not get it into his head that he was not killed. He was a pitifully ludicrous spectacle. Slowly he rose, shook himself, felt his head again, picked up his hat, and started off among the pines, followed by the shouts of the laughing throng.

"Come back, and pay the doctor!"

"Let us sing."

"Look out; you will meet Gopher-hole," yelled Uncle Sammy.

At this Gay turned and rushed upon him with the ferocity of a tiger, overthrew his late "friend," and in the rolling and tumbling that followed in a rough and tumble fight, managed to get in some "peelers" on the old gentleman's face. When they were separated, the latter

looked no better than "Cuffee" after his interview with "Pluribustah." Gay spoke not a word, but left in the direction he had formerly started, and was soon lost to view among the pines.

The next morning dawned bright and beautiful as before. The laborers went to the fields, the crowd met as usual at Baker's grocery, but the beds of Gay and Gopher-hole were found unpressed. The day closed; another followed; weeks drifted into months, and the crisp air of fall again souged among the pines, but the little packages, the letter "To be opened when I am no more," the "Last Will and Testament of H. Gay, deceased," lay unopened and untouched. He was not dead as they knew of, so these were still sacred. On the little pine table in Gopher-hole's bedroom lay a worn copy of *The Sacred Harp*, that no one came for. On the fly-leaf was written in the well known hand:

"Steal not this book for fear of shame,
For in it is the owner's name.

"GOPHER-HOLE."

Another led at the old poplar church by the spring, when the dogwoods bloomed again, and "Coronation," "Greenfield," and "The Rose of Sharon" were sung as sweetly on Sunday afternoons as in the days gone long before. Gradually all interest was lost in the absent; then a mist invested them, and ere many months have flown Henry Gay and Gopher-hole will be forgotten and lost in the great world beyond, as the drop that glistens down from the clouds to repose in the infinite waste of ocean waters.

JAMES WILTON.

THE UNCHOSEN IN THE MARKET-PLACE.

I stood within the market-place;

The Lord drew nigh,
Chose laborers for his vineyard, but
He passed me by.

I longed that to my hand He would
Some task assign—

Yea, yearned with feverish hope to toil
'Mid tree and vine.

Again, at noon, He came. My lips
Gave joyful cry;

He looked on me one moment—then
Passed silent by.

I would have followed, but my feet
In irons were bound;

And the parched tongue could give for grief
No further sound.

Lone, and with sufferings oppressed,
 I longed to die;
 Gazed wistful at the chosen toil—
 Why might not I?
 Oh, privilege to labor, strive,
 Be worn and spent!
 Oh, blessed to be footsore,
 If on message sent!

At eve, amid his laborers,
 The Lord drew nigh;
 Fain had I kissed his garment's hem
 As passed he by.
 A pause—His voice I heard give firm,
 Yet sweet command:
 "Bear him upon the shoulder—yea,
 Unloose each band!"

I lay upon a river's breast—
 The Lord was nigh;
 His hand my head upbore:
 I heaved no sigh,
 But listened to the voice that said,
 "Thou'rt not alone;
 Thy meekness and thy tender love
 To me are known.

"Angels within the market-place,
 Were ever nigh;
 They to thy soul gave patience, as
 I passed thee by.
 Light were the toilers' pangs to those
 Within thy breast!
 Bear on, dark waves—bear on
 To perfect rest!"

MARGARET A. BROOKS.

OUR SCHOOLS.

Schools are like vineyards, full of weeds and obnoxious plants, unless cultured and trimmed in a thorough manner. Vineyards will not produce good fruit unless the vines are thoroughly cultivated, and the germs or species of a desirable character; so schools must be full of good words and works. Their laborers must be full of zeal and efficiency.

The schools of San Francisco are the product of many years of the thought and experience of wise and able teachers. They struggled hard and almost hopelessly against indifference, superstition, and calumny. They are the natural outgrowth of a high standard of excellence adopted by a few. Defects there are, and defects there were. But the mass of the schools are such as the mind of the public has

made them. There is a savor of self-sufficiency in our often iterated statement that they are the best on the continent. In fact, they are not. They are better than they would have been had the indifference of the public, the cold-heartedness of many of the clergy, and the supineness of the parents, been allowed to have full sway in their foundation, development, and growth. Schools are just what the community is; they reflect the public mind—*i. e.*, the best of the general thought. The schools of this city are far in excess of the average citizen's mind, so far as regards their usefulness and utility. Mistakes there are, and mistakes there will be, in all matters, political, financial, and otherwise. And yet, with all this, our schools have gradually gone on from small beginnings,

from infantile spasms, through childhood and almost middle age, till they stand to-day without a rival on this coast for their efficiency and worth. Where thousands of dollars have been expended, thousands—nay, millions—have been returned to the public in the shape of honest, influential minds, trained and drilled thoroughly in the life-work of the individual, state, and world. Many proofs of this present themselves, too many for enumeration. Among our ablest and best citizens—lawyers, doctors, ministers, mechanics, and laborers—are those who graduated from the public schools, who dived deep into their literature, and received the noblest inspirations from those fountains which are yet pouring forth, continually, sparkling waters to ennoble and refresh the soul and satisfy the innate cravings of the heart. These are a part of the results of our schools. But how little has been done and said, how little known of the deep and hidden reservoirs which have been stored for future use and influence in the world of letters and arts. We should not be fulsome in regard to our own, but should be just. How many are there, who first saw the light on the Barbary Coast or Tar Flat, who thank God for the influences they received at our public schools, who feel and know that they have been made wiser and better by the benign and savory influences there thrown around them, that led them to higher and nobler objects and desires in life! Multitudes there are who can recite this story, and recite it truthfully.

Our schools then are good, have done a good work, and are entitled to their reward. But could they not have done better? Are they not capable of better things to-day? I believe they are.

To recur to our simile: Schools, like vines, to be fruitful, should be well trimmed. They should show no defects of organization, no running of sap, no abrasion of bark, joints not too near the earth or plowed surfaces. All things should be in order for the greatest possible development of fruit. How can this be done? Not by constant *meddling* with this thing or that; but by such a systematic course of pruning and training as will bring the young vine up to its fullest bearing capacity without injury to the parent vine. So with the schools. Pare them when the paring will benefit the little ones who dwell within their influences. Forsooth, because the vine bears forbidden or unhealthy fruit this year, pluck it not up, but give it yet a little longer lease of life. May be it will rebound to the honor and glory of the vineyard in after days. So with the school tree: many parts want trimming, many changes made to

insure efficacy and force. But the great improvements must first be made among the root-lets—the primaries. Quincy method or no Quincy method, the mind can receive only a given number of ideas at a given time, and these ideas, inferences, or solutions must be of such a nature and character as will make a permanent, lasting impression on the soft and ductile mind of the child. That there is no more ground to harrow is an exploded idea; and that there are no more or better methods by which ideas can be shot into the minds of the young than those now in use, is also an exploded idea. Methods are as thick as sparrows on an English common. All these methods speak volumes for themselves. There is the Hareltan theory, which flourished in England and Central Europe many years since, and which was but a reproduction of the methods of the Middle Ages, and was much like that now in use in the schools of the Chinese Empire. The pupil is compelled to repeat in the loudest tone of voice the words of his lesson as recited by the master. The child is expected to remember the subject-matter, and firmly fix the same in his mind, or the birch, vigorously administered, is the remedy. Another system, much in vogue in the seventeenth century by the monks, who were the school-masters of those days, was to write with the stylus on sheets of wax the subject-matter as given forth by the teacher, the wax then being immediately glossed over. Another method was to repeat, in loud tones of voice, the first word or sentence of each line or paragraph, and leave the scholars, or victims rather, to guess or assume the completion of the sentence. Thousands of systems have risen and fallen, some better and some worse than the specimens I have mentioned. But they have all tended toward improvement—each in succession was a little better than that which preceded. They were all well in their way; but they failed utterly to accomplish what schools ought to accomplish, by virtue of the inherent principle of right which rests in them, and is part and parcel of all their glory, purity, and sublimity. Schools, then, are true to themselves when they are true to the teachings of experience and the right. They are utterly absurd and truthless when they assume more than they can accomplish, and dictate the forms that intellectual instruction shall embrace in its antagonistic influence with ignorance and superstition. Schools were in Turkey centuries ago, yet Turkey is not an educated land. When John Sobieski was disputing the advance of the Grand Turk into Central Europe, and all Central and Western Asia was overrun by the barbarous hordes of Gengis

Khan, schools without limit were established wherever their armies gained a foothold; and science and letters, as by them understood, were spread broadcast. Education flowed in rivulets, mixed with the blood of the slain. It was education as circumscribed by tradition and superstition. The Buddhist hosts, in their turn advancing or retreating, shook the earth with their tread; and each successively established schools and colleges for the propagation of its peculiar philosophy and belief, sowing broadcast among the conquered, pamphlets of vellum, tablets of wax, parchments, read by the few, but listened to by the many. Heralds marched and countermarched, teaching and preaching, not only religion, but politics and philosophy, making deep impression on the public mind; and from these wayside assemblages and contending hosts came the myriad of songsters, story-tellers, and speakers that for years were the only vehicles for enlightening the masses.

Common schools arose and flourished from the necessity of the case. People wanted instruction. They would have it. Hence, schools

arose and gave forth the balm necessary to enrich and restore the mind to its natural and healthy condition. Schools are a necessity, and nowhere is this more felt than in the large cities. That they should be thorough and effective, none will deny. How shall this be done? Simply by simplifying them—bringing them nearer to the people, to their homes, their influences, and their desires. One great drawback to the efficiency of our common schools is the lack of confidence, or more properly the lack of interest, parents feel in them. They send their children day after day, week after week, to school, taking it for granted that all is well, without as much as inquiring into their condition, knowing where they are, or what influences are surrounding them. If we are to have good schools, parents must take an interest in them, must know them, feel for them, give the teachers their sympathy and influence. And above all, the schools should be removed from the possibility of political interference. Our common schools, like our University, should be placed above the reach of partisanship.

HENRY M. FISKE.

A VISIT TO THE SAMOUN OR CROCODILE CAVES.

After leaving Siout, the capital of Upper Egypt, at sunset, I sailed down the Nile, and early next morning reached the small village of Meguel-el-Qual, the nearest landing to the celebrated caves of Samoun. An Egyptian *fellah* was standing on the banks of the river. He was the only guide in the country and knew perfectly well what I wanted, although he appeared utterly indifferent. I bargained with him for one hundred and twenty *piastres*, about four dollars, and soon after he returned with two thin donkeys, very poorly harnessed, with a rope bridle. The saddle, which was the worst I ever bestrode in all my travels in the East, had certainly been stuffed with more peach-stones than hair. I immediately straddled the better looking of the two animals, and my *droghman*, entirely covered with pistols and *kanjiars*, as if we were going to a cave filled with brigands, mounted the other. We left the banks of the river, escorted by two of the men of my *dahabieh*, the Luxor, and by two young *fellah* donkey-boys.

After a steep ascent, we arrived at the top of the mountain, leaving behind us Siout and Man-

falout with their white minarets, and in a short time reached the field of Dakle, entirely covered with a chaos of stones and rocks. This field has a curious legendary history. In ancient times a man by the name of Dakle cultivated there a large watermelon patch. One day, worn out by his daily toil, he complained and swore about his miserable condition. His oaths aroused the indignation of Allah, who changed his field into a desert, his watermelons into stones, and the man, whose heart was so hard, into a rock.

We keep on ascending, and as far as our eyes can reach we see nothing but the barren horizon. The heated ground burns our eyes and parches our throats. Not a blade of grass, not a single bird or insect! The scenery looks like that of the forsaken valley of Biban-el-Moulouk on the road from Thebes to the tombs of the pharaohs.

While I was sadly reflecting on this desolated spot, the guide stopped at the mouth of a small crevice about three feet in diameter. It was the entrance to the caves. We partly undressed, lighted our lanterns and torches, and crept

in. At first we made our way easily; the guide first, I came after, and behind me my *droghman* and the Arabs. About one hundred feet from the entrance we reached a bed of fine, impalpable sand, over which we moved slowly. Here I began to breathe with difficulty, and was nearly smothered; the sand was so fine that it filled my nose and throat. We were now entirely in the dark, and my frightened *droghman* turned suddenly toward me and refused to go farther, a very extraordinary thing, as he was a tall and strong young fellow, who had the reputation of fearing nothing. His name was Adolph; he was a Syrian, and had always been a faithful servant to me. His conduct astonished me, but, after vainly coaxing and swearing, I ordered him back to the entrance of the caves. He then caught hold of one of my hands, pressed it as if he were to see me no more, and tried to slip one of his large pistols into it. He then crept by me and left us to visit *Shaitan*, the Arabic devil.

For a few minutes I was really sickened and a little frightened at the state I was in, caused by the dust, the tiresome positions which made the blood rush to my head, the prolonged strain that irritated my nerves, the long and tortuous corridors which seemed to press and suffocate me; and I was suddenly taken with a great desire to return to the mouth of the caves, to see the light of the sun once more. I hesitated for a few seconds, but curiosity, and the desire of exploring these caves nearly unknown to European tourists, decided me, and I began again to creep on my hands and knees.

After a while we leave the sand, and reach a much more uneven part of the caves nearly obstructed by large stones; the sides of the hypogee widen, stretch out, and undulate. Now and then I try to raise half of my body, but strike my head against the stalactites of the arched roof of the cave. Sometimes I can rise entirely and walk a few steps. As we turn one of the passages the guide and myself suddenly stop, stupefied and horrified. Just before us is the corpse of a man, half seated, half lying against the wall. It is a hideous and horrible sight. The body, still covered with the dried skin, stretches its arms like a man who has just awakened. The head is thrown back and bent by the terrible agony the man must have suffered. The eyes are widely staring. The mouth, pinched and twisted, is partly open, as if it had just uttered the last scream of agony. The hair is standing upright on the head. The hands are shriveled, and the fingers buried in the palm of the hands. The thorax is broken open and the lungs are hanging out of it. That man has been lying there for nearly twenty

years. He was a *fellah*, living in a village near by, who had gone into the caves to steal the jewelry worn by the mummies, or gather the guano from the bats to enrich the land of his watermelon patch. His light had gone out, he had lost his way, and he had died from the effects of hunger, thirst, fright, and fatigue. The body had been so impregnated by the warm, damp effluvia of the bodies around him that it had been completely mummified. We start soon again, but all under the influence of this dismal sight. The same thing may happen to us.

I stop again for a few seconds, but start shortly after through a narrow passage, where I am obliged to coax the men to go on, as they are more frightened than I, and want to return. In the passage we find thousands of large and disgusting bats, which graze our faces each instant. But I am fully paid for the work I expend to get to the end of the passage, when I find myself in a large hall covered with linen bandelettes, all torn to pieces. The floor was covered with a black, acrid, and impalpable dust, which irritated our throats so that at times it is hard for us to get our breath. The further we go, the more difficult it becomes. At last I come to a spot where I find an enormous quantity of crocodiles of all sizes, from three inches to at least twelve feet in length; and, among them, an innumerable quantity of human mummies of all sorts, some whole, others decapitated and mutilated; also, the preserved remains of quadrupeds, birds, reptiles, eggs, etc., all mixed together, one next to another, and only divided by palm leaves very remarkably preserved. Here I pick up quite a quantity of scarabees, jewels, and other curiosities.

It was quite a fantastical sight to see six human beings, lighted by lanterns and the bright glare of magnesium wire, searching this tomb of mummified bodies. I felt anxious about the torch held by my guide when he stooped to search the sarcophagus of some of the mummies. He would draw it so near the palm-leaves and the bandelettes saturated with inflammable matter, that a single spark might have produced a fire. I had heard that the caves had been set on fire many years before by an Englishman. My guide said it had been done by four Arabs who were gathering the guano from the bats, a very strong compost much used by the Egyptians. No one knows exactly how long the fire lasted; some say three years, some only one; but it is certain that it lasted a long time, as puffs of smoke were seen for several months escaping from the mouth of the caves, and for some time nobody dared enter. I saw no marks of the fire

ast he walls are entirely blackened by the bituminous exhalations of the many thousands of bodies buried there. We walked for hours in these passages, literally paved with mummies. The farther we went the thicker they were, and I was stopped only by the want of lights, the great heat, exhaustion, the want of fresh air, and the desire of seeing the sun. Much to my regret, I was compelled to give the order to fall back to the entrance, where I found my *droghman* Adolph, who, thinking we were lost, was praying Allah for our return to the sunlight.

We mounted our donkeys, while their feet clank on the roof of the caves which are hollow beneath them. The mountain of Samoun is a mere shell, and is cut in all directions by the subterranean passages of the caverns. I started under the influence of a strange sensation caused by the long visit to this enormous charnel-house, where thousands from the cities of Manfalout and Hermopolis, and the towns of the left bank of the Nile, had been buried for centuries past. The priests and the noble-

men of Egypt liked magnificence even after their death. I was lucky enough to bring back with me one of the rarest mummies ever found. It was that of a young girl, whose face, hands, and feet had been entirely gilded. She was covered with jewels and fine scarabees, and had been a favorite wife of Rameses II.

Very few tourists visit the caves of Samoun. Many of them even ignore their name, and the Arabs are little desirous to guide them. I was the fourth person who visited them in 1870. On my way back to the boat I found a great charm in looking at the panorama which extended to the chain of the Lybian Mountains. I was interested in the sheep, the fields, and the villages, which I hardly had observed on my way up. Six hours underground made me admire even the sand and rocks around me, and when I arrived at Siout I found it a great treat to plunge into the yellow Nile, and lave with its historic waters my worn body, which was covered with the dust of departed kings.

E. W. PAILHET.

NOTE BOOK.

THE CLOCK STRIKES ONE, and the first volume of THE CALIFORNIAN is complete. That which was conjectural is now an established fact. The magazine has met with a warm, hearty reception. So far as we know it has only friends. At first, many of those who wished it godspeed with the most will had, nevertheless, only gloomy vaticinations for the future. The time was in many respects inauspicious. Business was unsettled. Trade was stagnant. Few new enterprises were starting. But in spite of all these facts, the magazine met with a hospitality greater than its founders had dared to hope; and we owe it to our patrons to say that to-day there exists no reason why THE CALIFORNIAN should not live a long and useful life. Prosperity seems to be again returning to the State. Industry is feeling the life-impulse. The ponderous wheels of business are beginning slowly to move. Out of prosperity, culture is born. Art, music, literature, are barometers of national wealth. They signal the coming storm, and they mark the impending sunshine. That THE CALIFORNIAN has been successful proves that better times are upon us; and a prospective era of prosperity enlarges at once the opportunity and the responsibility of the magazine. We desire to thank the press for its friendship and consideration. While it has not refrained from criticism—which we do not desire to avoid—it has criticised fairly and impartially. In no case have we met with anything but the utmost courtesy, and in all cases praise has been awarded where it was due. Did it not seem like extolling our own pages, we would like to say a word of graceful acknowledgement to the authors whose produc-

tions have appeared there—to call attention to their vigorous prose and their healthy verse. It is not least among the pleasant thoughts which this retrospect suggests, that many of these articles are from persons who before had written little or not at all. The excellence of their work has shown that there is much talent here which awaits only the stimulus of an opportunity. Many of the articles have been from the pens of those whose names have become widely known in one or another department of thought or activity. For the future we have only this to say, that we shall do the best that our materials and our environment permit. We prefer to make no further promise, hoping that with each successive number the verdict may be that THE CALIFORNIAN

"Hath indeed better bettered expectation."

It is the custom to sneer at the supposed lack of culture and literary appreciation on this Coast. We pay our readers the compliment of believing that nowhere in the world is there more discernment than here; that nowhere else is the "real article," whether in art or letters, more keenly appreciated; that nowhere else is there a more conspicuous distaste for veneering, sham, flimsiness, no matter in what form it appears. The experiences of the last thirty years could have made our people nothing else. We have, fortunately, no traditions. Every man stands or falls by himself. He can not shelter himself in the umbrage of a mighty name. The renown of his family avails him nothing. As Goethe says, "he is at last just what he is." If there is

anywhere a field for rugged strength and genuine character to assert themselves, it is here, in this land which throbs with the mighty impulse of the present, with supernal aspirations for the future. A people who glory in their ancestry alone are in decay. Their faces are turned to the past. It is posterity—the future—to which we should look for the most splendid achievements of the human intellect. It is to the present and the future—not to the dead past—that we should turn for our inspirations. The past is an opportunity which is forever gone; the opportunities of the present are upon us now; those of the future are coming with resistless speed. It is, we say, fortunate that our people have no past, no urns filled with the ashes of tradition to engross their worship, no time-honored social inequalities. The result has been to develop individuality, the strength to think, the will to execute. This people is our immediate constituency; and we believe that they desire in literature that which is as vigorous, as healthful, as untrammelled and inartificial, as themselves. We have no patience with the regimen which fed warlike Scythians on milk; nor have we any faith that upon this Coast the venter of a diluted mental nourishment will meet with any marked degree of success.

IMMORALITY IN LITERATURE seems to be on the increase. How far this may be due to the degrading influence of the French school, which has of late devoted itself to the apotheosis of nastiness, we can not say. We are sorry to see that the number of journals and publications of various kinds which encourage this tendency, or are the direct exponents of it, is very considerable. The business of retailing printed indecency has assumed large proportions in this country. What the effect is, morally and intellectually, upon a constant reader of such literature, must be perceptible to any one. But our immediate purpose in speaking of this tendency is to note the fact that we are constantly in receipt of contributions of this class, principally stories, in which the plots range from an elopement or abduction through the whole gamut of immorality and crime. We are pained to observe that the greater proportion of these contributions is from the gentler sex. Now, it may save these writers a vast deal of trouble if we say, once for all, that we have no wish to compete with flash literature for the public favor. We desire contribution both from new writers and from those whose reputations are established. We believe that THE CALIFORNIAN will bring out many whose names are now entirely unknown, as the *Overland* did, and as every magazine ever published has done. And, whenever it is possible, we shall say an especial word of encouragement to amateurs. But we desire that our poetry shall be pure and our prose decent. We conceive it to be part of our mission to check, as far as we can, the very tendency which the contributors referred to appear to think it is our wish to foster. There are certainly inspirations in human thought, and incidents in human action, which will suffice, and even increase through all time, without the necessity of parading those exceptions in which man, who was made "a little lower than the angels," proves himself capable of becoming a little lower than the beasts.

CONCERNING THE RECENT TRAGEDY IN SAN FRANCISCO, there seems to be but one opinion—that the law should take its course. As a community we can not

afford to palliate or extenuate assassination. We can not listen to excuses for murder. We can not recognize the *lex talionis*. Even the enemies of the victim have an interest in the fair name of the city, and they can not permit it to go forth that a personal grievance may here be redressed by crime. Disregarding personal feelings toward either actor, the law should take its course impartially.

THE BUSINESS OF PRESIDENT-MAKING is absorbing the attention usually given to it during the summer previous to an election. It is curious to observe how little the question of direct, executive qualification is considered. It would be supposed that, as in other business affairs, the search would be for the man who possessed in the highest degree the qualities especially needed in the position to be filled. In the case of a presidential candidate this would involve the consideration of his probable ability to produce reforms in the Government service, and to perform the essentially executive functions which would devolve upon him. But these questions appear never to be asked. One candidate is urged because he is a skillful debater, crushing in repartee; another, because he is a successful general; another, because he has shown genius as a political organizer; while among the qualifications of one, at least, of the statesmen named, his friends have mentioned his good looks. We do not remember to have heard any allusion to executive capacity, or aptitude in business, or keen insight into human nature, which latter, with the immense presidential patronage, is of the first importance. Now, it does not by any means follow that men of great capacity as legislators will succeed either in the judicial or executive departments. And the converse is true; we have seen many men in history who were great judges or governors, who have failed as legislators. Many of our presidents, who were selected because of their reputations in diverse matters, have seemed to fail in their high offices. Was it not simply because the people illogically expected them to succeed in a field of thought and action for which neither their natural gifts nor their previous training had fitted them? And may we not reasonably anticipate this result so long as we look for achievements in one line from a man whose achievements have been entirely in another line? We do not demand that the mathematician shall write verse; nor that the poet shall plan sieges. But we do expect that any man who has made himself popular in any manner shall be able to fill the chief executive office of a great nation.

A CHILD IS AN UNDEVELOPED WEED OR FLOWER—it devolves on the parent, to a great extent, to decide which. It is hard to say how soon perception and reason commence in a child. It is probable that they follow soon after consciousness. The mental nature equals and frequently excels the physical nature in rapidity of growth. This is not always borne in mind in the child's education. We are at first very considerate of the delicate frame, and fully as inconsiderate of the mind; afterward we pay little attention to the physical growth, and much attention to the development of the intellectual qualities. During the first six or eight years we turn the child out into the open air, let him "romp" and play, so that bodily strength may be gained. During this play-period the active, inquisitive mind is entirely un-nourished, grows rank and without discipline,

except such as comes incidentally within the home circle. The body is given unlimited exercise, and gradually comes to require it. Then comes the school-period, suddenly and without preparation, in which the child is confined in the school-room during the majority of the daylight hours. Now it is all mind development, with little bodily exercise. The ruddy cheeks lose their color. The eyes grow luminous. The child is nervous. The growth which was abnormally physical is now abnormally mental; or else, as is frequently the case, the mind has been so long dormant, that there is not sufficient time to discipline it before the child's opportunity is taken away, by the financial inability of the parents to provide further instruction, or by other causes. Now, certainly the true education does not consist in merely intellectual or merely physical attainment. When we desire results in the vegetable kingdom, we commence carefully to water, prune, train, and nourish from the moment the tiny plant first appears above ground. If we want men and women of the highest type, of the best culture, we must not influence them spasmodically, first in the physical, then in the mental, then in the moral nature. The mind should be disciplined, as the body is, by daily exercise, gentle at first, and in due proportion, but commencing and continuing simultaneously. Thus the school will not be a sudden and violent transition, threatening health with its unaccustomed demands upon undeveloped faculties. An hour a day, or in many cases even less, would make a beautiful garden where there is too often nothing but weeds. It is not the soil that is to blame; it is the negligence of the cultivator. And it is highly inconsistent to expect all flowers and no weeds whenever, without this preparation, the behest may be spoken.

TO SPEAK OF BEAUTY AS A COMMODITY is, no doubt, to degrade its high function. But the unsightly appearance of many of our towns makes us despair of ever seeing beauty awarded its proper place, until it shall be demonstrated how many dollars and cents will result therefrom. Who can tell how many thousands of persons have trodden the few inches of earth which separated their feet from some divine conception of Phidias or Praxiteles, which, exhumed, would cause the world to hush with awe and admiration. Many men go through life with only this thin crust over some great and volcanic genius; but it is as effective as if they lay beneath the icy weight of Shasta. We know of many towns on this coast that are perennially unkempt and untidy; the houses and fences are unpainted, the streets are quagmires in winter and masses of dust in summer. Here and there, at long intervals, a single rose-bush bristles with repellant thorns, or a neglected eucalyptus mourns of its solitude to the breeze. Such places are angular and unlovely. They jar upon the sense of beauty. No tourist ever visits them. No artist ever lingers into the twilight to sketch their symmetries. And yet the inhabitant often laments that his town is dull! The soil is rich, as the surrounding fields testify. Let us suppose that a few trees are planted, that the houses are painted and the fences whitewashed, that a holiday is declared in which the entire population unite forces and improve the streets. Let a few flowers in each garden lift their grateful faces to the recurring dew and sunlight. Let trees line the streets and wave their plumes in the morning air. The town will be transformed—at an expense of a few dollars to each of the

inhabitants. What will be the result? Gradually the impression will go out that it is a pleasant and beautiful place of resort. People from the large cities and from the East, brain-tired, dyspeptic, will seek relaxation in its fragrant air, under its shady trees, will fish in its near streams, or hunt in its adjacent hills. *Money will be spent*—just think of that! Hundreds of dollars in a single summer will these sickly men and women leave, paying tenfold for the expense of these flowers, and vines, and trees. Our fairest cities, Oakland, Sacramento, San José, Santa Rosa, Los Angeles, and many others, owe their rare loveliness to their encouragement of Nature, who repays the least attention with a hundred forms of beauty. There should be a thousand embowered towns to which one might escape from this treeless metropolis, whose single ornament, the fountain, weeps in dejection from very loneliness.

PERSONALITY IS ALWAYS UNPLEASANT, no matter in what form it manifests itself. Writers, however, are subject to one phase which most persons are spared; namely, that which attributes a personal connection with every mood personified, and with every incident related. In a large sense it is true that every author writes his own experiences, and that the creature can not be greater than the creator. But in this limited sense which proscribes everything like fancy or imagination, it is usually untrue. To be sure, it is only those who are lacking in these qualities that persistently fail to understand how others may possess them. In their eyes every incident must of necessity be a personal experience, because they themselves are incapable of creating anything purely imaginative. This is a restriction which many sensitive writers feel keenly, and every restriction is, to its extent, destructive of art or literature. No one supposes because Toby Rosenthal paints a picture of a boy stealing apples he is reproducing his own guilt, and that the public prosecutor should forthwith lodge a complaint for petty larceny. And yet, write a love story, a poem, a little bit of fancy or imagination—which you are likely to do all the better because you are untrammelled by the necessity of relating actual occurrences—and you have straightway put your heart upon your sleeve for all the daws to peck at!

THE ELECTIONS IN ENGLAND have resulted in a victory for the Liberals, and the curtain has fallen upon the dramatic statesmanship of Lord Beaconsfield. The glare of the blue lights has died away, and the glamour of illusion no longer plays over the tawdry magnificence of the tinsel costumes and the painted scenes. The attitudinizer of the Berlin Congress, the conjurer who created a fiat empress, the modern political Cagliostro, has a sorry look in the daylight. Meanwhile, however, the late premier may find some comfort in the thought that he has left England in a condition which insures supreme embarrassments to his successor. At home, the deranged finances present problems whose solutions are at once thankless and difficult; while abroad Gladstone will find the nation committed by previous acts to a course which he can neither retire from with *déclat*, nor continue with consistency. It is fortunate, however, both for England and for other countries, that her counsels will be directed by the genius of common sense, rather than by the genius of necromancy. There may be less indefinite glory won, but there will also be less money wasted and less blood spilled.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

PROFESSOR DAVIDSON ON THE WARFARE OF SCIENCE.

At the last annual dinner of the Chit-Chat Club of San Francisco, the following toast was read :

"The Army of Science. Its warfare never ends. From mighty conquests it presses on with resistless energy, leaving civilization crowned with the power, and rich with the spoils, wrested from the stubborn forces of Nature."

Professor George Davidson was introduced as an officer of no mean rank in that brave army, and he responded as follows :

"With all due deference to the writer of the toast which you have just read, I suggest that his words, 'The Warfare of Science,' carry to my mind an impression at variance with experience. So far as my observation goes, so far as my intercourse with men of scientific pursuits teaches me, Science is the embodiment and personification of peace. Its very existence is the issue of calm experiment, persistent investigation, and deliberate thought. It seeks no bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth; no ephemeral glory in the fierce conflict of politics. It is born, bred, and nurtured in the serene quietness of Nature. The devotees of Science are warriors only in another sense—they dare be true, earnest, and brave in the pursuit of true knowledge, and firm, steadfast, and unyielding in maintaining that which is demonstrated. Men of original research in Science are in the fullest sense of the word discoverers, forced to traverse the great ocean of illogical thought and imperfect observation; and when they reach the shores of Investigation, it is, an essential part of their undertaking to burn their ships of early prejudice, of traditional superstitions, and of inconsequent learning. Their guiding star in all research, in all deduction, is Truth, and truth for truth's sake alone. The struggle for mastery over the errors of the earlier education is intense, and can only be fully understood by those who have conquered. And yet, as new relations in Nature are unfolded, the observer soon finds the scales of defective teachings falling from his mental vision, and he is impelled by the very truthfulness of his work to urge his labors, and to gather into consecutive order the fruits of his discoveries. And it must be gratifying to every teacher of youth, and of older age—I mean teachers in the broadest sense which the word will admit: the preacher, the artist, the professor, the actor—to know how the moral sense of truth is enlarged, intensified, and attuned by the very effort of investigation and deduction. I can fancy no other occupation except that of the mathematician that will, in its workings alone, bear comparison with original research in thus developing one of the highest attributes of our present condition. And the spread of this taste for examination is to me the most hopeful sign in an age when charlatans in many professions are endeavoring to cut loose the moorings of public and private morals. The history of the Inductive Sciences abounds in examples and lessons bearing pertinently upon the position and relations of society at large; and it would appear pedantic even to

mention the early observers in astronomy and physics—investigators whose advances are notably marked by the long and persistent opposition which they encountered. The 'warfare' was decidedly one-sided; the aggressors were assuredly not the investigators; nevertheless, the attacks of prejudice, of scholastic dogmatism, of unreasoning credulity, were powerless to stay the march of deduced Truth. Almost in our own time we have had presented to us several remarkable fields of investigation that were held and intrenched by the blindest faith, and nothing but the unwavering labor of the investigator has drawn truth and light from them.

"With the opening of the present century there dawned a new era in palæontology; a few clear minds had caught its whisperings, and it has emerged a science. The previous investigators had indeed been in advance of their times, but the modes of independent thought had not then been fully developed; and, moreover, their conclusions were warped and trammelled by the same causes that had so long repressed the acceptance of the new cosmogony. But the clear truths of discovery accumulated, and of necessity the earlier education was pushed aside whenever and wherever it stood in conflict with the deductions of the bolder thinking. System now guides investigation, and method has constructed coherent and more comprehensive theories. To-day there is admitted no 'sports of nature' on the palæontological record; but order, succession, and inevitable law. The stratigraphical record of the earth is now read as certainly, if not as easily, as the hieroglyphics of Egypt, or the cuneiform inscriptions of Assyria. It seemed almost seeking and courting the condemnation of the so-called 'learned professions' when the archaeologist first propounded the proofs of man's early existence upon the face of the earth; and yet the searchers after truth have brought such evidences of his presence here, even before the last glacial period, that only the 'doubting Thomases' can fail to see the import and weight of their investigations. Very much more remains to be done before the 'mint stamp' is placed upon any given archaeological theory; but the stream of evidence gathers volume and momentum, and will yet carry the law with it. And in the 'new chemistry,' is it not remarkable what great strides have been taken, and what broader horizons have opened before us, in the investigations and illustrations of 'the molecular theory?' The old atom of our student days still claims and holds a qualified existence, but the wonderful microcosm of the 'molecule' has immensely enlarged the views of the physicist, and enabled him to almost penetrate the arcana of ultimate matter. The mathematician sees in it the opportunity for the legitimate application of his analysis, and we may rest assured, from the present progress in the examination, that he will ultimately master the problem. And curiously enough in this branch of science, the modern investigator has trodden upon the domain of the metaphysician, and shown that the infinite divisibility of matter is a phantasm of the brain of the closet philosopher; for the atom and the molecule have their sizes determinable. By direct experiment, also, the chemist has placed three distinct

bodies of the same volume in the space occupied by one of them; and again confounded the 'inner consciousness' of the metaphysical dreamer. In the rich field of zoölogy and biology, we have found, and we may reasonably expect to find more of the highest developments in the law of evolution; for the very essence and integrity of the law, in one of its more important phases, is ever present within our means of investigation. It is comparatively young among the modern sciences, and yet its deductions point unerringly to the same pole in the heavens of true knowledge. For these sciences, and for all the others, the specialist must be peculiarly gifted for research; his education develops as he advances, and his deductions are founded only upon the sequence and coherence of observed facts. All the streams of knowledge will flow into the same great channel and homologate. We may not imagine that channel bank-full until our race reaches a higher development; we may not hear the announcement of the grand formula of evolution, but we experience the lively satisfaction of the ancient geometer, and know that we are on the line of research and deduction toward it. And yet in our hopefulness and trustfulness of the very evolution of law in the cosmos, we feel that at any day may arise the man and the brain to grasp and announce the intimate relations of all matter and of all forces. These views are not confined to the scientist; you know that, in one shape or another, they are permeating the earth. The war-cries of dogmatism, of imperfect education, of unquestioning faith may be raised against them, but the world 'still moves.' The discovery of America was an epoch of restless inquiry, and opened a fresh field for growth and cultivation of free thought and free deductions; the activity of the last century has wonderfully accelerated their exposition, and to-day our children are starting where we are leaving off. To every teacher of youth, to every adviser of maturer age and thought, the newer education must come in direct conflict with part of their earlier and more contracted education; and they must abandon the *dicta* of mere 'schools,' and teach these higher laws of science, or be dragged at the wheels of irresistible mental and moral progress."

ARTIFICIAL DIAMONDS.

Public interest and curiosity have been much excited, of late, by the reported success which has attended the experiments of two well-known English chemists, in the production of diamonds by artificial means. The experts to whom these alleged diamonds have been intrusted for test and analysis have reported unfavorably upon one, but quite favorably in regard to those produced by Prof. J. B. Hannay, of Glasgow. They stood all the usual tests. In hardness they were equal to the diamond of nature—scratching all other crystals. They were consumed readily before the flame of the blow-pipe, leaving no perceptible residue. They also resisted the action of boiling hydrofluoric acid. Being subjected to a heat short of that required for actual combustion, they turned black—a characteristic reaction of the diamond—and also presented the peculiar octahedral form and curved faces which are assumed by no other crystal but the diamond. The public is quite familiar with the manufacture of artificial stones, which are professedly only imitations of diamonds; but, so far as the writer is aware, no successful attempt has heretofore been made for producing a real diamond by crystal-

lizing carbon from a solution, after the manner in which nature undoubtedly works. The *modus operandi* of this apparently successful imitation of nature is supposed to be substantially as follows: A hydrocarbon gas—such as marsh gas, for instance, which is composed of hydrogen and carbon—is placed in a stout iron tube, similar to a gun-barrel. A nitrogen compound, presumably cyanogen, is then introduced, and the gas in the iron tube subjected to an enormous pressure, the tube at the same time being highly heated to aid in the work. The gas in the tube under such conditions is reduced to a liquid, and the hydrogen forms a stable compound with the cyanogen, leaving the carbon perfectly free and practically pure, in which form, and under the above conditions, it may reasonably be supposed to gradually solidify into crystals. In fact, this is proved to be the case, as, upon opening the tube, Prof. Hannay finds the crystals, which stand the test as above described, and which are undoubtedly diamonds. The diamonds are, however, very minute in size, and the Professor frankly observes that neither dealers in diamonds nor the general public need disturb themselves as to the probability that any disastrous commercial result will follow his discovery—for the process is expensive, tedious, and dangerous, and the diamonds hitherto formed are too small to possess anything beyond a mere scientific value. The great difficulty, he thinks, lies in the construction of an inclosing vessel strong enough to withstand the enormous pressure and high temperature required, his tubes, although four inches in external diameter, with but half an inch bore, being torn open in nine cases out of ten, during his experiments. The Professor is evidently not of a very sanguine turn of mind, perhaps not so much so as the results of his experiments thus far seem to warrant. He has evidently been in great haste to reach results. Nature works slowly, and waits a long time. Man, on the contrary, has but a limited time in which to go through with processes which nature may have extended over thousands of years. As yet Prof. Hannay's diamonds are small; but if he can make small diamonds in a few days, why, with practice and time, may he not make larger ones? At all events, it appears quite evident that diamonds have been produced in the laboratory, and their production in quantity seems to be only a question of time.

INTELLECT IN BRUTES.

A late number of *Nature* furnishes the following evidence of intellect in brutes: A correspondent has a well bred cat, which never steals food, even when placed in her way—never partaking unless express permission is given. This cat has a kitten, less refined than herself, which takes after its other parent, a half wild cat of the neighborhood. One cold morning she was quietly resting herself by an open fireplace, near which was placed a plate of cooked fish to be kept warm for the family breakfast. The kitten, smelling the savory morsel, was seen to approach the plate with evident intent to steal a breakfast. The mother cat was observed to manifest her displeasure by an angry growl at her offspring, which, not being properly heeded, was immediately followed by a smart blow with her paw upon the chest of the kitten with force sufficient to overturn it. On recovering its balance the little creature, with a humiliated air, quietly retired to another part of the room. Another correspondent in the same issue of the periodical named has a cat, a great pet of the household,

upon the back of which some highly inflammable oil was accidentally spilled. A short time after, when near the fire, a falling cinder suddenly set poor pussy's back ablaze. The creature, with more intelligence than would be manifested by many of the human-kind, made a rush through the open door for a watering-trough, which stood some three hundred feet distant, into which she plunged, and from which she as rapidly clambered, shook the dripping water from her sides and paws, and then trotted gently back to her quiet corner by the fire. Puss was accustomed to see the fire upon the hearth extinguished by water every night.

ELECTRIC INDUCTION.

The question as to how electric induction is propagated through space is a matter which has lately exercised the minds of physicists for the last fifty years, without any very satisfactory explanation. Quite recently, however, Mr. J. E. H. Gordon has given a series of four lectures before the Royal Institution of London, in which he has endeavored to show, by clearness and directness of statement, illustrated by delicate experiments, not only how electric induction is propagated from an excited to any other body, but also what it is. The facts which he presented seemed to show that it is made to pass through space by means of undulations in an ether, in a manner similar to light—that the same ether answers for the excitations of both induction and light, but that the difference in the phenomena observed is due to the differences of vibration. An induced body is in a state of strain, which, in a good conductor, is being constantly relieved; but which, in a poor conductor, is not so relieved.

IMPROVEMENTS IN SILK CULTURE.

Heretofore the production of silk has been confined almost exclusively to a single variety of insects; but it is well known that there are large numbers of silk-forming insects, the habits and products of only a few of which have been carefully studied. The known silk-spinners belong to two families of the lepidoptera, the catalogue of the known species of one of which numbers no less than three hundred and ninety-four, all silk-producers. From the knowledge already gained in regard to the facilities for utilizing these insects, it is now confidently believed that the world's resources for the production of silk may, and undoubtedly soon will, be greatly enlarged. The advantages to be gained relate both to the economy of production and to the quality of the product. In regard to the latter point one variety has already been quite largely utilized—the *Attacus ricini*, a native of Assam, which feeds chiefly upon the castor-bean plant. The cocoons of this insect cannot be reeled; but they can be worked up, by even the simple machinery employed in that country, into a fibre well adapted for spinning, the woven material from which can be as readily dyed and printed as cotton. The goods made from this silk are said to be much more durable than even the best of ordinary silk, so much so that the life of one person is seldom sufficient to wear out a garment made of it. It is said on good authority of the alanthus-feeding insect, which also produces a non-reeling cocoon, that a great future is in store for it, especially when it is properly subjected to modern skill and the present improved spinning ma-

chinery. The *Antharata paphia* is a wild silk-producer of India, where it has been in use for many centuries, but has never been utilized in Europe. It is a great producer. The goods manufactured from this silk possess a most remarkable lustre, which is supposed to be due to the fact that the fibre is flat; while that of all ordinary silks is round. The great drawback in regard to it is the difficulty with which it takes colors; but it is thought that a solution of this difficulty is already in a fair way to be reached by European skill. In its natural state this is the most lustrous of all silks, and is also very strong and durable, and possesses an exceedingly rich and soft surface. What has already been done furnishes abundant evidence that there is a rich field for improvement in the production of silk, by the study and introduction of new varieties of silk-producing insects.

A FOSSIL FERMENT.

An interesting discovery has recently been announced to the French Academy of Sciences, in the evidence of the existence of the butyric ferment, *bacillus amylobacter*, during the coal period. The fossil remains of this ferment have been subjected to careful study and analysis by M. B. Renault. This evidence has been obtained by the microscopic examination of the silicified remains of the radicals of conifers found in the rocks of Saône-et-Loire. The radicals exhibit the same marks of alteration as are seen in corresponding radicals of the present epoch, which have been kept for a length of time in a submerged condition. This discovery promises considerable scientific interest to the geological student.

THE DESTRUCTION OF INSECT PESTS.

With the increase of population, and the multiplication of the various products of nature, demanded by modern civilization to satisfy the appetite and other wants of man, comes, also, an accompanying increase of destroying insects. As a dense population, unless accompanied by proportionally increased sanitary regulations, inevitably breeds disease, so do continuously cultivated fields, unless closely watched and well cared for, soon become infested with innumerable insect pests. The phylloxera, the Colorado beetle, the cotton and tobacco worms, the silk-worm pest, the various apple worms, the curculio, the orange scale, the peach blast, etc., are each and all arresting the attention of thinking men, as scourges, which, if not soon subdued, will depopulate whole provinces and states. Many expedients have been devised for destroying these pests, but mostly, heretofore, by the use of mineral or other poisons, which also works great damage to plants and fruits as well as to insects. But of late a new mode of meeting these scourges has been proposed, and successfully inaugurated. Some of our most eminent entomologists have been prying into the anatomy of many microscopic creatures and plants, with the view of finding some one or more smaller insect, or peculiar fungoid growth, with which to attack the enemies which are working such damage to some of the world's greatest industries. The first study, in this direction, was turned to the destruction of, or to avoiding the access of the minute germs, which, it had been ascertained, were the cause of the suppuration of flesh wounds, and which are also supposed to induce most of the diseases to which the human family is subject. The knowledge of the cause

of such troubles has already greatly facilitated the means for their avoidance or cure. The application of this knowledge has now obtained a wider range, and has been carried into many of the industries of life, and we now have better beer and better wine in consequence of Pasteur's discovery in this direction. Cheese-making and butter-making have also been improved. The attention of scientists was next directed to the destruction of green-house pests, for which the yeast fungus was employed. When largely diluted with water and sprinkled over the plants, it was found to take root in the body of the insect and produce a growth which soon became fatal to its life. Other fungi have been successfully employed for the same purpose, without any danger of injury to the plants. The destruction of

the Colorado beetle, the phylloxera, and other insect pests, both large and small, by the same or similar means, is now being made a careful study by this useful, though hitherto but little appreciated, class of scientific students. Experiments have rendered it highly probable that the cultivation of an insect's disease-producing fungus, and the application of it in quantity, diluted with water, to fields and trees and fruits infested by insects, is likely to give results of the highest importance, such as can be measured in value only by many millions of dollars annually saved to even the smaller communities of states and provinces. Such labors and results ought to give increased assurance that science, in all its departments, is ever deserving of the highest respect and of most hearty encouragement.

ART AND ARTISTS.

THE ARTISTS' LEAGUE.

For a long time there has been felt a growing want of combination among our artists for mutual aid and encouragement, and to establish a depot for the sale of local art. We have several picture stores in our midst where artists can exhibit, but the dealers, owning pictures purchased in the East and Europe, find it more to their interest to dispose of these works, from which they derive greater profit, than to exert themselves for the sale of local pictures. It not unfrequently happens, also, that one or two favored ones derive all the benefit from such exhibition, it lying greatly in the power of the dealer to influence the choice of the purchaser, especially if the latter doubt his own judgment. Recognizing these disadvantages, a large number of the artists have combined, and organized a society known as the "Artists' League," patterned much after one now in existence in New York. The San Francisco Art Association has kindly placed their gallery at the disposal of the artists, to be used as a place of permanent exhibition; and arrangements have been made with Mr. Martin, the Assistant Secretary, to assume charge of them, and effect such sales as may be desired on the part of visitors. It is the intention of the society to try and induce all our painters to join in the movement, and adopt the art-rooms as a place of exhibition for the greater part of their work, finished pictures and sketches, and thereby offer an inducement to the public to add its encouragement by frequent visitations. Once started, the exhibition will be self-supporting. The knowledge that a constantly renewed exhibition is in progress, where all the later works from the local studios may be viewed, will, in a short time, convert the art-rooms into a place of popular resort for all lovers of art and the public generally; and will no doubt prove much more remunerative to artists than the plan now in vogue for exhibiting and placing their canvases. At present an admission fee to the gallery is charged, the wisdom of which we are much disposed to doubt. Apparently, it should be the policy of the Society to encourage the attendance, not only of picture buyers, but of all. Few men start out with the cold-blooded intention to buy a picture. Pictures generally secure their own purchasers,

and, to do so, must be invitingly placed. The fact of a charge being made will deter many from visiting the exhibition who would otherwise frequently attend to while away a few odd moments of leisure. It is argued that those who are able to buy pictures are willing to pay a small admission fee, and would prefer to do so to avoid a large and mixed attendance. This may be true of the few, but the few should conform to the wishes of the many. A large number of our most wealthy citizens, a few years ago, hardly dared to hope ever to become the possessors of valuable works of art, and many, who to-day are unable to indulge their fondness for such luxuries, even to the extent of paying to see them, may a few years hence become the strongest supporters and patrons of art. The press, and many of our leading men, lend their support, not for the artists' sake, but for the sake of art and its elevating influence upon the character of the people; and it would seem that artists, who are directly interested, should, by every means in their power, strive for the same end. This could not be effected more agreeably and commendably than by opening wide the portals to their exhibitions, and inviting all to their enjoyment, if not every day, at least one day in each week.

THE AMERICAN RENAISSANCE.

Art is the outgrowth of leisure and affluence. A people whose existence is a continuous struggle to meet the necessities of life, or whose sole aim and ambition are to acquire wealth, have little time to bestow upon the arts, and even less disposition to so employ it. This has been the history of our people. Money has heretofore been the all-absorbing interest of the American race, and is yet to a very great extent. The comparatively few who have amassed fortunes have begun to seek the wherewith to supply the higher wants of their natures. Literature and all the arts are more generally appreciated to-day than at any former period in our history, and it is reasonable to suppose that that appreciation will grow with the nation, until the American people will stand the peer of all others in matters of taste and culture; and may in time establish distinctive schools

of their own in music and literature as well as painting. That we have possessed for many years what has been called the American school of painting is generally recognized, but owing to our isolation and consequent inability to profit by the successes and experiences of those who have preceded us, the American school is not so much characterized by distinctive excellencies as by what among the older nations is regarded bad taste. The average American looks upon the painter or musician as a superfluity even at this day. In the past, students of art received little encouragement, and were left to struggle on and work out their instincts unaided. In this unequal contest the artist was compelled to conform to the taste of his patrons. This taste, necessarily of a crude order, emanating from a people without advantages for its higher cultivation, was the origin of the American school. Of later years our youth have been availing themselves of foreign study. In Paris, Rome, Munich, Dresden, and Antwerp, they have proved their capacity, and return to their homes fully imbued with European ideas, and trained in the accepted methods of the day. As was to be expected, their advent in New York, in 1877, caused a sensation in "art circles," and their reception by the disciples of the old American school was hardly cordial. After several exhibitions, by which the good people of the metropolis were much startled at the daring innovations and utter defiance of long established rules for picture-making, they have commanded recognition, and inaugurated what Mr. Brownell, in *Scribner's Monthly*, for May, calls the "American Renaissance." The credit, however, does not belong entirely to the young men. For many years previously, Page, Hunt, Inness, La Farge, and other well-known artists, have been paving the way for them. Their limited numbers only served to break the crust of the obdurate soil, but with this acquisition, numerically as well as in youth, energy, and ability, the furrow has been torn wide and deep, and seed sown which eventually no doubt will develop into a profitable harvest for the nation. As an evidence of the popularity of the new move, three of their number, Messrs. Eaton, Shirlaw, and Wilmarth, stand at the head of the leading art schools of New York, viz: the Cooper Institute, Art Student's League, and the Academy. Despite a vigorous opposition on the part of nearly all the older painters and a good portion of the Eastern press, the new society, known as the "Society of American Painters," is rapidly gaining ground. Their exhibitions in the Kurtz gallery are largely attended, and it appears their works find a ready sale. To define exactly the distinguishing characteristics of the two schools, the old and the new, is by no means simple. Starting with the fact that a picture is a representation of nature as it *appears*, not as it *is*—otherwise we must ignore perspective, both lineal and aerial—at once great freedom is granted the artist in choice of treatment. Art students generally agree that in regarding a bit of nature as a whole, one loses sight of detail; while in directing the attention to detail, the effect as a whole is lost to the eye. Here is a discrepancy that artists fail to reconcile on canvas. A sacrifice must be made either on one part or the other; and herein lies one of the distinctions between schools. The American school sacrifices the general effect or the feeling of nature to an elaborate portrayal of detail. The new men claim that the aim of the artist should be to portray the life, the soul of nature, rather than the anatomy. The result of the one is a picture perhaps wonderful as a specimen of me-

chanical skill and beautiful as a bit of decoration for the wall, but soulless; while the other may be a work treated broadly and simply, possessing no great interest viewed in detail, but as a whole conveying to the mind a like impression with nature itself. Either of these positions may be caricatured as they have been, on the one side by the most extravagant "impressionists," and on the other by what artists sometimes call "pintdillers;" but the mass of artists range themselves between the two, leaning to the one or other as their feelings prompt them. The above simply defines that distinction between the old and new, as regards the interpretation of nature, but may be considered the basis of nearly all their differences. The American school is more circumscribed, its exactions tending rather to the mechanical; while the other, based upon feeling, is much broader in its scope, and allows the artist greater freedom in the portrayal of those impressions conveyed to the mind by the subject before him. Method is regarded of secondary importance, each one employing that manner of treatment best suited to his disposition, and, in his opinion, to the subject. In fact, the famous maxim that "the end justifies the means" may be regarded an exponent of the principles of the most orthodox of the new society.

ART CRITICISM.

A reader of the criticisms of some of our journals on matters of local art, especially as regards the recent exhibition given under the auspices of the Art Association, must necessarily find himself greatly at a loss to comprehend the character of work produced by our local artists, and the degree of progress effected by them during the past year. That there has been an exhibition we have learned. That it was "good," "bad," "indifferent," "credible," and "disgraceful," we are expected to know, since each of the above terms has been applied to it by those affecting a knowledge of art, who have the management of the art columns of our press. An inquisitive or incredulous person might be tempted to inquire how the above can be possible, by what kind of reasoning an object may be "good" and at the same time "disgraceful." That question can only be solved by a council of the critics, if at all. Meanwhile the public must either accept the proposition as one lying "beyond the reaches of their souls," or else come to the more logical conclusion that so great discrepancy of judgment simply proves the incapacity of those who assume to pass judgment. Where doctors disagree to such an alarming extent, nothing short of distrust and an utter lack of confidence can result, and, not knowing who may be in the right, it then devolves upon one to make his own diagnosis and trust to its confirmation by some acknowledged authority. There is no dearth of critics in this or any other community; an aptitude for art criticism seems to be inherent with our people. All believe themselves to be fully competent to analyze a picture and pass upon its merits, unless, it may be, we except the artists and the comparatively few who have devoted time and study enough to the subject to realize the difficulties to be overcome, and the various and apparently conflicting methods employed by acknowledged masters. Men naturally have their preferences, dependent to a great extent upon temperament as well as education. This is permissible in the picture buyer. From the critic, however, the public expects something more than an exposition of his personal likes and dislikes.

He assumes the roll of public instructor, and as such should possess that understanding and appreciation of all schools of painting which would enable him to pass, not only intelligently, but impartial judgment upon works placed on view. The architect who would condemn the Coliseum because it bears no resemblance to Westminster Abbey, or the musical critic who bases his ideas of music upon Verdi, for instance, to the disparagement of Mozart, Mendelssohn, and others, would hardly be regarded competent to fill a professorship in those departments at one of our universities. When our critics shall have mastered that knowledge of the motive and methods of the different schools and their underlying

principles, which will enable them to appreciate the intention of the artist, and to judge of his success or failure accordingly, then we may expect some unanimity of sentiment. Such critics, however, are not of spontaneous growth; nor can the reading of Ruskin, Taine, or Hamerton, or a flying visit to the Louvre and Dresden be considered all-sufficient to qualify one for the responsibilities of that office. With the looked-for improvement in our artists, it is to be hoped there will be corresponding progression on the part of the critics, and that in future their writings will be instructive rather than abusive, and encouraging rather than demoralizing to the growth of art on the Pacific Coast.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

RECOLLECTIONS AND OPINIONS OF AN OLD PIONEER.

By Peter H. Burnett (the first Governor of the State of California). New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1880. For sale in San Francisco at Appleton's Agency, 107 Montgomery Street.

There is material in the history of the Pacific Coast which is rapidly being lost for want of some organization to systematically collect and preserve it, but which in the future, if so collected, some historian would gather into a story as dramatic and fascinating as that of Prescott or Macaulay. Perhaps, however, we should be thankful that, in the absence of any organized effort to rescue this fast perishing tradition, there are occasional disconnected publications which may in some manner preserve it. The last of these books, is the autobiography of Governor Burnett, whose name has been a prominent one for many years in California and Oregon. A portion of the book is personal in its reminiscences, and to that extent uninteresting to the general reader; but the greater part is filled with pictures of life in the early days of the Pacific States which—we have lived so much since—are already half forgotten. After starting life in Missouri, and meeting with both successes and reverses, Mr. Burnett organized a party of his neighbors in May, 1843, and started across the plains to Oregon. He says:

"A trip to Oregon with ox-teams was at that time a new experiment, and was exceedingly severe upon the temper and endurance of people. It was one of the most conclusive tests of character, and the very best school in which to study human nature. Before the trip terminated, people acted upon their genuine principles, and threw off all disguises. It was not that the trip was beset with very great perils, for we had no war with the Indians, and no stock stolen by them. But there were ten thousand little vexations continually recurring, which could not be foreseen before they occurred, nor fully remembered when past, but were keenly felt while passing. At one time an ox would be missing, at another time a mule, and then a struggle for the best encampment, and for a supply of wood and water; and, in these struggles, the worst traits of human nature were displayed, and there was no remedy but patient endurance. At the beginning of the journey there were several fisticuff fights in camp; but the emigrants soon abandoned that practice, and thereafter confined themselves to abuse in words only. The man with a black eye and battered face could not well hunt up his cattle or drive his team. But the subject of the greatest and most painful anxiety to us was the suffer-

ing of our poor animals. We could see our faithful oxen dying inch by inch, every day becoming weaker, and some of them giving out, and left in the wilderness to fall a prey to the wolves. In one or two instances they fell dead under the yoke, before they would yield. We found, upon a conclusive trial, that the ox was the noblest of draft-animals upon that trip, and possessed more genuine hardihood and pluck than either mules or horses. When an ox is once broken down, there is no hope of saving him. It requires immense hardship, however, to bring him to that point. He not only gathers his food more rapidly than the horse or mule, but he will climb rocky hills, cross muddy streams, and plunge into swamps and thickets for pasture. He will seek his food in places where other animals will not go. On such a trip as ours one becomes greatly attached to his oxen, for upon them his safety depends. Our emigrants were placed in a new and trying position, and it was interesting to see the influence of pride and old habits over men. They were often racing with their teams in the early portion of the journey, though they had before them some seventeen hundred miles of travel. No act could have been more inconsiderate than for men, under such circumstances, to injure their teams simply to gratify their ambition. Yet the proper rule in such a case was to allow any and every one to pass you who desired to do so. Our emigrants, on the first portion of the trip, were about as wasteful of their provisions as if they had been at home."

The party after braving many dangers reaches Snake River, and an interesting account is given of the manner in which the Indians spear salmon. At Fort Vancouver they met Fremont, then on his first visit to Oregon. They had an exciting experience in passing over the rapids of the Columbia, and finally selected a town site at what they supposed to be the head of ship navigation on the Willamette River. This site they called Linnton, in honor of Dr. Linn, of Missouri. Subsequent investigation showed that the real head of navigation was some miles above, at a point where Portland is now situated. Having chosen a town site, every one selected a farm, or "claim," and the work of clearing the land for the crops progressed as speedily as possible. The Hudson's Bay Company had extensive dealings in this section with the Indians, the Agency being under the charge of Dr. McLoughlin.

"From Dr. McLoughlin and others I learned a great deal in reference to the manner in which the business of the Company had been conducted. At the time of the Doctor's arrival in Oregon, and for many years afterward, the principal inhabitants were Indians, divided

into various small tribes, speaking different languages. These Indians were mainly found upon the Columbia and its tributaries, and far outnumbered the hired servants of the Company. The task of controlling these wild people was one of great delicacy, requiring a thorough knowledge of human nature and the greatest administrative ability. The Doctor's policy was based upon the fundamental idea that all men, civilized or savage, have an innate love of justice, and will therefore be *ultimately* best satisfied with fair, honest dealing. The company had its various trading-posts located at convenient points throughout a vast territory. The Indian population being about stationary as to numbers and pursuits, it was not very difficult to calculate the amount of supplies likely to be required in each year. The Company was in the habit of importing one year's supply in advance; so that if a cargo should be lost, its customers would not suffer. Its goods were all of superior quality, purchased on the best terms, and were sold at prices both uniform and moderate. Of course, prices in the interior were higher than on the seaboard; but they never varied at the same post. The Indians knew nothing of the intricate law of demand and supply, and could not be made to understand why an article of a given size and quality should be worth more at one time than at another in the same place, while the material and labor used and employed in its manufacture were the same. A tariff of prices, once adopted, was never changed. The goods were not only of the best, but of uniform quality. To secure these results, the Company had most of its goods manufactured to order. The wants of the Indians being very few, their purchases were confined to a small variety of articles; and consequently they became the very best judges of the quality of the goods they desired to purchase. No one could detect any imperfection in a blanket more readily and conclusively than an Oregon Indian. There was always kept an ample supply at each post; so that the customers of the Company were not driven at any time to deal with rival traders, or do without their usual supplies. It was evident that no successful competition with the Company could last long under such circumstances. No one could continue to undersell them and make a profit; and the competitor, without profit, must fail. The uniform low prices and the good quality of its articles pleased the Indians, and the Company secured their custom beyond the reach of competition. The Company adopted a system that would work out best in the end, and, of course, was successful. In the course of time the Company induced the Indians to throw aside the bow and arrow, and to use the gun; and, as the Company had all the guns and ammunition in the country, the Indians became dependent upon it for their supplies of these articles. It was the great object of the Company to preserve the peace among the Indians within the limits of its trading territory, not only from motives of pure humanity, but from mercantile interest; as the destruction of the Indians was the destruction of its customers, and the consequent ruin of its trade. When the Indians went to war with each other, the Doctor first interposed his mediation, as the common friend and equal of both parties. When all other means failed, he refused to sell them arms and ammunition, saying that it was the business of the Company to sell them these articles to kill game with, not to kill each other. By kindness, justice, and discreet firmness, the Indians were generally kept at peace among themselves. They found it almost impossible to carry on war. It was an inflexible rule with the Doctor never to violate his word, whether it was a promise of a reward or a threat of punishment. There is no vice more detested by Indians than a failure to keep one's word, which they call lying. If it were a failure to perform a promised act beneficial to the Indians themselves, they would regard it as a fraud akin to theft; and, if a failure to carry out a threat of punishment, they would consider it the result of weakness or cowardice. In either case, the party who broke his pledged word would forfeit their respect, and in the first case would incur their undying resentment."

The following extract will show some of the disadvantages under which the settlers labored:

"We were a small, thinly settled community, poor, and isolated from the civilized world. By the time we reached the distant shores of the Pacific, after a slow, wearisome journey of about two thousand miles, our little means were exhausted, and we had to begin life anew, in a new country. The wild game in Oregon was scarce and poor. The few deer that are found there seldom become fat. The wild fowl were plentiful in the winter, but they constituted an uncertain reliance for families settled some distance from their usual places of resort. Besides, we had no time to hunt them, and the weather was generally too wet to admit of it. Had the country contained the same amount and variety of wild game, wild fruits, and honey as were found in the Western States at an early day, our condition would have been better. But the only wild fruits we found were a variety of berries, such as blackberries, strawberries, raspberries, blueberries, and cranberries, which were not only abundant, but of excellent quality. We only found one nut in the country, and that was the hazelnut in small quantities. There were no wild grapes or plums, and no honey. For the first two years after our arrival the great difficulty was to procure provisions. The population being so much increased by each succeeding fall's immigration, provisions were necessarily scarce. Those who had been there for two years had plenty to eat; but, after that, the great trouble was to procure clothing, there being no raw materials in the country from which domestic manufactures could be made. We had no wool, cotton, or flax. But, after we had grown wheat and raised pork for sale, we had new difficulties in our way. Our friends were arriving each fall, with jaded teams, just about the time the long rainy season set in. The community was divided into two classes, old settlers and new, whose views and interests clashed very much. Many of the new immigrants were childish, most of them discouraged, and all of them more or less embarrassed. Upon their arrival they found that those of us who preceded them had taken up the choice locations, and they were compelled either to take those that were inferior in quality or go farther from ship navigation."

Governor Burnett took a prominent part in the Provisional Government which was organized, and was shortly after appointed Supreme Judge. In 1848 he removed to California, on hearing of the discovery of gold, and has since resided in this State, where he has held the highest legislative, judicial, and executive offices. Many of his reminiscences of early days in California are valuable and interesting, but lack of space prevents our giving further extracts. The book is pleasantly discursive in style, and repays a careful reading.

THE COMING CRISIS. By One of the Many. San Francisco. 1879.

This book is a rambling proletarian grumble at prosperity and the prosperous. It contains a good many generalities about "suffering humanity" and the "down-trodden people," but fails to say in what manner any one is in subjection, or how any man in the race of life has any advantages over another which are not derived from his superior capacity or energy. Its argument is inconclusive, and its conclusion is a *non sequitur*. A glance at its typography shows that it does not expect to succeed, and an examination of its contents shows that it does not deserve to.

RISK AND OTHER POEMS. By Charlotte Fiske Bates. Boston: A. Williams & Co. 1879.

Verse-making, speech-making, and piano-playing are becoming generally diffused as American accomplishments. The third is usually monopolized by the gentler sex, the second by the sterner sex, while the first is common ground. It is, perhaps, unfair to judge an aspirant in either of these arts by comparison with

the great models. The most we can reasonably demand is that there shall be such degree of *technique* as shall prevent an unpleasant jar in any of the parts. Judged even by this standard, the poems before us are defective. There are few of them in which the metrical construction is not faulty. A poet may occasionally rise above mechanism; but a verse-maker, never. Besides these flaws the subjects in this work are commonplace. They are devoid of originality. Throughout there is a tendency to follow models, to lean on some support. We copy, as least subject to these objections, the initial lines, from which the volume takes its name:

RISK.

In the quiet of the evening
Two are walking in unrest;
Man has touched a jealous nature—
Anger burns in woman's breast.

These are neither wed nor plighted,
Yet the maybe hangs as near
And as fragrant as the wild-rose
Which their garments hardly clear.

And as briery, too, you fancy?
Well, perhaps so. Some sad morn
One or both may, for a moment,
Wish they never had been born.

Happy quips and honest pleadings
Meet with silence or a sneer;
But more keenly has she listened
Since she vowed she would not hear.

Now a great oak parts the pathway:
"Nature gratifies your mood.
To the right—let this divide you;
It will all be understood."

So Caprice, with childish weakness,
Yet with subtlety of thought,
Whispered in the ear of woman.
Love, with dread, the answer sought.

Was it superstitious feeling
Struck at once the hearts of two?
Had he seen proud eyes half-sorry
For what little fest must do?

For he stretched an arm toward her,
Folding nothing but the air,
Saying nothing—just the motion
Drew, without offending there.

In the quiet of the evening
Two are walking back again;
At the oak their happy voices
Whisper of a vanished pain.

What if they to-night be plighted,
And the maybe hangs more near
And more fragrant than the wild-rose
Which their garments hardly clear!

And more briery, too, you fancy?
Well, perhaps so. Thorns are ill,
But Love draws them out so kindly,
One must trust him, come what will.

OVERLAND TALES. By Josephine Clifford. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co. 1877.

This volume of short stories was published some years since, and was so appreciatively reviewed at the time in various publications, that we content ourselves with merely noticing its receipt.

DAY DREAMS. By W. N. Lockington. Author's Edition. 1880. For sale at the bookstores.

This is a volume of short poems by a gentleman who is, as will be remembered, an occasional contributor to THE CALIFORNIAN. The first and best poem is entitled "The Sea-Nymph's Home." Typographically, the book is creditably arranged.

OUTCROPPINGS.

ST. MARY'S.

Long ago, during the first year of my residence in California, I had the good fortune to find a home in the family of dear Mrs. Bissel—and long may she live in the land! It never occurred to me that I was *boarding* there; we seemed like one happy family, though there were sometimes as many as twenty-four children in the house at once. It was not in the heart of the city, and there were large grounds, with shrubs and an occasional oak tree, surrounding the house, which gave one a charming illusion of being in the country, and which mothers with run-about children fully appreciated.

When I look back upon that happy time now, and recall the different personages who made up the household, I find that the individual who commanded and received the greatest amount of consideration was Bridget, our cook. We all bowed to her tyranny and consulted her pleasure, particularly when it was a "bad day" with her—which it was very often. On such

days Mrs. Bissel herself entered the kitchen with fear and trembling; and as for one of us invading Bridget's dominion during a "spell of weather," we would just as soon have thought of thrusting our heads into the furnace at once. There was no possibility of denying that she was an excellent cook; but, considered purely as a woman, she was a terror. At the children's dinner, which took place at four o'clock, one or two of the ladies were generally present; and if it so happened that none of the legitimate mothers could conveniently attend, one or the other of the ladies would take the place. Now, a dozen or two of average San Francisco children will not consume their common dinner in unbroken silence; and whenever I happened to be the *de facto* mother, the urchins always seemed unusually animated. To see Bridget then, if it was a "bad day" with her—as it generally was—make her sudden appearance at the dining-room door, when the hubbub was greatest, the iron spoon with which she had just basted the meat swung high in air, her black eye-brows contracted to a

thunder-cloud, and her eyes flashing fire, was not conducive to a child's quiet sleep at night.

"Will ye be shill—ye murtherin' young dhivils ye? Howly Moses! but I'll put yez in the oven and roast ye alive!" And ere the shrill tones of her voice had died away, the little ones, even the most courageous boy in the crowd, would seem turned into stone with fear. Then, without a feature of her face changing, she would pile up another dish with flaky white biscuit, warm ginger-snaps, or anything else that was tempting to a child's appetite, and send it into the dining-room by the waiting-girl. As to the waiting-girl, it was always strictly enjoined upon her *never* to touch anything upon the stove, in the stove, anywhere about the stove—anything in the kitchen, in fact—except what Bridget set down on the large table expressly for her. This she carried into the dining-room; and woe betide her if ever she discovered speck or spot on the edge of dish or platter, which Bridget had overlooked. Truth to tell, it happened very seldom, for Bridget was neatness itself except in her dress—she said she had no time to waste on that. Mrs. Bissel, to give her time, made the attempt once or twice to furnish her with an assistant. But they all went the same way, generally on the third day, flying through the kitchen door, with a soup-ladle, a stove-lid, a toasting-fork, or anything else that came handy to Bridget, flying after them.

Once, when she had a particularly "bad day," poor Mr. Bissel, just returned from a journey—during which, perhaps, the recollection of these bad days had grown fainter—innocently brought out the blacking-brushes in the kitchen, and started in to polish his boots. He didn't reach the polishing point, however; for, while he turned for a drop of water to moisten the paste with, brushes, boots, and all took a sudden spin out through the open door and across the porch into the yard. His wife had always tried to inculcate lessons of patience and forbearance; and there was merely a blank, non-comprehensive expression on his face for a moment; but then, turning with a sudden "Well, I never—" he would certainly have added something stronger, had it not been that a glance at the well-filled range reminded him it was nearly dinner-time, and that Bridget was ruling goddess of the roast. Another instance of how men are slaves to their appetites.

As there was a stable and carriage-house on the grounds, one of the families boarding with us kept their coachman there, John Hand; and to him we soon assigned the rôle of liberator. Bridget was not bad looking, and could be amiable. John Hand seemed a hopeful subject, and we took turns at dinning Bridget's perfections into his willing ears. Particularly on "bad days" did we follow this pursuit with avidity, extolling her art and economy in cooking, the spotless purity of her kitchen domain, her beauty, her thrifty ways, and the swift retribution she had visited, in the shape of a milk-and-water douche-bath, on the head of the milkman when he once tried to supply our numerous family with diluted cream, and short measure at that. Such a wife must make the fortune and happiness of any man, we argued to John Hand.

Mrs. Bissel shook her head at our plottings and endeavors. One day, when Bridget was having an outrageously "bad day," and we were working up John's affection for her in a corresponding degree, she said, "You will never succeed. Poor Bridget has her own troubles, and it is not all temper with her." She hinted at something that Bridget had once confided to her, in

regard to "a foine young man back in Ireland," who was poor like herself, which was the reason that "the two of them couldn't get married." After Bridget's departure from the old soil, her mother had written something about the transfer of the "foine" young man's affections to the daughter of a wealthy farmer, and Bridget, receiving no assurances from him to the contrary, was trying to school herself to the belief that Tommy was faithless. It was hard, of course, that we should have to suffer for the perfidy of this man; but we tried hard enough to make another man pay the penalty, to little avail, as the sequel will show. In fact, knowing Mrs. Bissel as well as I did, I had often had a glimmer of an idea that it was not altogether on account of Bridget's proficiency in the art of cooking that her mistress had so much patience with her; and to myself I said, "Well, Bridget is certainly more lenient with Mrs. Bissel than with the rest of us—a sign that she appreciates, at least." But that same evening, at dinner, I touched Mrs. Bissel lightly on the arm and whispered to her that the tomato salad had just a faint flavor of coal-oil, and had better be removed from the table.

"For goodness sake," she whispered back, "don't say a word, or Bridget will never let me come into the kitchen again. I trimmed my lamp at the kitchen table, and she told me then to clear out, but I would not do it."

The tomato salad was not pressed on the diners, and Mrs. Bissel luckily escaped a reprimand from her cook.

One morning a most distressing circumstance occurred—distressing as unlooked for, as we all had a clear conscience and knew that for the last month none of us had ventured into the kitchen to ask Bridget's permission to heat a flat-iron on the range, or draw a cup of hot water from the boiler (we generally got more of that than we prayed for, anyhow)—a number of distressing circumstances I should have said; for not only were the biscuit streaked with yellow and burnt to a crisp, but the steak was tough and cold, the coffee resembled dish-water, and no muffins, buckwheat or corn-cakes were visible to the eye or discernible to the sense of smell. Had Mrs. Bissel not been a strong, vigorous woman, she must have sunk beneath the cross-fire of injured looks and impatient questions directed to her—or against her, rather. Had she dared to disobey Bridget, or talked back to her? Had she spoken a single rash, cross word to her, and brought disaster on the whole household? She held up her hands to stay our imprecations. She vowed she had behaved in the most exemplary manner; but Bridget had had a letter from home last night, a very disturbing—or rather, important letter—and it had unsettled her nerves. There was no more said on the subject, as we saw the uneasy glance Mrs. Bissel directed toward the kitchen-door. The gentlemen were quickly through with their breakfast and hurried down town, while the ladies were feeding on the anticipation of "hearing all about it."

With one accord we all assembled in a small room, well out of Bridget's way, after breakfast, and there we heard all about it, sure enough. The mother had written that a brother of her deceased husband had died and left them all his money—"shtacks and poiles of it," Bridget said—as much as two or three thousand dollars. At the same time Tommy had written, after a long, long silence, to say that his heart was breaking to see his beloved Bridget once more, and that she might expect him now, at an early day. That the girl would marry him as soon as he set foot on land and chose to have her, he

seemed to have no doubt—no more than Bridget had herself. John Hand was desperate, and went so far as to hint that if the accommodating uncle had not died at so opportune a time, Tommy would never have allowed his heart to break for Bridget. But he got a fine dressing-down for his pains, and Bridget would never speak a word to him after.

Tommy came; Bridget invested all her savings in a black silk dress, a black velvet hat (with a feather, of course), and a gay cashmere shawl. That she was supremely happy I need not more particularly state; suffice it to say, that we got burnt saleratus biscuit more than once, instead of light muffins, and that she went so far as to set a flat-iron on the stove for me with her own hands one day. They were to be married in church, as a matter of course; and the Sunday just before, when the last bans were to be published, I went to St. Mary's, and took my seat in a quiet nook, where I had the whole church before me.

It was a day perfect and lovely, as days are only in California. There was an added gleam of brightness in the sun because it was Sunday morning, just as I fancy that there is a peculiarly sad tone in Sunday afternoon's sun. The soft, golden air floated in through the upper portion of the tall, gothic windows, and the sombre dome of the church seemed gradually to become filled with the warm light of the sweet May morning. In low, thrilling cadences the notes of the organ fluttered and wavered through the lofty building, the priest sprinkled the cleansing water right and left, and "*Asperges me, Domine*" came in beseeching tones from the balconied organ-loft.

When I raised my head again, I saw John Hand's square shoulders somewhere in front of me, and I wished honestly that it might be his name that was to be coupled with Bridget's, and not black-eyed, slender Tom's, for I could not divest myself of the thought that only Bridget's little fortune had drawn him to her side again. Soon the "preaching priest" of the day mounted the chancel, and among those whose names were published as about to enter the state of holy matrimony were Bridget O'Neil's and Thomas Finly's. Next, our prayers were requested for the repose of the souls of those who had died during the week, and whose death was brought to the notice of the Reverend Father; and then, after the preliminary cough and throat-clearing of his congregation, he began his short sermon. I have forgotten the words of the text, or where it could be found in the Bible, but it was a lesson on Renunciation; and involuntarily, as the sermon proceeded, I let my eyes rove in search of John Hand. He sat with his shoulders bent and his head bowed, a homely picture of sadness; he really loved the vixenish thing who was so ready to marry her fickle lover of long ago, and the thought came to me then that we had been guilty of cruel wrong to the honest-hearted fellow.

The sermon progressed; John's head drooped lower and lower, and when the sermon was over and the officiating priest had again approached the altar, I noticed that the poor fellow was kneeling, his face covered with his hands, and great, silent sobs shaking his broad shoulders. Poor John! Not for you alone was that sermon preached; the pale young priest at the altar, whose gentle voice echoes with subdued yet sonorous ring through the church, has struggled, battled, and renounced; the white-haired woman kneeling humbly at the shrine of Mary has felt the sorrow and the triumphs of the Christian soul; and the tall, fair girl in

the balcony above, whose pure notes are so clearly distinct above all other voices, carries "Renunciation" traced on the white forehead and written in the depths of her dark, sad eyes. And as the organ peals through the arched space, and the full choir answers the chant of the priest, the lower wing of the window beneath which John Hand kneels is blown gently open by the summer wind, a narrow strip of sunshine falls across his auburn hair, and the glint of something white and silver, flashing in the light, is for an instant seen above his head. It is a dove that has found its way in through the open window, and flies swiftly to the altar, where it rests among the heavy shadows beneath the vaulted ceiling, folding its wings peacefully, as though it had come to stay.

Bridget's marriage did not turn out well; it soon became known that Tom, though not dissipated, was often away from home, and that Bridget was fretting her life out. Whether it was really this, or whether her more than human "infirmity of temper" had been but the symptoms of disease lurking in her system, I can not say; but Mrs. Bissel told us one day, with tears in her eyes, that she had been to see Bridget, and that the poor thing could not long survive. She regained all her old vigor of disposition, however, before her death, and Tommy found that every cent Bridget could claim had been transferred to her mother before her death.

It was a rainy, blustering day, when Father Gallagher, at St. Mary's, requested our prayers for the repose of the soul of Bridget Finly. Tom was in church, occupying almost the same seat that John Hand had once filled; and I fancied that the wretch had come there merely to have the pleasure of hearing his wife's name read out among those of the dead. But somehow, when the organ thundered through the spacious church, poorly filled with people to-day, he seemed to shrink within himself; and pretty soon I saw him on his knees, his head bowed, his face covered. Just then an angry gust blew full against the tall window, and as the lightly fastened shutter blew open, heavy drops of cold, bleak rain fell on the bowed head, and the wind tugged viciously at the black curls which had once been poor Bridget's pride and delight. JOSEPHINE CLIFFORD.

ROTE.

In June, the convent children, meek and small,
Drone all day long, beneath the sweltering wall,
Some patient round of catechismal lore,
That faints and swells, like billows on the shore.

Meanwhile, within the cloisters of the trees,
One hears the ponderous humming of the bees,
And fancies that some hooded, white-browed nun,
Of catholicity in flower and sun,
Sits in the topmost cup of pink and snow,
And leads the doleful, droning choir below!

PAUL PASTNOR.

THE HIGHEST PEAK OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

Fifty years ago, people of New England and the Mississippi Valley looked upon the Rocky Mountains as almost out of the world, and, if asked, would have said that no man could cross the range, summer or winter, except in two or three gaps. Sometimes they believed these gaps or passes to be a little wider than a wagon. Any man who had ever seen the Rocky Mountains was

looked upon as a far greater curiosity than a kangaroo from Australia or a tiger from India. In later times, when people crossed the range by way of the emigrant road, or later still over the Union Pacific Railroad, and found the gap in the range to be so wide, that, to the north, no peaks could be seen, and to the south none nearer than fifty miles, they ran to the other extreme, and declared that the mountains were no mountains at all. If these people had tried to cross one or two hundred miles farther south, their doubts about the mountainous character of the range would soon have disappeared.

The roughest portion of the Rocky Mountains is in the south-western part of Colorado, where, in a place less than forty miles square, we located and measured over one hundred and twenty distinct peaks above thirteen thousand feet in elevation. But the highest peak of the Rocky Mountains, at least within the United States, is in the *Sangre de Cristo* range, a branch of the main chain, separated from it on the west by San Luis Valley. It is the highest peak in a group called the *Sierra Blanca*, and hence has naturally taken the name of *Mount Blanca*. It is fourteen thousand four hundred and forty feet above the sea, or three hundred feet higher than *Pike's Peak*, and just the height of *Mount Shasta*. One June evening we made camp on *Ute Creek*, on the south side of the mountain. We knew full well that we had a task of no ordinary difficulty and danger before us, and so took the precaution to camp as near the base of the mountain as possible. Accordingly the next morning we started at half-past five o'clock to make the ascent. We were able, with considerable difficulty, to ride our mules up to the timber line. For something like half a mile before reaching the latter point, we had to ride through a dense grove of short quaking aspen trees, which resemble the poplar and are found high up on all the mountains of the West. These trees were growing close together, forming a thicket, as high as a man's head. We carried our rifles horizontally across the horns of our saddles, using the right hand to turn the gun so as to dodge each tree in succession. On the left shoulder was hung a barometer some three feet long, which, being a very delicate and fragile instrument, gave the left hand employment in keeping it clear of the trees. Besides this, at times, we were obliged to raise our feet to the mule's back to avoid being dragged off by refractory saplings. But why dwell on these common drawbacks to traveling on the lower levels? We must not sigh over the *Slough of Despond* if we would reach the *Delectable Mountains*. After a little while we came out into an open grove of dead pines, a relic of a former visitation of the fiery element. The bark was peeled off, but the tall white stems were standing erect, leafless, and almost branchless. The ridge up which we were riding now began to get steeper, and soon the timber ended abruptly, at a point about eleven or twelve thousand feet above the sea. Here we took off our horses' saddles and fastened our animals to trees; then, taking our instruments and books, not to mention lunch, we commenced the ascent. For a little way we walked over rocky soil, covered with very short alpine grass, but all the time toiling upward at a steep angle. Then the soil ended entirely, and for some two hours we climbed over rock, sometimes broken fine like pebbles, but generally in large angular blocks. At last we came out upon the summit of the first peak, which was oval, covered with finely divided rock. Now the first part of the journey was finished, and we stood about thirteen

thousand six hundred feet above the sea, but with all the danger yet before us.

Wilson here put his handkerchief on the centre of the peak and secured it with a stone, in order that he might sight the point the more accurately to get its elevation. Between us and the main peak, to the north, lay a sharp, rocky ridge, one and a half miles in length, the lowest point of which was about thirteen thousand five hundred feet above the sea. We had before us a total climb of eight hundred feet; but first there was a fall of one or two hundred feet to this ridge, which, after that, continued nearly level for some distance, then slowly rose toward the main peak. The whole length of it is notched out like a saw, so that though our average course was ascending, in the details of the ridge we were going up and down continually. On the right hand the fall was everywhere precipitous, forming bluffs, often one thousand feet, nearly vertical, ending below in rock slides, or ledges, and all ending at last in banks of snow and lakes of ice. On the left hand the slope was a little easier, but, except in a few places, even on this side a slip would send a chill through you, a stumble would have been "the last of earth." So narrow was the ridge that, except in rare cases, we were compelled to walk this mile and a half, standing erect on its sharp crest. The rock was for the most part broken into vertical blocks, and cracked through and through. Well do I remember walking along in this way, with a barometer on my left shoulder, and a folding tripod swung from my right, while in my right hand I held the small, triangular piece of board used to set the instrument on. Two or three times this tripod cap came near slipping through my fingers as I held it by the screw in the centre, and it was not a little startling to think that, if it ever slipped from my hand, nothing could prevent it falling eight hundred or one thousand feet over the precipice. Carefully we walked along this dangerous path, slowly gaining in elevation, until we reached a point within a few hundred yards of the summit, when the ridge suddenly ended in the mountain, and the slope became very steep. Up this last rise of several hundred feet we climbed with more hardship, but less danger, than we had met with along the narrow ridge. Soon, however, our troubles were ended for the time, as we reached the summit of *Mount Blanca*, the highest in the Rocky Mountains, at five minutes to twelve o'clock. We had been six and a half hours from camp, in which time we had traveled ten miles horizontally, and six thousand four hundred feet vertically. Although the height of this peak is nothing to compare with that of the grand old mountains of India, and is even considerably less than the Alps, the view is little less than magnificent. To the south and south-west of us, *San Luis Valley* was spread out, level as the ocean apparently. It is a mild kind of desert, ranging from seven to eight thousand feet above sea-level, but the people of Colorado call it a park. Ages ago it was a great lake, covering nearly four thousand square miles, and surrounded on all sides by rugged mountains. The *Rio Grande*, coming out of the main range fifty miles to the west of us, was now at flood-time, and as it wound like a snake through the middle of the great desert valley, in places it spread out over many square miles of surface. To the south-west we saw the curious group of little plateau peaks, which rise now like mountains one thousand to fifteen hundred feet above the level valley, but which, in ages long past, arose as islands out of this great mountain lake. Farther to the south, at a dis-

tance of forty miles or more, stood two volcanic domes of oval outline, one on either side of the valley, like guards at the outlet of the lake that used to be. To the west, at a distance varying from seventy to one hundred miles, appeared the main range of the Rockies, covered now with immense fields of snow, stretching out in long lines across the high plateaus, which we visited later in the summer. From one point near these banks of snow, out of a *cañon* issued smoke in immense volumes, which, borne by the west wind, stretched out till in the afternoon it often reached Fort Garland, at a distance of seventy miles. Later, we found it to be caused by firns in the pine forests.

For a time we may survey the horizon, and wonder what further mysteries Dame Nature has hidden beneath the veil, but we can not do so long; for of all the grand and rugged scenery, which in these mountains has been presented to our eyes, nothing can surpass, either in ruggedness or grandeur the little piece of country immediately about us. If we seek for grandeur, where can we find a greater or more precipitous descent than the north face of the peak, where a stone thrown out into space would fall half a mile without striking? The great precipice of the Uncompahgre Mountain, one hundred miles to the west of us, is more imposing, because it stands above all its surroundings, but its height is only a thousand feet. If we look for grandeur in mountain form, what is more grand than the great mountain under our feet? Nor are snow and frozen lakes at all wanting to give lustre or add sublimity to the scene which the God of Nature has laid before us. At least six great peaks are posted about us as a centre, and all connected, directly or indirectly, with the point on which we stand by ridges like the one we came up. To the east, some three miles away, stands "Old Baldy," with its bare summit, the most distinct of the secondary peaks. It is separated from the main peak by a much lower gap than any of the others. One mile in a straight line to the south-west is the highest of all the subordinate points, and is connected with the central peak by a high, scraggy ridge, perfectly impassable to man or animal. The side of the mountain facing us presents a great wall of rock, one to two thousand feet in height, a great part of which is precipitous, and all of it so steep, that no snow can find a resting-place there. To the north are still other peaks, looking very high from San Luis Valley below, but from our elevated standpoint we can look over their heads, out upon the world of mountains beyond them.

Among the quartzite mountains of the San Juan range, we had seen peaks quite as rugged as these, and nearly as high, massed together in great numbers, but the one thing lacking was unity. They were indeed giants, but lacking the subordination of the parts to a distinct head, we saw nothing but confusion. The Sierra Blanca, on the contrary, is a family of giants, and when you stand on the central peak, you can look over all the others. All the secondary peaks are distinctly subordinate to this primary one. The highest of the others is several hundred feet below it. When we first set foot on the summit we were struck by this fact, for such a beautiful subordination of parts we had not before seen anywhere among the mountains of Colorado. South-east of us lay one of the great amphitheatres, which was almost covered with snow and ice, while many little frozen lakes extended to a level more than two thousand feet below us; and yet this was a clear and beautiful day on the 19th of June, and high above where we stood, the

sun seemed to give out a fair modicum of heat. The steep rocky wall on the south side of the great cavity was marked with many long and curious streaks of snow. These, accommodating themselves to the rough ledges and crevices of the rock, formed a great variety of figures, yet all reaching like fingers down toward the frozen lakes and fields of snow in the bottom of the basin. So high above them arose the walls of the rock that the lakes were nearly all day in the shadow.

The summit of the mountain was a model one about ten feet square. In the centre of this space was a neatly built monument of stones about five feet high. Around this was a low wall of loose rock about two feet in height, forming a circle six to eight feet in diameter. The monument we knew to have been built by Mr. Thompson the year previous, and in it we found a note stating that he had found no signs of a previous visitant, except the little circle of rock. Who it was that attempted to immortalize himself by drawing a circle on the highest summit of the Rocky Mountains we have never known. After spending some two hours on the summit we began the descent, which we found a little quicker, but quite as dangerous as the ascent had been. It was nearly nine o'clock when we found ourselves again in camp, after fifteen hours of hard work.

FRANKLIN RHODA.

HYPATIA AND BISHOP CYRIL.

MR. EDITOR:—My attention has just been called to an article entitled "Hypatia of Alexandria," in your excellent monthly, *THE CALIFORNIAN*, for January. You will please excuse me when I say that I find fault with that article, although written by a lady, for it blackens, without proof and by insinuation, the character of one of the representative men of that day—Bishop Cyril. In the article alluded to, which connects Bishop Cyril, by implication, with the hideous murder of Hypatia, there is not one word of proof, no quotation from contemporary historians, but the whole charge is fastened and insinuated by such expressions as, "It is stated," "it is recorded," etc. Now, here are a few historical facts, which, at least, will give the other side of the case:

(1.) "The murder of Hypatia by a few *unauthorized* fanatics from Nitria," says Socrates, the historian and enemy of Cyril, "brought disgrace on Cyril and the Church of Alexandria, because such atrocious deeds were quite at variance with the practices of Christians." Soc. Eccl. History, liber vii, chap. 15.

Mark the word "*unauthorized*," and this written by an enemy and contemporary of Cyril. We may be sure, if he had any connection with it, the historian would have mentioned it.

(2.) Synesius, Bishop of Ptolemais and suffragan of Cyril, was Hypatia's pupil and corresponding friend. He submitted all his works to be revised by her, and expressed his great admiration of her learning. Now, he was a Bishop of the Catholic Church, and in communion with Cyril.

(3.) According to Baring Gould, M. A., Anglican Minister, in his life of St. Cyril, *Lives of Saints*, vol. i, pp. 419, 420, 425: "Cyril was no party to this hideous deed. Had there been no disturbance caused by the Jews of Alexandria, there would have been no murder of Hypatia. The Jews of Alexandria—a powerful body during many centuries—had procured the disgrace of

Hierax, an admirer of Cyril's sermons. Cyril, naturally indignant, menaced the chief of this community; the Jews' revenge was to raise a cry at midnight, "The church of Alexandria is on fire!" and to massacre the Christians who rushed to save their church. St. Cyril then appears to have made up his mind that the Christians must right themselves, without expecting justice from the Prefect Orestes—"who had ordered Hierax to be publicly scourged." (Milman.) This commotion brought in those fanatics from the desert of Nitria. "But that Cyril had any share in the atrocious murder of Hypatia," says Canon Robertson, vol. i, p. 401, "appears to be an unsupported calumny."

(4.) The character of Cyril, sketched by another non-Catholic historian, Bright, is a sufficient refutation of this calumny. In his *Church History* he extols Cyril's "noble unselfishness, the patience in explaining over and over again his own statements, the readiness in welcoming substantial agreements on the part of others—in a word, 'the power, or love, or command' which made him a true minister of peace."

So much, now, for the other side of the question, and the side, I venture to say, which is the only one supported by true history. The notice of the calumny by me has been rather late, but better late than never.

Trusting, then, in THE CALIFORNIAN's love of truth and spirit of fair play, I send you these few historical notes, and beg an insertion of them in your pages.

Sincerely yours, M. COLEMAN.
Smartsville, Yuba Co., Cal., May 1, 1880.

CHINESE LITERATURE.

It is said that in attempting to write a foreign language one follows the construction and idioms of his own speech. If this is true, the following letter, received at the San Francisco post-office, and reproduced *verbatim*, may give us an insight into the idiomatic beauties of the celestial literature:

San Francisco Apr 24th '80

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HAM GONG.

JUST THE ONE.

A case involving the title to some marsh lands was recently on trial before Judge Crane, of Oakland, who is appropriately named, as he is six feet four inches in height. Several of the defendants were named Bird. While the lawyers were waiting for the court to open, one suggested that there ought to be a change of venue on the ground of relationship, inasmuch as the Judge was such a prominent member of the bird family. "Oh, no," said another; "the case involves swamp land, and he is just the one to *wade through it*."

A FABLE.

A wise hunter and a foolish hunter once went into the woods together. In a deep ravine they suddenly came, at a turn in the path, upon a ferocious bear. The foolish hunter turned and fled. But the wise hunter, remembering that the noble beast scorns to eat that which it does not kill, dropped in the path and pretended to be dead. Thereupon the bear did eat that wise hunter with great relish; while the other, who had fled, escaped in safety.

MORAL: He who *runs* may read THE CALIFORNIAN. X.

BLIGHTED.

The eagle has whetted his beak for the prey,
Wheeling over and over, hungry and gray,
Where the body of beauty is lain by the way,
The daughter of passion gone down to decay.

Like the grin of a demon is day from its dawn,
More ghastly and fierce as the hours come on;
The voice of the mountain sends, wailing on high,
The last of its echoes to mourn till it die.

From the bed of the river the hot rocks stare,
Like eyes of the damned, through the thickening air;
Lo! dust gathers deep in the throats of prayer,
And the glisten of graves is everywhere.

Oh, the blood of sweet youth in pulse of its prime,
Then the terrible, terrible slaughter of time;
Oh, the morn that was fresh and the flesh that was fair—
All is wilted and wasted, and where—oh, where!

Ay, where is the willow and where is the pine,
And where is the murmur, the grace that was thine!
Where the sleep of the lily, the dream of the rose,
The lull and the shadow that ushered repose!

O God! she was beautiful, white on her bier,
The maiden they buried this many a year!

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

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